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NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

PATTI

SEX & GOD & ROCK & ROLL

INTERVIEW PAGES 7-8

PATTI SMITH/Pic by PENNIE SMITH

THE MAGIC OF MOTOWN!

The results of the EMI/BOOTS "Magic of Motown" competition are as follows:

First Prizes (Framed Gold Disc) go to: Barry Cerfontyne, 49 Douglas House, Bath Street, Hillfields, Coventry, Warwickshire: Nige Crossley, New Place Manor, Pulborough, Sussex: Mr. W. J. Griffiths, 128 Trident Drive, Houghton Regis, Dunstable, Beds: Marie Jones, 7 Croft Drive, Moreton, Wirral, Merseyside: Kevin Woods, 20 Almond Walk, Sleaford Lincolnshire.

Second Prizes (Framed Silver Disc) go to: John McAuliffe, Flat 8, 7 Elm Park Gardens, London S.W.10: Mrs. J. Gibson, 8 Glenwell Avenue, Glengormley, Co. Antrim, N. Ireland: Janet Lockhart, Chant Cottage, Halbeath, Dunfermline, Fife: Marian Rogers, 'Slainte', 26 Weston Drive, Otley, West Yorkshire: Mrs. D. Arthur, 68 Hartburn Avenue, Stockton-on-Tees, Cleveland.

Runners Up (Motown Chartbusters No. 9) will be notified by post.

Answers to the questions were:
1. Marvin Gaye. 2. "Mahogany," "Lady Sings The Blues". 3. Thomas McClary, William King, Milan Williams, Walter Orange, Lionel Richie and Ronald La Pread.

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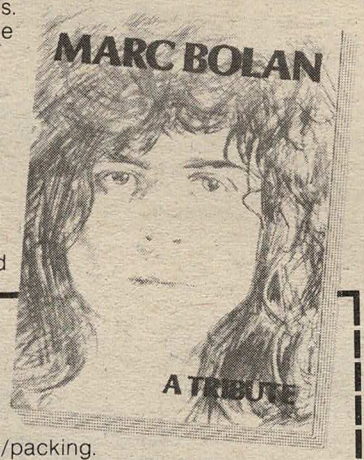

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FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending September 11, 1973

last	This Week		
6	1	ANGEL FINGERS	Wizzard (Harvest)
14	2	ROCK ON	David Essex (CBS)
1	3	YOUNG LOVE	Donny Osmond (MGM)
2	4	DANCING ON A SATURDAY NIGHT	Barry Blue (Bell)
16	5	ANGIE	Rolling Stones
9	6	PICK UP THE PIECES	Hudson-Ford (A & M)
5	7	LIKE SISTER AND BROTHER	Drifters (Bell)
19	8	OH NO NOT MY BABY	Rod Stewart (Mercury)
4	9	YESTERDAY ONCE MORE	Carpenters (A & M)
7	10	SPANISH EYES	Al Martino (Capitol)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending September 11, 1968

Last	This Week		
3	1	HEY JUDE	Beatles (Parlophone)
1	2	I'VE GOTTA GET A MESSAGE TO YOU	Bee Gees (Polydor)
2	3	DO IT AGAIN	Beach Boys (Capitol)
5	4	I SAY A LITTLE PRAYER	Aretha Franklin (Atlantic)
8	5	HOLD ME TIGHT	Johnny Nash (Regal Zonophone)
18	6	THOSE WERE THE DAYS	Mary Hopkins (Apple)
7	7	HIGH IN THE SKY	Amen Corner (Deram)
4	8	THIS GUY'S IN LOVE WITH YOU	Herb Alpert (A & M)
10	9	ON THE ROAD AGAIN	Canned Heat (Liberty)
6	10	HELP YOURSELF	Tom Jones (Decca)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending September 13, 1963

Last	This Week		
1	1	SHE LOVES YOU	Beatles (Parlophone)
2	2	BAD TO ME	Billy J. Kramer (Parlophone)
4	3	IT'S ALL IN THE GAME	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
3	4	I'M TELLING YOU NOW	Freddie & The Dreamers (Columbia)
7	5	I WANT TO STAY HERE	Steve Lawrence/Eydie Gorme (CBS)
5	6	I'LL NEVER GET OVER YOU	Johnny Kidd (HMV)
6	7	YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE A BABY TO CRY	Caravellas (Decca)
8	8	JUST LIKE EDDIE	Heinz (Decca)
19	9	APPLEJACK	Jet Harris & Tony Meehan (Decca)
11	10	WIPE OUT	Surfaris (London)

CHARTS

SINGLES

Week ending September 16, 1978

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	**THREE TIMES A LADY**	Commodores (Motown)	7	1
2	(4)	**RIVERS OF BABYLON/BROWN GIRL IN THE RING**	Boney M (Atlantic)	21	1
3	(2)	**DREADLOCK HOLIDAY**	10cc (Mercury)	5	2
4	(5)	**OH WHAT A CIRCUS**	David Essex (Mercury)	4	4
5	(6)	**JILTED JOHN**	Jilted John (EMI Int)	6	5
6	(3)	**IT'S RAINING**	Darts (Magnet)	6	2
7	(9)	**BRITISH HUSTLE**	Hi Tension (Island)	5	7
8	(12)	**HONG KONG GARDEN**	Siouxsie & The Banshees (Polydor)	3	8
9	(8)	**SUPER NATURE**	Cerrone (Atlantic)	7	6
10	(10)	**PICTURE THIS**	Blondie (Chrysalis)	4	10
11	(16)	**EVERLASTING LOVE**	Andy Gibb (RSO)	4	11
12	(7)	**YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I WANT**	John Travolta/Olivia Newton-John (RSO)	17	1
13	(16)	**KISS YOU ALL OVER**	Exile (Rak)	2	13
14	(24)	**FORGET ABOUT YOU**	Motors (Virgin)	5	14
15	(28)	**AGAIN AND AGAIN**	Status Quo (Vertigo)	2	15
16	(13)	**TOP OF THE POPS**	Rezillos (Sire)	4	13
17	(29)	**GREASE**	Frankie Valli (RSO)	3	17
18	(14)	**IT'S ONLY MAKE BELIEVE**	Child (Ariola/Hansa)	5	11
19	(11)	**FOREVER AUTUMN**	Justin Hayward (CBS)	10	4
20	(15)	**BABY STOP CRYING**	Bob Dylan (CBS)	7	12
21	(23)	**I THOUGHT IT WAS YOU**	Herbie Hancock (CBS)	2	21
22	(21)	**GALAXY OF LOVE**	Crown Heights Affair (Philips)	4	19
23	(30)	**YOU MAKE ME FEEL**	Sylvester (Fantasy)	4	17
24	(—)	**SUMMER NIGHT CITY**	Abba (Epic)	1	24
25	(26)	**DAVID WATTS**	Jam (Polydor)	3	21
26	(—)	**A ROSE HAS TO DIE**	Dooleys (GTO)	1	26
27	(18)	**WHO ARE YOU**	The Who (Polydor)	6	11
28	(—)	**YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I WANT**	Hylda Baker & Arthur Mullard (Pye)	1	28
29	(—)	**WHAT YOU WAITING FOR**	Stargaard (MCA)	1	29
30	(19)	**BOOGIE OOGIE OOGIE**	Taste of Honey (Capitol)	12	3

BUBBLING UNDER . . .

SUMMER NIGHTS — John Travolta & Olivia Newton-John (RSO). GIMME YOUR LOVIN' — Atlantic Starr (A&M). GOT A FEELING — Patrick Juvet (Casablanca). EVE OF THE WAR — Jeff Wayne (CBS).

ALBUMS

Week ending September 16, 1978

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	**NIGHT FLIGHT TO VENUS**	Boney M (Imt/Hansa)	9	1
2	(3)	**WAR OF THE WORLDS**	Various (World Records)	11	2
3	(5)	**CLASSIC ROCK**	London Symphony Orchestra (K-Tel)	6	3
4	(2)	**GREASE**	Original Soundtrack (RSO)	10	2
5	(15)	**WHO ARE YOU**	The Who (Polydor)	3	5
6	(8)	**IMAGES**	Don Williams (K-Tel)	7	6
7	(9)	**STREET LEGAL**	Bob Dylan (CBS)	13	2
8	(4)	**SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER**	Various (RSO)	21	1
9	(7)	**NATURAL HIGH**	Commodores (Motown)	9	7
10	(10)	**STAR PARTY**	Various Artists (K-Tel)	5	10
11	(—)	**JAMES GALWAY PLAYS SONGS FOR ANNIE**	James Galway (Red Seal)	2	11
12	(17)	**20 GOLDEN GREATS**	Hollies (EMI)	10	2
12	(—)	**DON'T LOOK BACK**	Boston (Epic)	1	12
14	(5)	**20 GIANT HITS**	Nolan Sisters (WEA)	8	2
15	(19)	**CAN'T STAND THE REZILLOS**	The Rezillos (Sire)	6	15
16	(13)	**OUT OF THE BLUE**	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	39	3
17	(16)	**OCTAVE**	Moody Blues (Threshold)	14	4
18	(20)	**ABBA THE ALBUM**	Abba (Epic)	34	1
19	(14)	**BAT OUT OF HELL**	Meat Loaf (Epic)	26	6
20	(12)	**LIVE & DANGEROUS**	Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	15	2
21	(23)	**NEW BOOTS & PANTIES**	Ian Dury (Stiff)	33	5
22	(25)	**AND THEN THERE WERE THREE**	Genesis (Charisma)	24	2
23	(—)	**SHADOW DANCING**	Andy Gibb (RSO)	1	23
24	(29)	**HANDSWORTH REVOLUTION**	Steel Pulse (Island)	7	13
25	(—)	**SUNLIGHT**	Herbie Hancock (CBS)	1	25
26	(—)	**EVERYONE PLAYS DARTS**	Darts (Magnet)	11	5
27	(11)	**SOME GIRLS**	Rolling Stones (EMI)	14	3
28	(26)	**RUMOURS**	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	78	1
29	(—)	**ARE WE NOT MEN**	Devo (Virgin)	1	29
30	(—)	**LEO SAYER**	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER . . .

CARAVAN TO MIDNIGHT — Robin Trower (Chrysalis). PARALLEL LINES — Blondie (Chrysalis). SYSTEMS OF ROMANCE — Ultravox (Island). VOYAGE — Voyage (GTO).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending September 16, 1978

This Week	Last Week		
1	(2)	**BOOGIE OOGIE OOGIE**	Taste Of Honey
2	(7)	**KISS YOU ALL OVER**	Exile
3	(3)	**THREE TIMES A LADY**	Commodores
4	(4)	**HOPELESSLY DEVOTED TO YOU**	Olivia Newton-John
5	(5)	**AN EVERLASTING LOVE**	Andy Gibb
6	(6)	**HOT BLOODED**	Foreigner
7	(1)	**GREASE**	Frankie Valli
8	(9)	**SUMMER NIGHTS**	John Travolta/Olivia Newton-John
9	(12)	**DON'T LOOK BACK**	Boston
10	(10)	**FOOL (IF YOU THINK IT'S OVER)**	Chris Rea
11	(11)	**GOT TO GET YOU INTO MY LIFE**	Earth, Wind and Fire
12	(14)	**HOT CHILD IN THE CITY**	Nick Gilder
13	(16)	**REMINISCING**	Little River Band
14	(8)	**SHAME**	Evelyn "Champagne" King
15	(18)	**YOU NEEDED ME**	Anne Murray
16	(22)	**WHENEVER I CALL YOU "FRIEND"**	Kenny Loggins
17	(17)	**MAGNET AND STEEL**	Walter Egan
18	(15)	**LOVE WILL FIND A WAY**	Pablo Cruise
19	(21)	**YOU AND I**	Rick James
20	(23)	**HOLLYWOOD NIGHTS**	Bob Seger
21	(26)	**RIGHT DOWN THE LINE**	Gerry Rafferty
22	(25)	**LOVE IS IN THE AIR**	John Paul Young
23	(13)	**MISS YOU**	Rolling Stones
24	(24)	**JUST WHAT I NEEDED**	Cars
25	(28)	**BACK IN THE USA**	Linda Ronstadt
26	(—)	**WHO ARE YOU**	Who
27	(—)	**COME TOGETHER**	Aerosmith
28	(—)	**OH! DARLING**	Robin Gibb
29	(19)	**CLOSE THE DOOR**	Teddy Pendergrass
30	(20)	**TWO TICKETS TO PARADISE**	Eddie Money

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

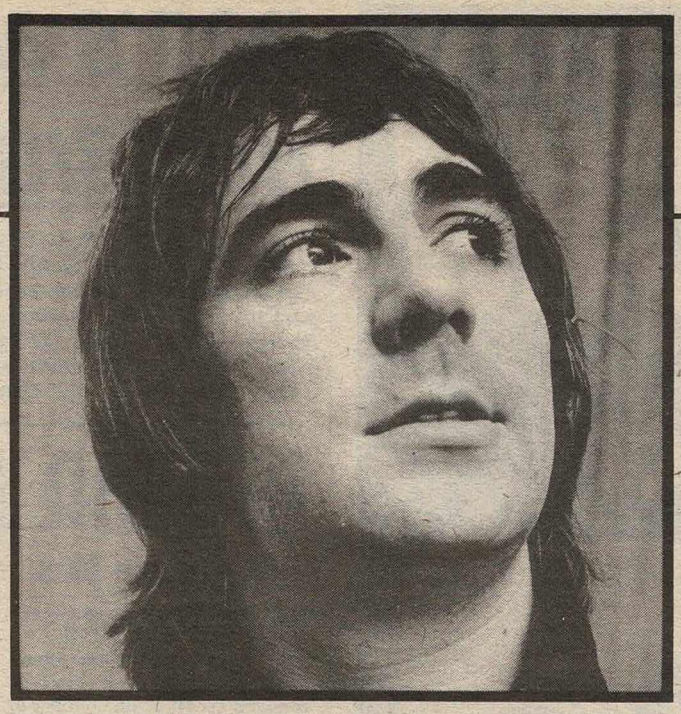
U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending September 16, 1978

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	**GREASE**	Various Artists
2	(5)	**DON'T LOOK BACK**	Boston
3	(2)	**SOME GIRLS**	Rolling Stones
4	(3)	**DOUBLE VISION**	Foreigner
5	(4)	**SGT PEPPER'S LONELY HEARTS CLUB BAND**	Various Artists
6	(6)	**NATURAL HIGH**	Commodores
7	(7)	**WORLDS AWAY**	Pablo Cruise
8	(20)	**WHO ARE YOU**	The Who
9	(12)	**BLAM**	The Brothers Johnson
10	(8)	**SHADOW DANCING**	Andy Gibb
11	(13)	**A TASTE OF HONEY**	Taste of Honey
12	(16)	**NIGHTWATCH**	Kenny Loggins
13	(9)	**STRANGER IN TOWN**	Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band
14	(14)	**THE STRANGER**	Billy Joel
15	(10)	**LIFE IS A SONG WORTH SINGING**	Teddy Pendergrass
16	(15)	**SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER**	Bee Gees and Various Artists
17	(21)	**UNDER WRAPS**	Shaun Cassidy
18	(11)	**"BUT SERIOUSLY FOLKS . . ."**	Joe Walsh
19	(17)	**CITY TO CITY**	Gerry Rafferty
20	(19)	**COME GET IT**	Rick James
21	(18)	**TOGETHERNESS**	L.T.D.
22	(22)	**DARKNESS ON THE EDGE OF TOWN**	Bruce Springsteen
23	(25)	**SMOOTH TALK**	Evelyn "Champagne" King
24	(26)	**THE CARS**	The Cars
25	(27)	**LOVE ME AGAIN**	Rita Coolidge
26	(24)	**OCTAVE**	Moody Blues
27	(29)	**BAT OUT OF HELL**	Meat Loaf
28	(28)	**EVEN NOW**	Barry Manilow
29	(—)	**GET OFF**	Foxy
30	(23)	**PYRAMID**	Alan Parsons Project

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

NEWS DESK



The Who carry on

'KEITH WOULD WANT US TO KEEP GOING'

THE WHO intend to carry on as a group, despite the tragic death of drummer Keith Moon last week. They made their decision at the weekend after much heart-searching, saying they felt Keith would have wanted it that way. But they have no intention of engaging another drummer as a permanent Who member, and are likely to use session musicians for any future recordings or concerts.

Commented Pete Townshend: "No-one could ever take Keith's place, and we're not even going to try to replace him. But we're more determined than ever to carry on."

The decision comes as something of a surprise, following widespread speculation that Keith's death would spell the end of The Who — or, if the others were to continue, would at least necessitate a change of name.

Even now, a question mark hangs over the extent of their future career as a working band. For the past two years or so, the band's live commitments have decreased as they've become more involved in production and behind-the-scenes activities, notably their Shepperton Studios complex. And it seems probable that this will now play an increasing role in their future career.

Townshend, Roger Daltrey and John Entwistle are still totally bemused by the tradegy, and at present are in no state to formulate plans in detail. But their spokesman Keith Altham says there's no doubt they will record again, and he feels that they will eventually return to the concert platform — though he rules out the prospect of long tours. And their original intention to play a few shows immediately before Christmas can now be ruled out.

However, they are going ahead with the pre-Christmas release of their movie "The Kids Are Alright" and the film soundtrack album. The picture is a potted history of the band's 15-year career and, as such, is regarded as a fitting tribute to Keith.

Similarly, work on the film version of "Quadrophenia" will go ahead as scheduled, with production due to start later this month. This is because The Who themselves are not an integral part of the movie, though Townshend is involved musically and Daltrey is likely to have an acting role.

Said Daltrey: "We can't bring Keith back but, if he could have his say, he would want us to go on with the same ideals he helped to establish. It will never be the same, but hopefully we'll be able to carry on with many of those ideals and standards that were so important to him."

Keith was found dead in his Mayfair flat last Thursday morning by his girlfriend Annette Walter-Lax, to whom he had just announced his engagement. The previous evening he had attended Paul McCartney's party at Peppermint Park, prior to going on to a screening of "The Buddy Holly Story". A post-mortem revealed that he died of an overdose of the sedative drug Heminervin.

"These tablets were prescribed by his doctor, because he often had difficulty in getting to sleep", Altham told NME. "And no trace of any other drugs were found at the post-mortem." An inquest on Keith Moon was opened on Monday and adjourned until next week.

● See page 23.

'BUT IT WILL NEVER BE THE SAME AGAIN'

COSTELLO OKAYS ANTI-NAZI RALLY

ELVIS COSTELLO and The Attractions have now officially confirmed their appearance in the London carnival being staged on Sunday, September 24, by the Anti-Nazi League in conjunction with Rock Against Racism.

Sham 69, Aswad and Misty are already set for the event which takes place in Brockwell Park, Herne Hill (just south of Brixton on the road to Crystal Palace).

Official approval has already been obtained for the concert — the organisers are working closely with the police, and Lambeth Council are investing £2,000-into the event which — weather permitting — could attract up to 100,000 people. The carnival starts with a rally in Hyde Park at 11am, before proceeding to Herne Hill for the afternoon rock show.

Free London shows precede Stiff tour

AS A PRELUDE to the new Stiff Records package tour — which, as announced last week, goes on the road next month — four of the five acts involved are to play free London gigs at the end of September. Mickey Jupp and Rachel Sweet co-headline at the Nashville in Kensington on September 28, with Wreckless Eric and Lene Lovich set for the same venue the following night. Tickets may be obtained on Saturday, September 16, at the Stiff Shop, 32 Alexander Street, W2 — limited to two per person.

And all five acts also have new albums issued simultaneously by Stiff on October 6. They are . . . Wreckless Eric: "The Wonderful World Of Wreckless Eric"; Mickey Jupp: "Juppanese"; Jona Lewie: "On The Other Hand There's A Fist": Lene Lovich: "Stateless"; and Rachel Sweet: "Fool Around".

There are also a few changes to the "Be Stiff" itinerary. The Edinburgh venue on October 25 is now confirmed as Clouds; Hemel Hempstead Pavilion moves forward from November 7 to 1, and Guildford Surrey University moves back from November 15 to 18; and there's an extra date at Cardiff Sophia Gardens on November 13.

King exits

AFTER last week's exclusive revelation that keyboards man Simon House has opted out of The Hawklords, the new-look version of Hawkwind, it's now been announced that drummer Simon King will also be absent from the band's upcoming 40-date tour. Although both Simons appear on the album "Hawklords", due out on October 6, they are now going their separate ways on individual plans—details of which are promised shortly. A statement says the decision was reached without disagreement between them and the other Hawklords.

PISTOLS PLAY THUNDERS GIG

FORMER Heartbreakers leader Johnny Thunders returns to London next month to headline a special one-off all-star concert at the Strand Lyceum — it's on Wednesday, October 11, and advance tickets are now on sale all at the one price of £2.25.

Object of the exercise is to promote his upcoming solo album "So Alone", due for release by Real Records on October 6, and featuring several new numbers as well as his versions of The Chantays' "Pipeline" and The Shangri-Las' "Give Him A Great Big Kiss". It's preceded on September 22 by a 12-inch single taken from the LP titled "Can't Put Your Arms Around A Memory", pressed in pink vinyl.

It's expected that most of the musicians featured on the album will be joining Thunders at the Lyceum — and those already confirmed include Steve Jones and Paul Cook of The Sex Pistols, and Peter Perrett and Mike Kellie of The Only Ones. Others on the LP include Thin Lizzy's Phil Lynott, the Hot Rods Paul Gray, Snatch's Pat Palladin and John Earle of Graham Parker's band — and it's possible that all of them could take part in the gig. Support act is Real Records band Strangeways.

Pirates, Judas —major tours

THE PIRATES begin another lengthy tour later this month, comprising over 30 dates and coinciding with the September 22 release of their new Warner Bros. single "Shakin' All Over", one of their most requested numbers and a re-working of the 1960 Johnny Kidd hit. Guitarist Mick Green makes a rare appearance as lead singer on the B-side "Saturday Night Shoot Out", and the record is available as a limited 12-inch edition in a colour bag. Not surprisingly, their new tour is billed as "Shakin' All Over The UK", and the confirmed dates are:

Birmingham Barbarella's (September 26), Middlesbrough Teeside Polytechnic (27), London Central Polytechnic (29), Slough College (30), Glasgow Strathclyde University (October 3), Fife St Andrew's University (5), Aberdeen University (6), Durham University (7), Redcar Coatham Bowl (8), Hull University (9), York University (11), Lancaster University (13), Liverpool Eric's (14), London Camden Music Machine (16), Bournemouth Tiffany's (19), Norwich East Anglia University (20), Nottingham University (21), Plymouth Woods (23), Penzance The Garden (24), Exeter Routes (25), Salford University (27), Sheffield University (28), High Wycombe Town Hall (29), Treforest Polytechnic of Wales (November 1), Swansea Nutz Club (2), London City University (3), Oxford College of Education (4), Egham Royal Holloway College (5), Birmingham University (11), Doncaster Outlook (13), Dublin Trinity College (17) and Cork University (18).

Immediately after the tour, The Pirates leave for America to undertake a series of dates in support of the US release of their "Skull Wars" album.

JUDAS PRIEST return to the concert circuit in mid-autumn with a 20-date tour, including two nights at London Hammersmith Odeon. It ties in with the release by CBS of their fifth album "Killing Machine" on October 6 — and this is preceded on September 29 by a 12-inch single titled "Evening Star", coupled with two tracks called "Starbreaker" and "White Heat Red Hot".

Tour dates are Blackburn King George's Hall (October 24), Newcastle City Hall (25), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (26), London Hammersmith Odeon (27 and 28), Hanley Victoria Hall (29), Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (30), Portsmouth Guildhall (31), Brighton Dome (November 1), Sheffield City Hall (2), Leicester De Montfort Hall (3), Bristol Colston Hall (5), Liverpool Empire (6), Edinburgh Odeon (7), Glasgow Apollo (8), Bradford St George's Hall (9), Lancaster University (10), Derby Assembly Rooms (11), Manchester Apollo (12) and Birmingham Odeon (13).

Tickets are priced £2.80, £2.20 and £1.75 at all venues except Hammersmith, where they are £3, £2.50 and £2. Postal applications are being accepted now, but readers should check local press announcements for details of box-office opening dates.

Apollo reprieved until 1981

SCOTLAND'S leading rock venue, the Apollo Centre in Glasgow, is back in business again—and that's official. It's been acquired on a three-year lease by the company which already runs the Manchester Apollo and Oxford New Theatre, and resumes activities on September 29 with a preview opening starring the Tom Robinson Band, with The Stranglers topping the gala opening the following night (30).

That's the good news. But the bad news is that there's a very real risk of the Apollo being sold to a property company in 1981 for re-development. Everything depends upon its success as a rock venue during the next 18 months—that's the period the owners (George Green Ltd.) have given the leaseholders (Maximum Investments) to make it a viable proposition. If they do so, the owners say that will then agree to considering a long-term deal.

TRB FIRST IN 35 CONCERTS ALREADY SET

So the future of the Apollo is still in jeopardy, though hopefully it can be kept alive indefinitely. For their part, Greens are carrying out a £50,000 facelift on the venue, and are also subsidising it to the same amount every year covered by the agreement.

And Maximus managing director Paul Gregg says he's already booked 35 major concerts between late September and Christmas. Besides the two opening shows, these include Judas Priest (October 8), Wishbone Ash (9), Smokie (17) and Leo Sayer (November 4)—plus concerts by Meat Loaf, Darts and The Buzzcocks. So there's every indication that the Apollo is on course for the long-term deal all Scotland wants.

● The future of the Rochester Castle in Stoke Newington as one of London's leading pub venues looked bleaker than ever this week. Currently out of action due to its music licence having lapsed, it will be applying for a renewal to enable it to resume live shows in October. The trouble is that October is also the deadline the landlord has been given to come up with the £3,000 he owes Charrington's brewery.

Efforts are being made to stage a series of benefit shows at the Electric Ballroom in Camden Town. But a spokesman told NME: "Big bands seem reluctant to co-operate. If the gigs had been at the Rochester, there wouldn't have been any problem. But they don't seem keen on playing a bigger venue for charity." So even if the pub regains its licence, these debts could well lead to its permanent closure as a rock venue.

SPRINGSTEEN FILMED FOR 'WHISTLE TEST'

BBC-2's "Old Grey Whistle Test" returns for the 1978-79 season next Tuesday (19) and, with new presenter Anne Nightingale taking over from Bob Harris, will run through until next July. And a bonus for the new series is that each edition will be repeated on Saturday evenings.

The OGWT team have been busy gathering material in America during the summer, and among items to be seen during the coming weeks are Bruce Springsteen in concert, the Average White Band filmed in the Island studios in Nassau, Supertramp recording their new album and an interview with Alice Cooper.

Studio guests in the first two shows are The Ramones and Magazine (19) and Stephen Bishop and The Rezillos (26). Producer Michael Appleton told NME that the show will have a new look this season, retaining many of the familiar features, but also broadening its horizons—taking in, for instance, news, film clips, book reviews and visits to rock exhibitions.

"In Concert" will not be returing this winter. Instead it's replaced by a 26-week series called "Rock Goes To College" which is being filmed on the campus. First two shows spotlight The Boomtown Rats at London Hendon Middlesex Polytechnic (September 22) and Crawler at London University Union (29).

KINKS TO DO LONDON DATE

THE KINKS, just back from an extensive U.S. tour, headline a one-off concert at London Hammersmith Odeon on Sunday, October 1—tickets are on sale now priced £3, £2.50 and £2. It's their first London gig since their Roundhouse charity concert in May, and it ties in with the September 29 release by Arista of their new single "Black Messiah".

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

BUZZCOCKS

WITH GUESTS

SUBWAY SECT

TOUR OF UK & IRELAND
/OCTOBER/NOVEMBER '78

SUN. 1st OCT. – OXFORD NEW THEATRE
MON. 2nd OCT. – LEICESTER DE MONTFORT HALL
TUE. 3rd OCT. – NORWICH ST ANDREWS HALL
WED. 4th OCT. – CHELMSFORD ODEON
FRI. 6th OCT. – MIDDLETON CIVIC HALL
SAT. 7th OCT. – LIVERPOOL EMPIRE
SUN. 8th OCT. – BIRMINGHAM ODEON
MON. 9th OCT. – SWANSEA TOP RANK SUITE
TUE. 10th OCT. – CARDIFF TOP RANK SUITE
WED. 11th OCT. – TAUNTON ODEON
FRI. 13th OCT. – PLYMOUTH TOP RANK SUITE
SAT. 14th OCT. – TORQUAY TOWN HALL
SUN. 15th OCT. – SHEFFIELD TOP RANK SUITE
MON. 16th OCT. – HANLEY VICTORIA HALL
THU. 19th OCT. – MALVERN WINTER GARDENS
FRI. 20th OCT. – BLACKPOOL TIFFANYS
SUN. 22nd OCT. – ABERDEEN CAPITOL
MON. 23rd OCT. – EDINBURGH ODEON
TUE. 24th OCT. – NEWCASTLE CITY HALL
THU. 26th OCT. – BRADFORD ST GEORGES HALL
FRI. 27th OCT. – MANCHESTER APOLLO
SAT. 28th OCT. – DERBY KINGS HALL
SUN. 29th OCT. – COVENTRY THEATRE
MON. 30th OCT. – BRISTOL COLSTON HALL
TUE. 31st OCT. – PORTSMOUTH GUILDHALL
FRI. 3rd NOV. – CANTERBURY ODEON
SAT. 4th NOV. – HAMMERSMITH ODEON · LONDON
MON. 6th NOV. – HEMEL HEMPSTEAD PAVILION
WED. 8th NOV. – BRIGHTON TOP RANK SUITE
THU. 9th NOV. – GUILDFORD CIVIC HALL

Ticket Prices are £2.50, £2.00, £1.50 everywhere except NORWICH, MIDDLETON, SWANSEA, CARDIFF, PLYMOUTH, TORQUAY, SHEFFIELD, HANLEY, MALVERN, BLACKPOOL, DERBY, HEMEL HEMPSTEAD, BRIGHTON, GUILDFORD where all tickets are £2.00.

TICKETS AVAILABLE AT ALL VENUES NOW

ROD'S NEW LP PRECEDES HIS 'BIGGEST TOUR EVER'

ROD STEWART'S British tour in December will play to more people than ever before in this country, his spokesman told NME this week. He'll be touring nationwide throughout the month, and full details of his intinerary are being released in three weeks time. The British leg is just a part of an extensive outing by Rod, which sees him touring Europe during October and November, and visiting the Far Fast — including Australia and New Zealand — in the New Year. It's also learned that his new album is now officially titled "Blondes Have More Fun", and is scheduled for mid-October release by Riva.

RECORD NEWS

Ash album plus giveaway single

WISHBONE ASH'S new album "No Smoke Without Fire" is released by MCA on October 6, coinciding with the opening of their British tour, reported last week. The LP includes a free seven-inch single featuring two of their best live titles — "Come In From The Rain" (from their "Front Page News" album) and "Lorelei" (taken from "New England" and recorded on their 1977 tour).

A single taken from the new LP, titled "You See Red" and penned by Laurie Wisefield, comes out on September 22 with the first 12,000 copies available as a 12-inch in a colour bag. The single also includes an eight-minute live version of one of their most popular stage numbers "Bad Weather Blues", recorded at Sheffield City Hall last year.

Be-Bop Deluxe farewell double

EMI RELEASE the double album "The Best And The Rest Of Be-Bop Deluxe" on October 6. Retailing at £6.50, it marks the official farewell to the band who broke up last month. The first record is a compilation of some of their best-known numbers, while the other consists entirely of previously unissued material. Meanwhile, Be-Bop leader Bill Nelson has started recording with his new band Red Noise and — although the personnel hasn't yet been announced — they'll have their debut LP ready for release in the New Year.

● Island Records have signed **Charlie Dore,** whom they rate as "the best female country rock singer around". She is at present recording her first album for the label in Nashville.

● What's claimed to be the world's first "luminous" record is issued by Capitol on September 22. It's a 12-inch single by **Kraftwerk** featuring "Neon Lights", "The Model" and "Trans-Europe Express" — retailing at £1.49, it's pressed in luminous vinyl! And Capital plan a luminous album on October 20 — a compilation set with A Taste Of Honey, Tavares and Maze, among others.

● Pink Floyd keyboards man **Richard Wright** has his first solo album "Wet Dream" issued by Harvest on September 22, comprising ten self-penned and self-produced tracks. Out on the same label this week is the LP "Prehistoric Sounds" by **The Saints.**

● **Eater's** live EP "Get Your Yo-Yo's Out" is being reissued at the end of this month by The Label as a limited edition 12-inch on white vinyl.

Bullets girl is given go-ahead

BULLETS, the Birmingham band signed to Big Bear Records, have at last got their new single "Girl On Page 3" on national distribution. Release has been held up for several weeks due to a legal argument with *The Sun* in respect of the use of the words "Page Three", but the paper has now decided not to proceed with litigation, so Big Bear have this week been rushing copies into the shops. and our picture show Brum model TRISHA who, although not a permanent member of the band, can be heard on the new single and reveals a few pointers at some of their gigs.

● **Ritchie Blackmore's Rainbow** have their single "L.A. Connection" issued by Polydor tomorrow (Friday). Out the same day on the RSO label, distributed by Polydor, is "Promises" by **Eric Clapton.**

● The second **Tyla Gang** album "Moonproof", their first to feature new bassist Ken Whaley, is released by Beserkley on September 25. The first 7,000 copies are being pressed in yellow vinyl.

● **Spizz Oil** have their first single out early next month on Rough Trade Records. It features three tracks — "6,000 Crazy", "1989" and "Fibre".

● Out this weekend is the 20-track compilation album "The Big Wheels Of Motown", a collection of some of the label's biggest hit singles of the past 14 years — featuring the **Supremes, Diana Ross, Stevie Wonder, Marvin Gaye,** the **Four Tops, Gladys Knight, Smokey Robinson** and **Martha Reeves,** among others. It's to be the subject of a massive TV advertising campaign.

Hot Rods back in the studios

EDDIE & The Hot Rods have resumed recording at Abbey Road Studios. Their first priority is to cut a new single (their last release was in February), and they're working for the first time with producer Peter Ker, who was responsible for The Motors' "Forget About You" set. Among the tracks they're putting down are "Circles" and "Take It Or Leave It", which they featured recently on ATV's "Revolver". The band have been spending the summer rehearsing a new act and playing some unannounced club gigs, but they're planning a series of official dates in the autumn when the single is issued.

NEWS BRIEFS

SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS have re-formed three months after breaking up. They play their first comeback gig at Manchester Russell Club on September 21, and others are being lined up.

X-RAY SPEX, who have been busy in the recording studios for several weeks, have now completed work on their new album. It's planned for release in early November, and the band will be returning to full-scale gigging to promote it.

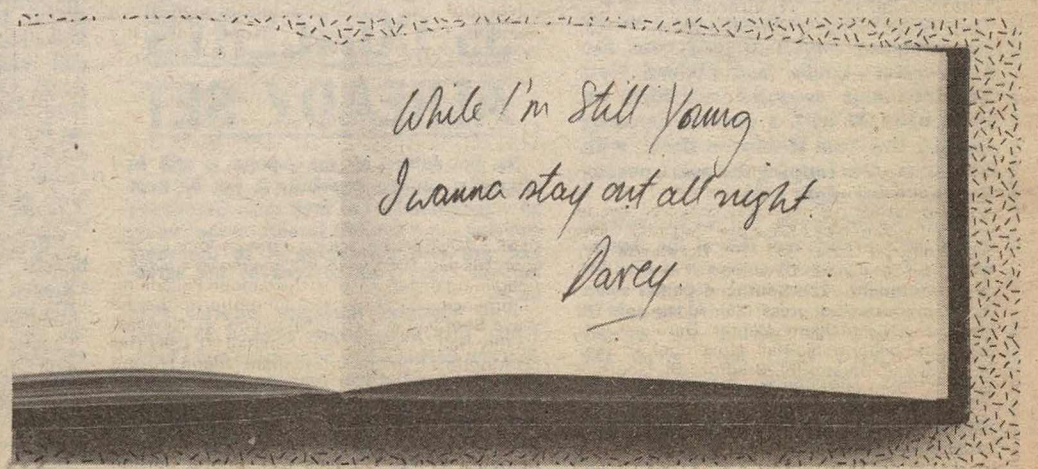
MARSEILLE are also planning an autumn tour to aid promotion of their new album. In their case it's their debut set, produced by Leo Lyons, and both the album and the tour are scheduled for late October.

WARREN HARRY have sacked Jean Pierre Bouchard-Rees (drums) and Paul Hemmings (guitar). Former drummer John Clarke is now back in the band, who in future will operate as a four-piece completed by John Kayne (keyboards), Josh Gayle (bass) and Warren Harry (guitar and vocals). For their upcoming gigs, see On The Road, page 46.

THE PRETTY THINGS have re-formed yet again with a line-up of Phil May (vocals), Dick Taylor (lead guitar), John Povey (keyboards), Wally Allen (bass) and Skip Alan (drums) — all previous members at some stage in the Pretties' turbulent career. Currently working in Holland, they plan British gigs in the near future. A record deal is also being negotiated.

WISHBONE ASH have added another two dates to their British tour reported last week — at Glasgow Apollo (October 9) and Bridlington Spa Royal Hall (22). And the venue for their Manchester show on October 12 is switched from Belle Vue to the Apollo.

LEO SAYER has added yet another date to his massive autumn tour, already reported by NME. It's at Belfast Kings Hall on November 22.



AUTUMN TOURS BONANZA

Motorhead

MOTORHEAD undertake their first major headlining tour in the early autumn, climaxing in a big London show at the Hammersmith Odeon. So far 13 dates have been confirmed, but more are atill being finalised. They play Cleethorpes Winter Gardens (September 21), St Albans City Hall (23), Blackburn King George's Hall (24), High Wycombe Town Hall (29), Cardiff Top Rank (October 17), Bristol Tiffany's (18), Slough College (21), Poole Arts Centre (22), Brighton Top Rank (25), Newcastle City Hall (29), Birmingham Town Hall (November 1), Manchester Free Trade Hall (3) and London Hammersmith Odeon (5).

Strife are the support act at Cardiff, Newcastle, Birmingham, Manchester and Hammersmith, and various other supports are being lined up for the remaining dates. Tour promoters are Straight Music. It's understood that Motorhead's Lemmy may also be playing a few more gigs with The Doomed, the pick-up group also featuring Rat Scabies, Captain Sensible and Dave Vanian which performed last week at London's Electric Ballroom.

Smokie

SMOKIE headline a 16-concert tour next month, promoted by MAM and including a major London show at the Rainbow on October 21 (tickets on sale now priced £3, £2.50, £2 and £1.50). Other dates are Bournemouth Winter Gardens (October 6), Eastbourne Congress (7), Croydon Fairfield Hall (8), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (9), Birmingham Odeon (12), Coventry Theatre (13), Liverpool Empire (14), Manchester Apollo (15), Newcastle City Hall (16), Glasgow Apollo (17), Peterborough ABC (20), Oxford New Theatre (22), Preston Guildhall (23) and Bradford Alhambra (24 and 25).

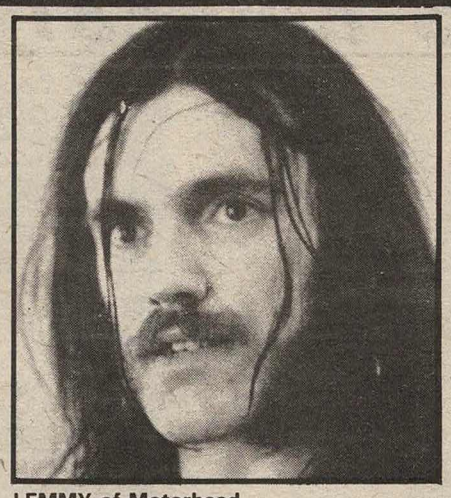
Barbara Dickson

BARBARA DICKSON begins a six-week tour at the beginning of next month, culminating in a major London concert at the Rainbow. Supported by her regular backing band, she plays Southend Cliffs Pavilion (October 1), Birmingham Town Hall (4), Manchester Ashton Tameside Theatre (5), Middlesbrough Town Hall (6), Liverpool Philharmonic Hall (7), Preston Guildhall (8), Glasgow City Hall (9), Edinburgh Usher Hall (10), Aberdeen Capital (11), Newcastle City Hall (13), Bridlington Royal Spa Hall (14), Nottingham Theatre Royal (15), Croydon Fairfield Hall (16), Eastbourne Congress (17), Poole Wessex Hall (18), Hatfield Forum (20), Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (22), Bristol Colston Hall (23), Paignton Festival Hall (24), Portsmouth Guildhall (25), Margate Winter Gardens (26), Bradford Alhambra (November 5), Belfast Queen's University (12) and London Rainbow (18). Promoter is John Martin of the Derek Block Office.

Cliff Richard

CLIFF RICHARD headlines 23 major concerts in what has become his annual autumn tour of Britain. He plays Southampton Gaumont (November 1), Birmingham Odeon (3 and 4), Edinburgh Usher Hall (8 and 9), Middlesbrough Town Hall (10 and 11), Sheffield City Hall (15 and 16), Oxford New Theatre (17), Brighton The Centre (18), Leicester De Montfort Hall (22), Bristol Colston Hall (23), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (24 and 25), Croydon Fairfield Hall (29), Southend Cliffs Pavilion (Dec. 1 and 2), Manchester Apollo (6 and 7), Blackpool Opera House (8 and 9) and London Royal Albert Hall (11).

MARY O'HARA, already set for a five-day season at the **London** Palladium (November 14-18), is now also set for a string of 17 concerts around the country. She plays **Glasgow** King's (October 15), **Edinburgh** Usher Hall (16), **Newcastle** City Hall (18), **Stockport** Davenport Theatre (20), **Coventry** Theatre (22), **Southend** Cliffs Pavilion (24), **Eastbourne** Congress (26), **Aldeburgh** The Maltings (28), **Malvern** Winter Gardens (31), **Liverpool** Philharmonic Hall (November 3), **Sheffield** Crucible Theatre (5), **Bradford** St. George's Hall (8), **Bournemouth** Winter Gardens (10), **Crawley** Leisure Centre (24), **Cardiff** New Theatre (26), **Portsmouth** Guildhall (30) and **Oxford** New Theatre (December 4). Her new album "Music Speaks Louder Than Words" has just been issued by Chrysalis.



LEMMY of Motorhead

The Drifters

THE DRIFTERS begin their previously-reported autumn tour tomorrow (Friday) at Weston-super-Mare Webbington Club, followed by Eastbourne Kings Club (Saturday), Wakefield Theatre Club (September 17-23), Stoke Jollees (25), Cleethorpes Bunny's Place (27), Southampton Salon (28), Camberley Lakeside Club (29-30), Manchester Golden Garter (October 2-7), Stockton Fiesta (9-10), Luton Cesar's (11-14), Birmingham Night Out (16-21) and Caerphilly Double Diamond (25-28). Further dates are being confirmed by promoter Henry Sellers right through to December 16.

Junior Walker

JR. WALKER & THE ALLSTARS, who are special guests of The Temptations at the London Palladium this Sunday, have subsequent dates in their own right at Ilford Kings Club (September 18), Southend Talk Of The South (19), Cleethorpes Bunny's Place (20), Manchester Russells Club (23), Stockton Fiesta (25), Newport Tiffany's (28), Watford Bailey's (October 9-14) and Leicester Bailey's (16-21). The tour is promoted by Henry Sellers.

Slade

SLADE have an extensive six-week schedule lined up through the first part of the autumn, playing Chatham Central Hall (September 23), Watford Bailey's (24-30), Leicester Bailey's (October 2-7), Southport New Theatre (8), Blackburn Bailey's (9-14), Keele University (18), Newcastle Polytechnic (20), Nottingham University (21), Carlisle Market Hall (22), Sheffield Polytechnic (23), Weston-super-Mare Webbington Club (25), Reading University (26), Guildford Surrey University (27), Bradford University (28), Derby Assembly Rooms (29) and Warrington Wilderspool Leisure Centre (November 1). Support act is singer-composer Nick van Eede, a new discovery of Slade manager Chas Chandler.

Reggae Regular

REGGAE REGULAR, the London-based band who open their first-ever European tour this weekend, return at the end of the month to play a series of major British dates. They headline at Wolverhampton Polytechnic (September 29), Retford Porterhouse (30), Sheffield Polytechnic (October 4), Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic (6), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (7), Nuneaton 77 Club (10), Exeter Routes (17) and Plymouth Woods Centre (18), with more gigs currently being finalised for the interim dates. Then, from October 19 to 28, they support The Boomtown Rats in their seven-concert tour announced last week. The reggae band are also featured in John Peel's Radio 1 show on October 2.

The Edge

THE EDGE, the band formed by John Moss and Lu after the demise of The Damned, play London Islington Hope & Anchor (tonight, Thursday, and September 23), London Battersea Park with The Stranglers (this Saturday), London Kensington Nashville (22 and October 7), London Camden Dingwalls (26), Liverpool Eric's (29), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (30), Canterbury Kent University (October 2), Reading Bones Club (4), Sheffield Limit (16) and London Marquee (22). Comprising Moss (drums), Lu Edmonds (lead guitar), Gavin Povey (keyboards) and Glyn Howard (bass), they have their debut single "Macho Man" released on a one-off basis by Albion Records on September 28.

DEMIS ROUSSOS is set for a month-long British tour, his first for a year. It climaxes in a week's headlining engagement at the **London** Palladium, commencing November 28. And prior to that he plays **Sheffield** City Hall (November 4), **Newcastle** City Hall (5), **Glasgow** Kelvin Hall (7), **Leicester** De Montfort Hall (9), **Birmingham** Odeon (10 and 11), **Oxford** New Theatre (12), **Stoke** Jollees (13), **Manchester** Apollo (15), **Bridlington** Spa Royal Hall (18), **Bradford** Alhambra (19), **Brighton** The Centre (20), **Portsmouth** Guildhall (21), **Bournemouth** Winter Gardens (22), **Bristol** Colston Hall (24) and **Liverpool** Empire (25).

Yachts

YACHTS, the four-piece outfit from Liverpool, break into the big league this week — with the news that they've signed a major recording deal with Radar, and are setting out on their first headlining tour. Their debut Radar single, released on September 22 with the first 5,000 copies pressed in blue vinyl, is "Look Back In Love (Not In Anger)" and it is marketed in a picture bag. Tour dates and venues are:

Manchester Russell Club (tonight, Thursday), Wolverhampton Lafayette (Friday), Dudley J.B.'s (Saturday), Dumfries Stagecoach (Sunday), Nottingham Trent Polytechnic (September 20), Nottingham Sandpiper (21), London Islington Hope & Anchor (22), London Kensington Nashville (23), Southend Shrimpers (24), Bristol Polytechnic (28), Burton 76 Club (29), Birmingham Barbarella's (30), London Kensington Nashville (October 1, 8 and 15), Bath University (2), Aberdeen Fusion (5), Glasgow Strathclyde University (6), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (7), Newport Stowaway Club (11), High Wycombe Nags Head (12), London Regents Park Bedford College (13), Portsmouth Polytechnic (14), Norwich Boogie House (18), Plymouth Metro (20), Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre (25), Liverpool Eric's (27), Leicester University (November 3) and Loughborough University (4).

After The Fire

AFTER THE FIRE, now a quartet with the addition of guitarist-vocalist John Russell, begin a month-long tour tomorrow (Friday) at London W.10 Acklam Hall, They then play Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (Saturday), London Marquee (September 20), Corsham Bath Academy of Art (22), Oxford Polytechnic (23), Bracknell Arts Centre (24), Nottingham Sandpiper (27), Bradford Princeville (28), Sheffield Limit (29), York Revolution (30), Accrington Lakeland Lounge (October 1), London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic (2), Worcester College (5), Guildford Surrey University (6), Swindon Brunel Rooms (10), Oxford Corn Dolly (11), London Strand King's College (12), Dudley J.B.'s (20), London City University (21), Bath Brillig Arts Centre (27), Reading University (November 1), Manchester Polytechnic (4) and London City Polytechnic (9).

Whirlwind

WHIRLWIND start another tour this weekend to tie in with the October 2 release by Chiswick of their new single "I Only Wish". The London rockabilly band play London Kensington Nashville (this Saturday), Jersey El Rancho Club (September 18-23), London City Polytechnic (26), London Camden Dingwalls (27), Hertford College (29), London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic (30), Aberystwyth Kings Hall (October 3), Bristol Polytechnic (5), London North Polytechnic (6), Batley Crumpets (7), Wolverhampton Polytechnic (11), London University Union (14), Huddersfield Polytechnic (17) and Bradford University (18).

Marshall Hain

MARHSALL HAIN are set for their first British tour starting at the end of this month, hot on the heels of their Gold single "Dancing In The City", and coinciding with the release this week of their follow-up "Coming Home". Kit Marshall (vocals) and Julian Hain (keyboards) have assembled a backing band comprising Graham Foster (ex-Foster Brothers) on guitar, Gary Twigg (ex-Roy Hill Band) on bass, Bob Jenkins (ex-Surprise Sisters) on drums and Martin Ditcham (ex-Nucleus) on percussion.

They play Batley Crumpets (September 28), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (30), Bristol Locarno (October 1), Cardiff University (2), Bath Pavilion (5), Reading Hexagon Theatre (6), St. Albans City Hall (7), Hayes Alfred Beck Centre (8), Newark Palace (10), Manchester Apollo (11), Southport New Theatre (12), Hull Withesy Spa Pavilion (13) and London Drury Lane Theatre Royal (15).

ON THE ROAD is on page 46

EXTRA CONCERT
STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
BLONDIE
WITH GUESTS
THE BOYFRIENDS
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
QUEEN CAROLINE ST. W.6
SATURDAY 16th SEPTEMBER at 4·00
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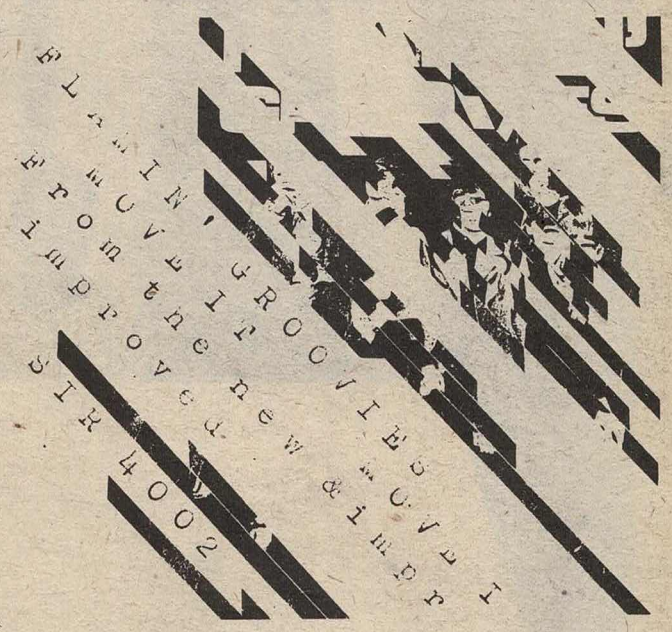

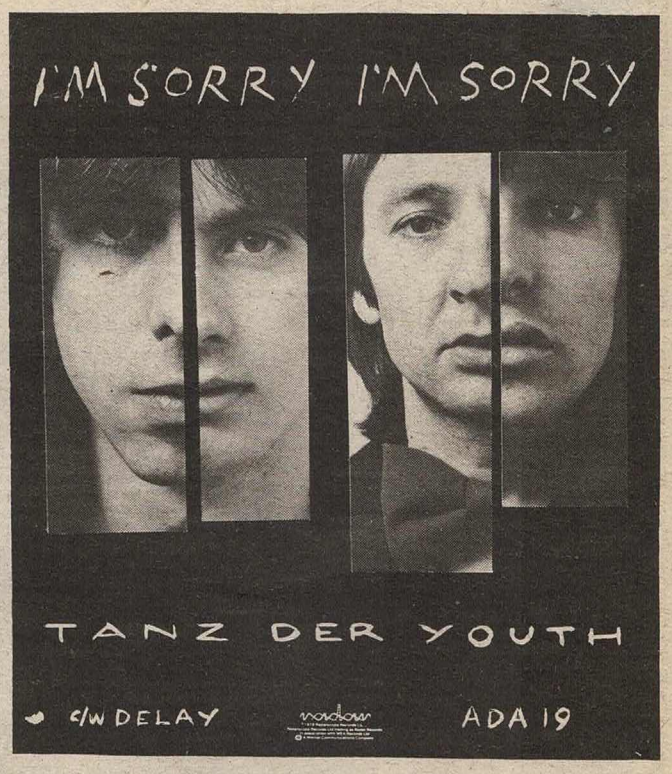

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WARNER BROS COUNTRY
EMMYLOU HARRIS
AND THE HOT BAND
GUY CLARK
RODNEY CROWELL
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
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PASH MUSIC STORES, 5 ELGIN CRESCENT, LONDON W11

THE ALBUM
SHSP 4093

THE TOUR

September 29	Newcastle University.
September 30	Halifax Good Mood Club.
October 2	Outlook Club, Doncaster.
October 3	Fan Club, Leeds.
October 4	Pop Club, York.
October 5	Kent University, Canterbury.
October 6	City of London Polytechnic.
October 7	Winter Gardens, Malvern.
October 10	Barbarella's Birmingham.
October 11	Brunel College, Bristol.
October 13	Factory, Manchester.
October 14	Leisure Centre, Bircote.
October 16	Woods, Plymouth.
October 17	Winter Gardens, Penzance.
October 18	Roots, Exeter.
October 19	Lanchester Polytechnic, Coventry.
October 20	Harrow Technical College.
October 21	Erics Liverpool. (2 shows)
October 24	Leicester University.
October 25	Bradford University.
October 26	Limits, Sheffield.
October 27	Rock Garden, Middlesbrough.
October 28	Huddersfield Polytechnic.

London date at major venue to be announced for the end of October.

On Harvest Records & Tapes HARVEST

By PAUL RAMBALI

Breaking The Shackles Of Original Sin

All pix: PENNIE SMITH

The White Niggah, Biblical Obsession, and The Mutant Army witnessed at Cardiff — where discussions encompass the sexiness of Prince Charles and the pressures of life today.

TOTAL ABANDON. Patti Smith's words are her own sustenance. She's like a scarecrow spooked by her imagination, picked up by it and driven impulsively. In the dark ages she'd have been burned at the stake. Now she's a rock'n'roll witch.

She believes she's a rock'n'roll nigger. The song is in the third person but if it wasn't abundantly clear anyway, Patti made it so at Reading. *"Patti Smith . . . is ah NIGGAH,"* she spat, just like Jackson Pollack, Jimi Hendrix (who co-incidentally really was) and Jesus Christ: outside of society and high on rebellion.

The facile expression of outlaw consciousness makes me want to cringe. The lack of humility it infers leaves an even sourer taste. But then, she passionately believes it — just like she passionately believes practically everything she has ever said. And strange though it may sound, her belief is stronger than anybody else's disbelief.

"Sometimes I think everybody is waiting for us to cut the shit and reveal a certain thing."

She looks unexpectedly frail, and sounds it too.

"But we are who we are. Our flaws and our glories come from the same place."

THE PATTI Smith Group have been playing a truncated tour of Britain, avoiding the capital, playing the places they've missed on their previous three visits. This is the penultimate gig, at Cardiff's Top Rank, and, depending on who you ask, the others have been eventful, disappointing, fraught with problems, another tour.

Stories about onstage disaffections and backstage recriminations have been circulating. Stories about Patti travelling in a separate limousine, Patti knocking Lenny Kaye's glasses off, sets finishing in disarray with tempers frayed.

A lot of people seem to be waiting for Patti Smith to slip and fall. Not physically, as she did during a U.S. tour early last year causing a lengthy group hiatus, but figuratively. They seem to think it'll be her just reward for believing the hype that has surrounded her. Maybe they simply don't like her attitude.

Tonight's set is by common concensus the best so far. It certainly eclipsed their erratic showing at Reading and plain pitiful performance at the Rainbow in April — where Patti's stalking the stage like Ron Moody's Fagin and the band's unfocused flailings were hollow shells of their former selves, as witnessed at those precocious Roundhouse gigs two years ago.

Patti still walks out on stage like someone who's been called up before the head and doesn't know if they're in for a prize or a beating. She's both scared and proud and it's then, rather than when she's assertive, self-assured and often consequently indulgent, that she's most convincing.

Watch her response to the adulation she receives. She's one minute awed by it, the next coyly teasing more of the same. She strokes he ego on stage just like she rubs her inner thigh in public (I have witnesses).

In her own way, Patti's response is far more genuine than that of others in her position. Yet she is berated for doing openly what others do in private. One must hope, though, that being without guilt does not also mean she won't have to answer to herself.

They played for two-and-a-half hours, doing one new song, "Vengeance", loosely based around the exemplary version of James Brown's "It's A Man's Man's World" they've been playing lately, and Cardiff still couldn't get enough. Aside from one incident — Patti somewhat needlessly kept signalling Lenny Kaye to quieten down while she tackled the clarinet, her latest instrumental infatuation, acquired in an Edinburgh junk shop for a tenner — evidence of group turmoil was non-existent.

Before the gig Lenny Kaye sounded me out. Lenny and Patti, both once involved in rock writing, have come to suspect the rock press. They reckon they've spent too much time trying to explain themselves to people who then still pen distorted half-sketches.

Lenny also has some fairly just comtempt for the way Television were treated by the British press, pointing out that the sudden critical about-face contributed to their break up.

"I sympathise with Television because it could have been us after 'Radio Ethiopia', if we were less strong. That second album syndrome . . . Success helps heal a group together, and if you're not getting across, that divides personalities. Especially when you're dealing with the kind of music that's not ready-made, when you're dealing with creative individuals, all of whom have a few quirks in their personalities."

Similar quirks being the reason for those stories. Patti Smith is, after all, nothing if not volatile.

"And I'm no piker in the personality department myself," adds Lenny, his natural buoyancy smiling through. "None of the boys are. Sometimes sparks really fly."

PATTI Lee Smith and Lenny Kaye have known each other for a long time. Lenny was born and bred in New York. Patti was born in Chicago, and bred in New Jersey, south of Asbury Park. She was hooked on Rimbaud's thin, boyish features when she saw the cover of *Illuminations*, and moved to New York in '67 to become a painter, or failing that, a painter's mistress.

She wrote a play called *Cowboy Mouth* with Sam Shepard, appeared in a film by long-time photographer friend Robert Mapplethorpe, and had some poems published in *Creem*, for which Lenny also worked. The pair first performed live in '71, but began in earnest two years later at events they called 'Rockin Rimbaud', about which time Patti made a tentative entry into the rock miasma by contributing a poem to Todd Rundgren's "Wizard A True Star" and reciting an ode to Jim Morrison on ex-Doors Ray Manzarek's second ablum.

She also published three poetry anthologies, *Seventh Heaven*. *Kodak* and *Witt*.

In March of '74 pianist Richard Sohl joined up, and by winter Ivan Kral, was on board.

■ *Continues over page*

PATTI SMITH

■ *From previous page*

A crude example of the early Patti Smith Group is obviously the "Piss Factory" single, recorded in the summer of that year, but the most potent is the drummerless "Birdland" on "Horses".

Drummer Jay Dee Daugherty from The Mumps joined in June '75, and by the end of that year they became the first of the New York vanguard to release an album.

Though all of their songs are developed live, most of the basic material music-wise comes from Ivan Kral and Richard Sohl, who leaves and rejoins with oddly unexplained frequency. Lenny Kaye acts, when necessary, as a bridge between Patti and the rest of the band, interpreting her moods, marshalling their energies.

Lenny, clearly, derives much inspiration from Patti. Patti, in turn, derives much support from Lenny. "How am I doin', Lenny?" she'll crow. "You're doin' *fine*, Patti" he'll reply.

SOME THREE days later at a press conference at London's ICA — between answering questions about her hairdo and generally responding to the whole inane charade with cute, girlish playfulness — Patti will deliver a heated invective on the irresponsibility of the press caused by a Teazers snippet a few weeks back about the state of her finances.

But back in her hotel room at 2 am, drained by the night's performance, it's dismissed with a shrug. "If I had a quarter million dollars in the bank," she cracks, "at least two of the guys in the band would have cars."

As it is Lenny Kaye still only gets 75 dollars a week.

Small talk passes soberly, mostly concerned with Patti's favourite personalities. On the female side, when she was younger, they were women driven by strong causes — Joan of Arc, Madame Curie, Saint Teresa; later, mostly French and Italian movie actresses of the '50s.

It occurs to me that Patti Smith is one of the few truly incurable romantics. Untainted by the cynicism that is supposedly the fate of all romantics, harsh realities seem to make her merely sad, and she prefers to dwell in a world of noble beings, passion and transcendance.

"I'd say Christ is one of my favourite guys," she offers, totally serious. "I get a lot of my inspiration from the stream of the greats in history. Alexander The Great, Mohammed, Jimi Hendrix, all of them.

"But I said 'Jesus died for somebody's sins but not mine' for other reasons. I meant that I like coming into the world feeling like a pure spurt. Not a being that was immediately plagued with original sin or guilt for the crucifixion of one's saviour."

Her near-obsession with Biblical legend seems to run a lot deeper than so polite an explanation, as even a casual contemplation of her work, especially the "Easter" album, will show. It's strange that she should be so concerned with casting off the shackles of the Christian conception of sin and guilt in this day and age. But then she carries a lot of ghosts in her head, and they won't readily submit to self-analysis.

"Also, while I'm very intelligent, I'm no intellectual. All my beliefs, political and otherwise, are very romantic. It's like me having a crush on Prince Charles. I don't know anything about him, I just think there's something sexy about him."

Sexuality being another of her pet pre-occupations. Which isn't surprising when you realise sex is the easiest available key to the kind of unlocking of the spirit she adores. She often uses sex as an analogy, sometimes as a shock weapon, usually as a yardstick. She reckons she'd like to have made it with Christ and Rimbaud, amongst others, and most of the qualities she admires she also finds abstractly sexy.

"I'll tell you though, of all the people who have come to interview us, there isn't one I would consider spending the night with!"

And from personal relationships of a kind, to audience relationships, more even than her guitar, Patti trusts her audience.

"Kids are the only thing I can count on that aren't gonna screw me. I don't wanna appear negative but there's so much treachery, so much dissapointment, so much abuse you have to go through. And the kids are the one thing that I feel won't let me down. They might not always comprehend my moods, or they might misinterpret certain things. But at least I feel like we're one to one.

"At times though I become conscious of the fact that there are people in the audience young enough to be my child. I did have a child, it's 12 years old. I have seen kids around that age and I have moments of such protectiveness and compassion that it . . . confuses me.

"Time goes by," she muses. "It doesn't make me feel alienated from them . . . it's just different. I'm not one of the kids anymore. I'm one *with* them at times, but we're not equal."

She feels, however, that there's a trade going on. The audience offering energy, heart, integrity. She in turn offering experience and strength, if not just music, which for her it never is.

"I try in some way to have them experience something with someone who's gone through a lot of life but remains positive and healthy and finds reasons constantly for going on. These are hard times. People used to ask themselves 'Why do I exist?' Now they ask themselves 'Can I stand to exist any longer?' "

Your response to the preceeding statements will depend entirely on whether you accept the following premise: that gigs are much more tham just people watching a performance and going home afterwards.

The mutual elevation that the Patti Smith Group crave in live performance is no more and no less that the communal, conspiratorial spirit of rock in the '60s — what they grew up on and what we're told was lost in the first half of this decade. What's "Rock'n'Roll Nigger" if it isn't "Street Fighting Man"? And what's "Radio Ethiopia" if it isn't "Smashing Of Amps"?

"Us Smiths . . . My father at 63 is like an adolescent when his team loses. Sometimes it's like I never passed 16, I get so pissed off. This band has more rough times than probably any band in rock'n'roll, but that's because we're looking for something magic every night. We don't have a fixed set or formula. We're not like a male band either, in that the male process of ecstacy in performance is starting here," — she starts jerking at the base of in imaginary giant phallus — "and building and building until the big spurt at the end. We're a feminine band, we'll go so far and peak and then we'll start again and peak, over and over. It's like ocean. We leave ourselves wide open for failure, but we also leave ourselves open to achieving a moment more magical."

Questions about goals and triumphs receive some concrete replies. Patti Smith reckons she's got a lot to be proud of.

"Politically the thing that we set out to do has been done. The first thing that Lenny and I set out to do was to put new blood into poetry as a performing art, 'cause in '69 poetry had become a library art. Now it's changed, there are whole new concepts of performing poetry, and I know Lenny and I were responsible for it. When someone like Ginsberg or Burroughs embraces us and says we done a good job, I believe we done a good job.

"And after a couple of years we felt the same kind of thing was happening with rock'n'roll, that the people had lost their grip on it. Lenny and I just thought . . . We didn't think we were gonna be rock'n'roll stars, we didn't think nothin'. We just knew we had a lot of energy and by '73 or '74 we also had a lot of influence in the city. We felt that if nothing else we could provide a new energy, and inspire new bands to fight, to get out."

WHICH THEY'VE done, no denying it. The coming of the Patti Smith Group in, for our purposes the year of '76, helped awaken a sleeping sea of possibilities.

Since than they say their aim has been "to constantly give our support, whether abstractly or directly, to all these mutants we have inspired to action."

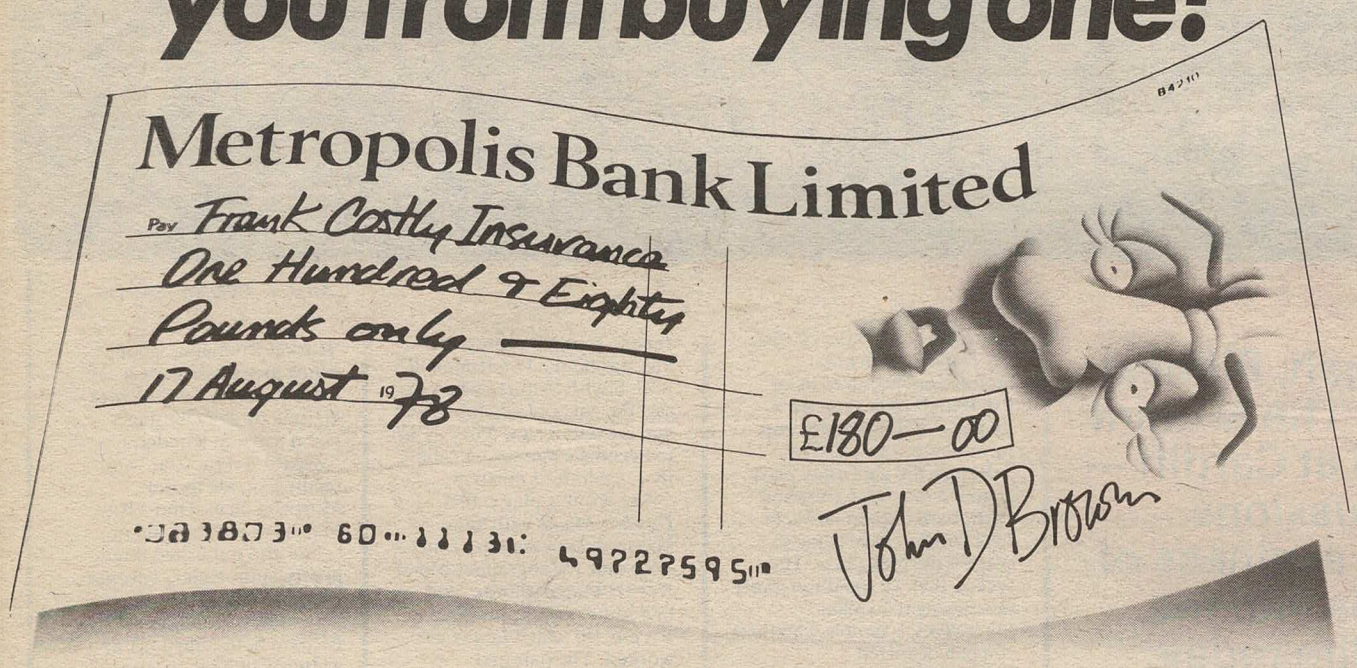
They made a deliberate bid for acceptance by the all-powerful U.S. radio with "Easter", hoping to open the floodgates for their 'mutants'. You can't blame them for that, and though the new legions it brought them would disagree, it's just a pity that the record wasn't the compromise some people claim, so much as an unfulfilled promise.

Somehow, beneath what sounded at times like a rallying speech made on my behalf, there's a sense of doubt. Maybe the hour was late and maybe not, but I never did hear what their other goals were, what comes next. Beyond a desire to "get back into that space we created when we were first together of really working from one collective mind" it was as if baby's got big and she's gonna get bigger, but nobody seemed to know why or what for.

Meanwhile Baby's just had her fourth volume of writings published, called *Babel*. Sprawling, effusive words from a likewise mind, bound in a slick black cover.

It flows with ripe adolescent energy, borrows from Burroughs and the French poets, and gushes over expected fixations. It's tedious, stormy, self-absorbed, strong-willed, visionary, indulgent, just like it's author. Don't forget, however, that Babel is the source of the word babble.

Does the thought of insuring a sports bike stop you from buying one?



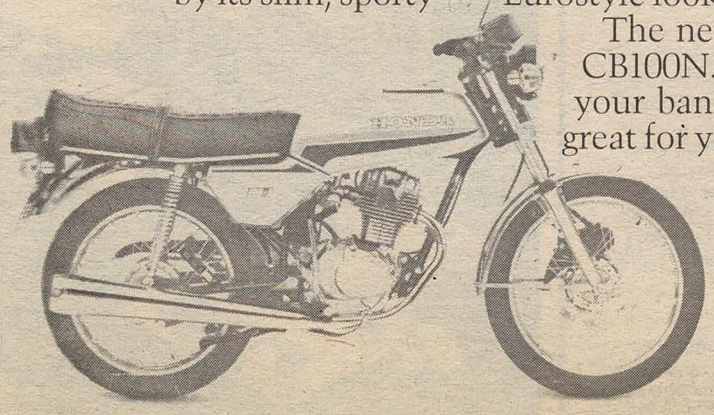
It needn't. Because Honda's new CB100N sports bike is really low on insurance.

It can give you the exhilarating ride you want for as little as £50 a year* when you're 17, (depending on where you live).

When you're 21, you could be paying a rock-bottom £17 a year!*(D.A. Devitt 'Pad Policy').

The new CB100N has a no compromise performance that nudges the legal limit, giving a thrifty 100mpg-plus into the bargain. And it's fully equipped, with a front disc brake, five speed 'box and tachometer as standard. All neatly matched by its slim, sporty Eurostyle looks.

The new Honda CB100N. It's good for your bank balance. It's great for your ego.



HONDA
RACE BRED · THOROUGHBRED

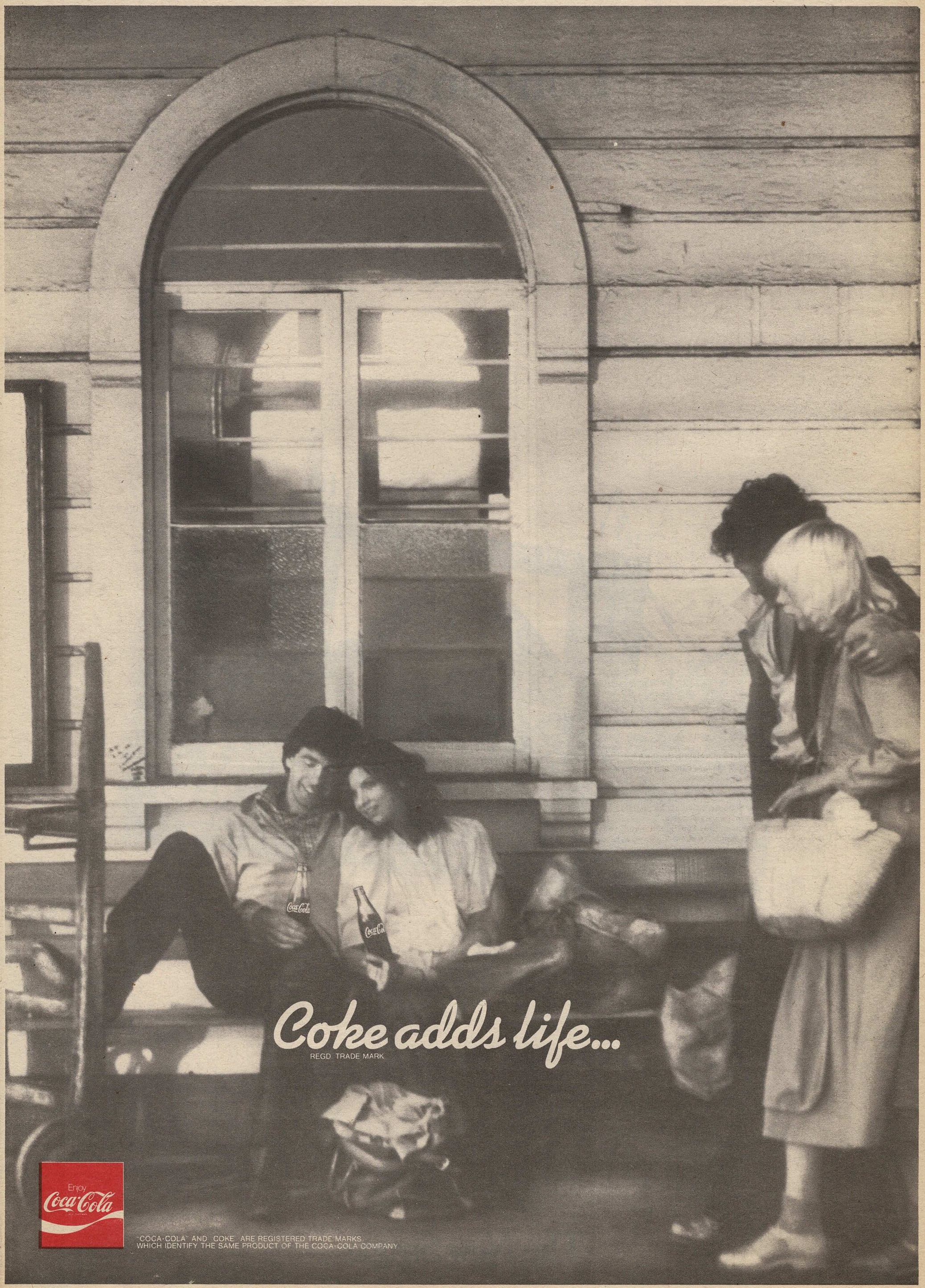
*Clean licence with no previous accidents. Talk to your Honda dealer to arrange the best insurance rates. Costs quoted as at 10.8.78.

London Town

The New Single

mpl

EMI


Coke adds life...
REGD TRADE MARK
Enjoy
Coca-Cola
"COCA-COLA" AND COKE ARE REGISTERED TRADE MARKS
WHICH IDENTIFY THE SAME PRODUCT OF THE COCA-COLA COMPANY

I used to think Foreigner were a bunch of irrelevant old bores until I read . . .

THRILLS

. . . and found out I was right!

MICK JONES — Clash version — poses . . . and poses . . . and poses . . . and poses . . . All in the cause of demonstrating his presence in the gen-you-wine US of A courtesy of the repeatin' lens of HUGH BROWN, who carted him up to some Californian quasi-Disneyland called Magic Mountain for this session. That's the world's largest roller coaster, y'all!

WHEN GREAT MINDS CLASH

WHEN THE CLASH office let it be known that the reason the band had cancelled last Saturday's Harlesden Roxy gig was because the band were on strike in protest at the minimal airtime given to their records by British radio stations, there were more chuckles up here than when Steve Clarke plays pool.

It had to be Bernard Rhodes.

But the members of Clash in the country, bassist Paul Simonon and world's finest drummer Topper Headon, were not smiling at all over the report. The pair have been involved in weight-reducing hardcore rehearsals whilst Mick and Joe are in the land of Unca Sam, and it was Topper who contacted *NME* first at the weekend on behalf of the band.

"The truth is The Clash knew nothing about this gig," he said. "Our manager arranged it without telling us, and knowing Mick and Joe were still in the States working on the new album. I suppose he thought they'd come back and do the show, but that just wasn't possible."

The next day an untypically humourless Paul Simonon rang to say much the same thing, but was a bit more pointed about the way this latest nail in the Clash/management coffin is reflecting upon band members.

"Bernie Rhodes makes us look daft and it gets our fuckin' backs up the way he assumes he can just speak away for the four of us. He can't, right? No one person can really speak for us, especially him, and any dates advertised until the others are back should be looked at with suspicion."

Despite this, Topper said The Clash would definitely be playing the Roxy to compensate the disappointed ticket holders, but not until at least September 23.

So Bernie, never exactly any Clash member's favourite person, appears to have struck again.

And The Clash are still a serious t'ing.

ERNIE BRODES

THRILLS

POLICE HASSLE NME WRITER ON MIND GURU'S DOORSTEP

NME WRITER Max Bell had been assigned to conduct an interview last Thursday with noted psychiatrist R. D. Laing (author of *Knots, The Divided Self, The Facts Of Life,* etc).

Laing, as you may know, is renowned for his work amongst schizophrenics. He is a man who by virtue of his strong public persona, adamant dislike of standard academic treatments and novel approach to mental illness (which he claims to be an alternative mode of sanity) has become something of a media favourite. Laing has also achieved cult, almost guru, status in the USA.

The *NME* interview was to centre around an album Laing has recorded for Charisma where he explores a standard relationship in a poetic light. The record is a new project for Laing, and as such was deemed of interest to *NME* readers.

Max completed his interview and left Laing's Chalk Farm home in Eton Road, a very affluent and respectable tree-lined side street off Haverstock Hill. As he shut Laing's gate a light blue Ford with three occupants sped past him and pulled to a halt some 20 yards ahead. Two men leapt out of the car, flashed one Metropolitan Police card at Max and announced themselves as police officers. They were in plain clothes.

They then questioned Max for ten minutes, because they said, "You surprised us coming out of nowhere like that." In fact they had seen the journalist shut the gate — Max noticed them immediately on leaving.

They then implied that Max was carrying an "odd looking radio". He certainly was. It was a cassette recorder. He showed it to them and produced his Press Card. They questioned him on this also, in a rather less forceful manner. Throughout the interview one of the officers adopted a patronising, simulated friendliness; the other officer was intimidatory and offensive.

Max co-operated throughout, and noticed that the 'friendly' officer was scribbling down certain details on a copy of the *Daily Telegraph*. There were other names and jottings above these.

When the writer offered to take them back into Laing's house to verify the details they ignored him. Indeed, whenever Max made a suggestion which would prove him to be going about his lawful business, they asked further irrelevant questions.

Eventually they let him go, without conducting a search and without offering an explanation that was at all feasible. At 11.15 am Chalk Farm is not crawling with hardened criminals. There could have been nothing remotely suspicious in Max's behaviour.

Was it coincidence that the car happened to be passing Laing's house at exactly the time Max left or do plain clothes officers stop every person with long hair in that area?

Well, you may remember that last year R. D. Laing had his home searched. Police took away samples of LSD and Laing was charged with unlawful possession. It transpired, as Laing insisted from the start, that he had a perfect right to the drug, as he had been issued with a Home Office Licence several years previously which permitted the medical use of the drug. LSD was also used until recently on animals, again for medical reasons.

Laing's bust was erroneously linked at the time with the much publicised "Operation Julie" affair. The bust was shown in court to be the result of an administrative mix-up and the police paid Laing £500 in expenses. Laing never sought to publicise this as a victory over the police nor, he says, did he feel vindictive or smug about the incident. Justice was merely seen to be done.

Neither Laing nor any of his family are aware of any police harrassment since that time.

Nevertheless, it is hard to see Thursday's incident with Max Bell as anything else.

THRILLS

The Lone Groover — *BENYON*

IN TH' CITY'S WASTELANDS
FULL OF RUSTIN' CANS AN' GRAFFITI LOVERS..
IT'S SO HARD T'MOVE COS OF BANDS.....
AUTHENTIC URBAN BACKDROP
POSIN' FOR THEIR ALBUM COVERS....
I WISH THEY'D HURRY UP—WE'VE COME FROM BRIGHTON.
SNEER
HUH! WE'RE UP FROM CORNWALL...
QUEUE HERE

BLACKMAIL CORNER

FLAGRANTLY in flagrante dilecto: Gene October of Chelsea (the band, dear) and her riend (standing) as pictured in a gay pin-up mag Jeffrey — Vol. 5, collectors!

Our anonymous contributor's only comment: an arrow directed at Mr October's principal point of interest (which — shame! — we must censor) and the words "Member Of The British Empire". And a worthy one too, Blackmail fans . . .

CRISPIN QUENT

THRILLS

ECOLOGICAL GUERILLA ADMITS WHALE FLEET BOMBING PLOT

LEVIATHAN is the title of a new novel by John Gordon Davis. It concerns an eco-guerilla scheme to destroy whaling boats, based on the central character's belief that only this can save the great beasts from extinction.

Paperbacked as Pan Books' lead title for August, its cover sports a puff from the *New York Times* claiming: "Davis makes the reality of the whales and the butchers so intense that you are willing to go along with almost any crazy plan that will stop the killing."

They may be changing their tune now. Hardly had the book been racked out before the *Washington Post* revealed details of an eerily similar plot — this time for real.

FBI agents recently raided the home of James Rose, a 31-year-old ex-navy diver and explosives expert. There they discovered a large quantity of explosives, photos of Russian and Japanese whalers in a Chilean harbour and, in the garage, a two-man yellow submarine.

The *Post*'s whistle-blower was Bert Caratelli, formerly of the CIA and Detroit Police, who had been contacted by Rose and had helped him equip his sabotage mission. Caratelli states that the expensive technology was all purchased with a thick roll of $100 bills, and investigations are now centring on where Rose obtained this wad.

Quite understandably, a number of environmentalist groups have been questioned about their involvement but all, including the direct-action group Greenpeace, have denied financing Rose's venture. One suspects that many of them would privately cheer Rose's intentions.

When a *Post* investigator contacted Rose his motives were loud and clear:

"It takes two years to repair one of these ships if someone knew how to disable them, and whales can have calves in less time than that."

He denied being "a mad bomber or anything like that," but said: "If the whaling fleet was disabled and no one was hurt, it would be a chance to save thousands of whales.

"That would be a cause to believe in."

DICK TRACY

THRILLS

Do you ever feel like hiding your face?

For you: a few clear hints on getting to the spot.

When you've got spots, naturally your face is something you'd rather hide.

What can you do?

Probably you've heard a lot of advice. Probably you've tried many things – liquids, creams, soaps, ointments, diets, you name it.

Maybe, if you've felt a bit desperate, you've dodged about from one idea to another, hoping for the quick miracle.

Maybe we can clear the way a little with a few straightforward tips that might be just the answer for your particular skin.

1.

This could be the day you should try Propa P.H. – the clear, medicated lotion that's America's best-seller.

2.

Don't dodge. Stay with it, and give the product a chance to help you.

3.

Be kind to your face in other ways. Like with good cleansing, fresh foods, exercise, fewer fats: they can all help.

4.

There's nothing that will give you a perfect complexion *overnight*. But, used properly, Propa P.H. often shows a real improvement on spots and blackheads within 3 days.

5.

Waste no time. Ask at your chemist for Propa P.H. Use it as instructed on the bottle. And get to the spot, fast.

Pic: STEVENSON

RAPED — young men at play (L-R): Satanist FAEBHEAN KWEST and SEAN PURCELL, whom Kwest has since turned into a toad.

"CROWLEY WAS MY GRANDAD"

THIS WEEK's *Reveille* carries a caring epistle on publicity-seeking Faebhean Kwest, guitarist with Raped, the 'punk' 'rock' group infamous for their "Pretty Paedophiles" EP.

Under John Travolta and the headline "BANNED PUNK'S 'EVIL' SECRET" Reveille claims (or Faebhean claims) that the young bud is the grandson of Aleister Crowley — famed 1920s black magician and all-round excessively malignant guy, former head of the mystical circle The Golden Dawn, whose members included poet W B Yeats. (Crowley's house, incidentally, is now the prize possession of ardent Crowley fan Jimmy Page.)

Crowley himself is shrouded in mystery, but enough is known about him — all the important things — for *Reveille* to bring in his "scores of mistresses — at least five of whom are said to have committed suicide".

Says Fab Faeb, "I am a satanist just as he was. Life is here to enjoy, and to take advantage of." (As is the British gutter press.) "Magic? It's a state of mind and depends on your direction."

But whereas Aleister is supposed to have consumed "huge doses of heroin", Kwest is "not into drugs. I think drugs are more of an impediment than a help."

As for "Pretty Paedophiles", it was "just a couple of words to us. They sounded good together, that's all." All he wants to do is "put a bit of music into punk."

Readers might like to know however, that Raped's latest 45 goodie "Cheap Night Out"/Foreplay Playground" would seem to be entirely concerned with masturbation. And it is *extremely* musical.

IAN PENMAN

THRILLS

The only distortion you'll get when you turn up a Sony cassette radio.

Turn up the volume on most cassette radios and you'll learn all about sound distortion.

Twist the volume knob on either of the Sony cassette radios pictured here and it's a different kettle of fish entirely.

For beneath their stylish exteriors, lurk two impressively powerful sound systems.

So that should you want Beethoven's Fifth to separate your roof from your house, the sound will stay as sweet and pure as if you were playing it sweet and low.

On the stereo CF570L for instance, you get two watts per channel punching the sound through a pair of two way speaker units.

And unlike your run-of-the-mill cassette radios, you won't find a rattling speaker joining in with the music.

These two chaps are built tough. Indeed, robust would not be too strong a word.

Not that they're unsophisticated.

The CF570L features an air-damped eject system you usually find on more expensive cassette decks.

And apart from VHF, MW and LW it also has SW.

The mono CF370L has three Light Emitting Diode indicators to help you tune, record and check the batteries aren't running out.

There's an interference suppressor switch for clear radio recording*, pause button, an internal electret condenser microphone and a host of other features.

In fact, the only thing you don't get is the thing we know you won't miss: distortion.

SEE THE CF570L AND CF370L PLUS THE FULL RANGE OF CASSETTE RADIOS AT YOUR LOCAL SONY DEALER OR THE SONY SHOWROOM: 134 REGENT STREET, LONDON W1R 6DJ. SONY.

*a licence might be required.

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over £28,000

in super prizes *must be won!*

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50 First prizes of **National Panasonic** Stereo Music Centres

PLUS FREE YAMAHA JACKET TO ALL ENTRANTS

special entry form must be complete

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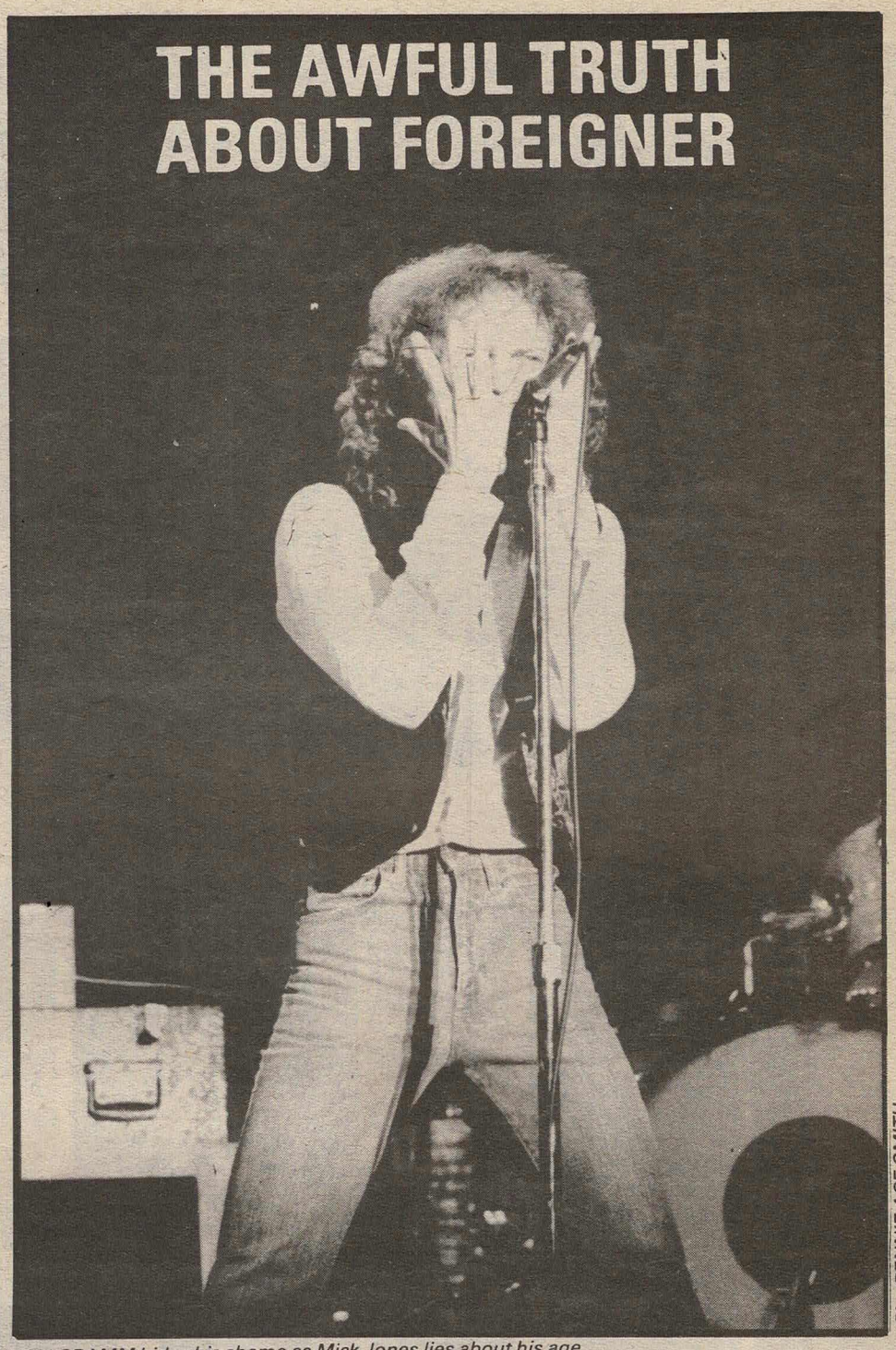
100 Third prizes of **National Panasonic** Portable Radios.

THE AWFUL TRUTH ABOUT FOREIGNER



Pic: PENNIE ACE SMITH

LOU GRAMM hides his shame as Mick Jones lies about his age . . .

ROCK SUPERSTARS? WE'RE JUST NORMAL HARD-WORKING CHAPS

A RICH AND successful rock guitarist called Mick Jones is sitting in the bar of a posh London hotel. As he sips gin and tonic, he talks about The Clash.

"The Clash?" he says. "I've never heard them."

You've never heard of The Clash?

"Oh yes," he says. "I've heard *of* the Clash. I've never *heard* them, though. I heard a record by the Rich Kids that I liked very much the other day. But my favourite new band — the one I listen to — is Talking Heads."

This Mick Jones is not Mick Jones from The Clash, a band which has had truly massive coverage in the rock press in the last two years.

This Mick Jones is Mick Jones from Foreigner, a band which has had minimal coverage (most of it hostile), but has managed to sell some 7½ million albums in the United States with their first two releases.

Foreigner is a band with a shorter career than most new wave bands, but their style is relentlessly old wave. Melodic heavy rock is their mainstay. It seems to be what the public wants.

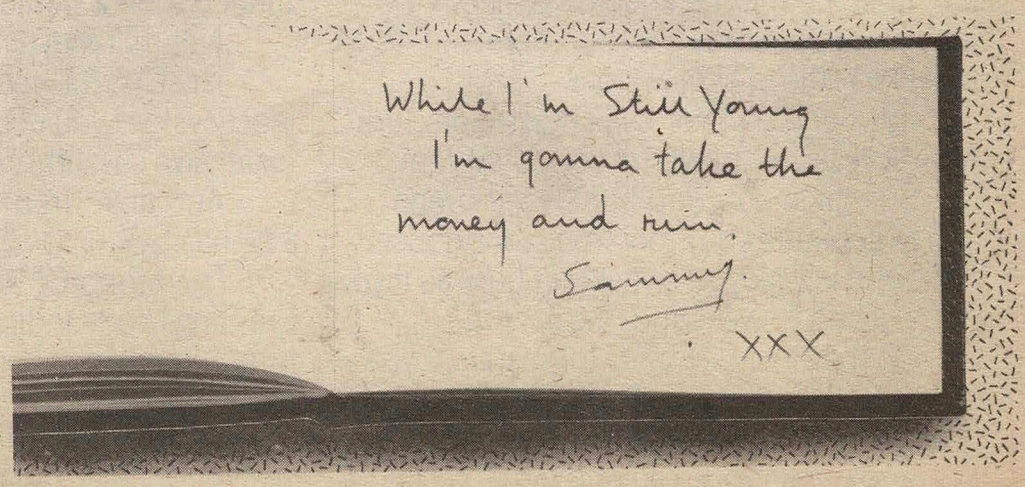
A number of people have likened Foreigner to Bad Company, virtually accusing them of stealing their act.

"Well, that's not what Mick Ralphs said when he came to see us at the Reading Festival," says Mick Jones.

"He came backstage, and he would have joined us onstage, if it could have been organised. He doesn't think we've stolen his act."

But Foreigner do seem to be very self-conscious about the influences upon their music. It's been suggested that they carefully select elements for maximum marketing appeal.

"I think that the influences on our music are influences that I've helped to create during my career, anyway," says Mick. "I'm probably affected by everything I hear. I



don't think I go and consciously take bits and pieces of other people's work. If things sound similar, then it's coincidence.

"No resemblance is intended to any other person living or dead," he laughs.

"There's also a myth that we're some sort of hand-picked, multi-platinum supergroup put together by a power consortium. At the time Foreigner was formed, I was at a low ebb, and my manager Bud Prager had financial problems. When we mixed the tapes of our first album, we hoped it would sell modestly. In fact, we weren't even sure it would do *that* well."

Mick Jones describes himself as the "instigator" of Foreigner. He held the auditions in a tiny studio in New York that put the band together, and he writes most of the songs, either with other members of the band or on his own.

Essentially, Jones is a music business veteran. He's been on the road for 14 years, with a variety of bands, most of them losers.

At one point, he starts to tell me what he was involved with when he was 18, "around 1965-66". Then he stops.

"Hey, I'm giving away my age," he says.

Well, how old are you?

"Late twenties, early thirties, you could say. How old do you think I am?"

I say: "Thirty three."

He mumbles: "I won't argue with that."

WHEN MICK Jones was 18, "around 1965-66", he left his home in Surrey and went to France as the guitarist with a band called Nero and the Gladiators.

"Nero was a guy called Mike O'Neill. He's still around, I think, playing piano. I haven't seen him for some time. I was approximately the 24th guitarist the band had had. While we were in France, we broke up."

In Paris of all places, Mick Jones got his first big break. He met up with the best known French pop star of that era, Johnny Halliday, and went on to write two No. 1 hit singles for him. Number one hit singles in France, that is.

"It was a very interesting situation," says Mick. "The recording scene was so pathetic in France, we used to come over to London and New York to make records.

"In London, Glyn Johns would do the engineering. On the sessions, there would be Jimmy Page, Peter Frampton, Steve Marriott, Bobby Keys. We used to have a great time. But I didn't think I was fulfilling myself working with Johnny Halliday."

Really?

"Then through Traffic's producer Jimmy Miller, I met Gary Wright and worked in a couple of bands with him."

This was the start of Jones' long American odyssey that's taken him the best part of the last 10 years, only the last two of which paid off substantially.

With Gary Wright, he formed a band called Wonderwheel. They cut an album that was never released. Then they decided to re-form Wright's old band Spooky Tooth, a moderately popular heavy rock band from the late '60s whose former members also include Mott person Ariel Bender, Humble Pie eater Greg Ridley and Only One Mike Kellie.

That led to three more albums, which were minor hits in the States, but in 1974 Gary Wright split for a solo career, also subsequently entering the megabuck bracket.

This left Mick Jones feeling "pretty much a failure".

His next gig was as second guitarist with the Leslie West Band, plastering audiences with heavy riffs. After six months, "Leslie seemed to let it go a bit. He lost a bit of his spark, and the band petered out.

"So there I was, feeling even worse."

It was at this juncture that Mick Jones started to write the songs that radically changed his life. The first Foreigner song — written before the band was created — was "Feels Like The First Time". It was Foreigner's first big American hit.

What prompted him to start writing again?

"Partly," he says, "it was desperation."

MICK Jones thinks that Foreigner's major asset is the way the band mixes musicians from both America and Britain, with the British musicians the more experienced.

"What we've got is not just a blend of Britain and America, but a blend of relative experience and relative inexperience. I think that's important."

Though Foreigner were put together during a series of auditions conducted by Jones, most of the band were people he'd met at one stage or another during his travels.

From Britain, there's the drummer Dennis Elliott, who'd worked with Ian Hunter, and keyboard player Ian McDonald from the first King Crimson line-up.

The Americans include Lou Gramm on lead vocals — he was with a band called Black Sheep that Jones happened to tour with once — plus keyboard player Al Greenwood and bassist Ed Gagliardi.

THE SUCCESS of Mick Jones and Foreigner seems to be a result of many years of experience expensively acquired.

Presumably, Jones could easily have gone the other way and become jaded by all those years of slog?

"I don't like that kind of attitude," he says. "I've always liked new ideas, which is why I like what's been happening in Britain in the last few years."

New wave bands who find their careers floundering may well take heart from Mick Jones' story. It's strictly a Victorian fable, with hard work bringing rewards.

At one point, though, it nearly didn't happen. Atlantic Records turned down Foreigner's demo, but then signed the band anyway.

Just as well for Atlantic, as Foreigner have been one of their fastest breaking acts. No doubt they were impressed by Mick's pedigree.

"My pedigree?" says Mick. "Ah yes, that. Actually, with my pedigree, I'm thinking of entering myself for Crufts."

BOB EDMANDS

THRILLS

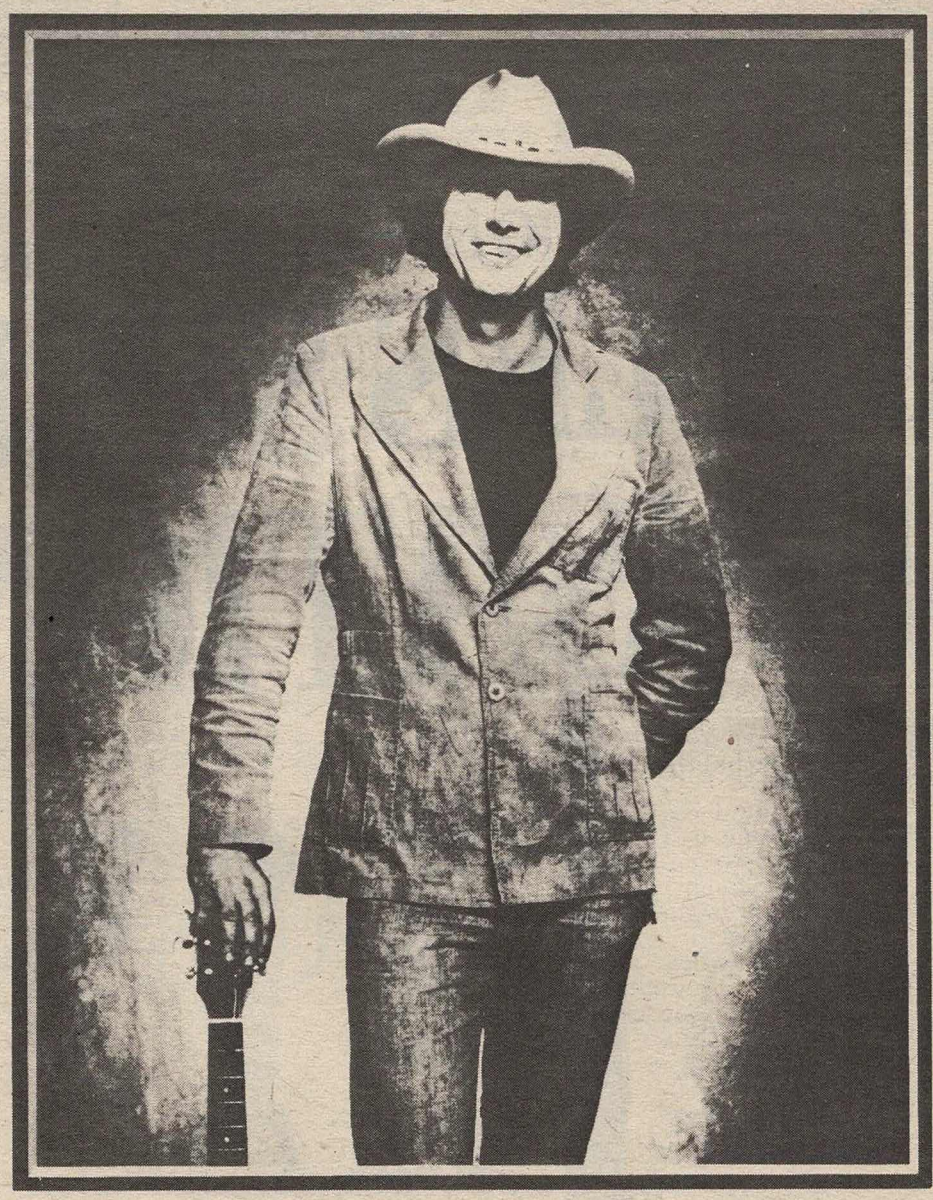
Another reference to Jake Riviera, we presume . . . From the Daily Mirror, courtesy of Liar of Medway.

LOWRY

"Then John Travolta bops up to Olivia Newton John like this."

JERRY JEFF

CONTRARY TO ORDINARY



"Contrary to Ordinary" is Jerry Jeff Walker's new album, which has already received considerable critical acclaim in the U.S.A.

In addition to the outstanding title track, the album includes the Lynyrd Skynyrd track "Saturday Night Special" and Joe Ely's "Suckin' A Big Bottle Of Gin."

MCF 2851

MCA RECORDS AND TAPES

MCA Records, 1 Great Pulteney Street, London W1

DOWN IN DEPTFORD POP STARS DO DWELL

TWO YEARS AGO Deptford rivalled Southend as a working ground for modern southern music.

Sufficiently removed from the record business havens of the West End, appropriately distanced from the London media's list of acceptable watering holes, the area had a seedy backwater energy all its own. There was *Sniffin' Glue* chronicling the view from SE8, celebrities like Mark P, an environment conducive to the changes going down in the then uncomfortably robust new wave.

For a while, Deptford was' Fun City, newsworthy from the pier to the beach and back to the local mecca, the venue where all the talent started to find an alternative scene, the Albany.

Deptford had its share of notoriety, in-fighting between ATV and friends, the feeling that people were still looking out of rock star eyes while propagating no more heroes in public. Came the backlash, the backlash after that. The new wave was common property, a healthy blurring of demarcation lines removed attention from Deptford. What was once hip is now passe.

Paul Astles, founder member and singer-songwriter with The Realists, argues that a healthy atmosphere remains. His group have been involved in a long list of benefits for the restoration of the Albany (a fact which seemed forgotten in *NME*'s brisk destruction of the recent open air festival).

Deptford boasts several household name bands — ATV, Dire Straits, Fabulous Poodles, even This Heat and Squeeze — but peripheral outfits like The Realists have struggled against greater barriers to get their music across.

Strictly small time, the boys had a single on Stiff a couple of months back, "I've Got A Heart"/"Living In The City", a joyful double-edged slice of straight melodic pop. Especially impressive was the contrast of guitar sound between rhythm guitarist Astles' Rickenbacker, John Lennon model, and Ralph Holden's brain punching lead.

The Realists are four northern boys, Astles being an ex-folkie from Manchester who to this day earns a few bob busking round Villiers Street (Tim Buckley a speciality).

Holden and drummer John Conroy originate from Liverpool and find no difficulty adapting to Deptford. They were in a band called Easy Street.

Bassist Alan Dunn at 22 is the youngest; a former jazz rocker with Zebra, he is seldom seen without a beige cloth cap and a nifty pair of Jesus sandals.

The Realists are far from hip visually. Astles is disarmingly modest, shy even, when I speak to him. Onstage he is the band's focal point, his determination and enthusiasm coming as welcome substitutes for blase indifference or posing.

"Punk was a big stimulus for me. You could see bands just giving it a go and that inspired you. I saw loads of punk bands, it was so refreshing. Even a band like Chelsea, who I hated, were a help 'cos I knew I could play live too. Trouble is now you can't play rock and roll as a hobby."

Yet The Realists come closer to amateur status than any other outfit I've seen of late. They have no P.A., no roadies, no mixer, no manager, no agent — little facts which generally get overlooked by people accustomed to custom amplified flash.

Astles is not downcast. "The single sold six thousand, but we aren't out of debt with Stiff. They booked us into an expensive studio (£35 an hour) with Larry Wallis producing. He spent seven hours mixing, to which we weren't invited, then Dave Robinson rejected the mix and did it himself. We paid for the wasted time.

"There was an alternative A-side, 'That's The Way I Feel', which was so fucked that we kept it for later. The B-side cost twenty quid to make on a four track demo . . . the A-side cost a grand."

Astles claims that apart from an early visit by Paul Conroy, no one from the company ever bothered to see them play. Though UA, A&M and Arista have also expressed interest, they haven't actually sent someone to see a gig either. How amazingly diligent these A&R men can be.

The Realists took exception to a Stiff person's laughing quote in *Time Out* regarding their munificent one-off singles campaign: "If they're successful we'll milk 'em dry . . . if they flop we'll throw 'em back in the gutter where we found 'em."

Stiff have a contractual right to demand another single from the band within 120 days of the debut but Astles won't conform to the "give us a hit single" hokum. For him it's more important to concentrate on cleaning up their live sound.

"We aren't good showmen. We lack professionalism too because we never fake it — the good times are obvious but we can't disguise the mistakes. It would be nice to make it in the sense that we wouldn't worry about setting up, organising gigs, borrowing P.A.s — that all detracts from your mood."

All of which puts The Realists in an awkward position. You could demolish them critically on several grounds, but I don't believe that the criterion of professionalism counts when the band is so obviously battling against technicalities and still managing to exude a wonderful air of smiling entertainment.

Besides, their record on giving something back to the community is unimpeachable. The Albany stands as a symbol for freedom in Deptford. The official line on the July fire, for insurance purposes, was accident. In fact, it was arson. Fire started in three places. The next day a note was put through the door from Column 88. "Gotcha" was what it said.

Astles doesn't claim a political bias for his band, and they preach no diatribes in the set. However, a good friend of the band, an Asian, was murdered in a street brawl by a gang of 16-year-old youths when he offered them a drink of wine. They beat him up for no reason and eventually stabbed him in the throat with the wine bottle.

"They were definitely influenced by Front propaganda. They were just kids but they picked on him

FESTIVAL — THE ALBANY

DEAR EDITOR, There are some important points about the Crossfield Festival that your reporter Robin Banks (*On The Town, 6.9.78*) not only missed, but wilfully ignored: unless he is a cretin, which I suspect is near the truth.

1. *The event was not an Albany Benefit. It was the Third Crossfields Festival.*

2. *All the bands which played live on the Crossfields Estate, Deptford SE8. That is why they were there. Not because they happen to appear on TOTP* or anywhere else. For many of the bands this was the third time they have played at the festival.

3. The Festival was not publicised at all. Anywhere. It was intended to be a community celebration for those people who live on the estate. Very few outsiders came. That was as it was meant to be. It was the same last year, and the year before that.

4. No money changed hands at all. The bands did not receive one penny. The Poodles lent all their sound gear for free. Everyone did everything else for free. We borrowed the stage. That was *meant*. It was not meant to be anything but a cheerful local knees-up.

5. ATV did not play, not because they didn't want to, or for any other reason. They did not play because Mark P has not got a band at the moment. The same goes for our other Crossfields band: Dire Straits. They didn't play because some members of the band were abroad. However, they all jammed at the end.

In this day and age of the great rip off and the 'biz', it seems a good thing to me that

8p (CHANNEL ISLANDS 9p)

DIRK and STIG embark on solo careers

RUTLES SPLIT SENSATION!

By William Dempster

The world has been rocked recently with the announcement that the Rutles have disbanded.
The Pre-Fab Four – as they came to be known – rose from obscurity to become the world's most famous group. Now that they have split, Dirk and Stig have already begun a solo project which promises to overshadow anything the Rutles ever accomplished.

Dirk and Stig who founded the Rutles with Barry and Ron have recorded the internationally famous rock anthem, 'Ging Gang Goolie' as their first solo single.
But not content with recording their own tribute to the Scout and Guide movements, Dirk and Stig have also turned their caustic wit to motor cycling superstar Barry Sheene. Flip side of the single is 'Mr Sheene', an acid rock track in the George Formby mould.
"I thought Mr. Sheene was a furniture polish before I discovered Brut 33" said Stig. "Then Dirk introduced me to Barry at the Frinton 500 race meeting and we soon became close friends."

GING GANG GOOLIE
c/w
Mister Sheene
EMI 2852

An Able Label Production

STOP PRESS
LIMITED EDITION
NOW AVAILABLE
IN KHAKI VINYL
IN FULL COLOUR BAG

EVERYBODY MUST GET CLONED

DO NOT ADJUST your vision. The happy snap below shows actor Art Hindel and eight look-alikes on the set of a new two-hour TV feature entitled *Clone Master* — the first of several cloning films to appear since the publication of David Rorvik's book *In His Image* (the subject, you will recall, of a *Thrills* investigation earlier this year).

Produced by Mel Ferber, who 12 years ago filmed the world's first successful cloning experiment for CBS-TV, and written and directed by John D. F. Black, it's the story of two biochemists who receive government funds to carry out cloning experiments and use the money to have the younger biochemist himself cloned. At the end of the movie the resulting 13 clones scatter to the four corners of the globe, thus effectively opening the possibility of a TV series to follow.

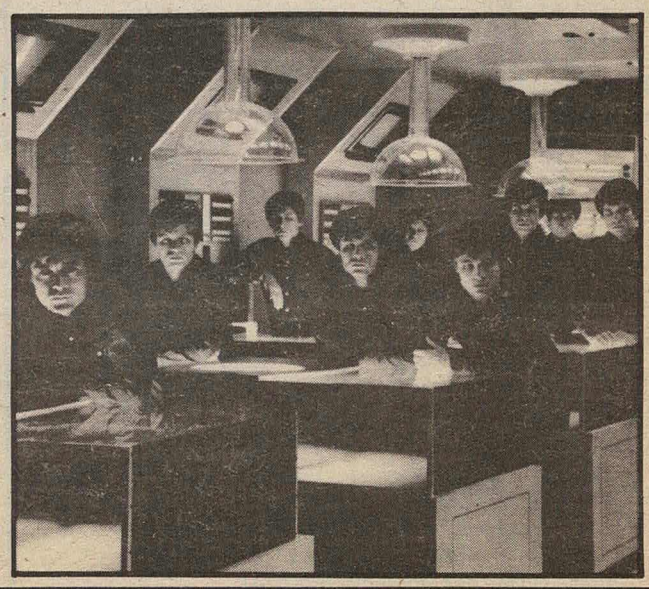
As Black points out: "We can kill the hero off and still continue a series."

More cinematic cloning will follow with *Clones*, another TV movie, and the full-length theatrical feature *Boys From Brazil*, starring Gregory Peck and Lord Olivier and based on Ira Levin's best selling novel about bizarre Nazi experiments in South America.

Meantime David Rorvik's publisher, J. B. Lippincott, is being sued by Dr J. D. Bromhall, a British biologist, in a $7 million damage suit. He claims that his name was used in Rorvik's book without authorisation and that the book is a hoax.

DICK TRACY

THRILLS



THE REALISTS

'cos he was Asian — the others he was with were white and they left them alone.

"After Lewisham I decided I had to make an ideological stand. My friends have been so harassed by police, they force you to do it."

To this end The Realists inspire a small core of loyalist support for their gigs, friends and helpers. I saw them recently at an extremely bizarre venue, the Action Space Theatre — off Tottenham Court Road — where mime, women and song accompanied a back projection of Baader Meinhof slides. They played an hour-long set to thirty people behaving as the manner took them. There was no audience antagonism, no feeling of conforming to accepted roles.

"We try and put something human across. The lyrics are personal but I make them applicable to common emotions. Sometimes people will join us on stage, holler down the mike — they feel free to do that. In Deptford there are several distinct types of audience, and I think they manage to get along together."

Right now, Deptford has a second generation crop of homegrown bands benefitting from the success of Dire Straits *et al*. Alan Dunn, The Realists' bassist, also plays with an Afro-pop Ghanaian band, Research, and Astles speaks highly of other young groups, The Convent Nuns (*aka* The Last Numbers), Red Lights and This Heat.

Whether any of these bands make it in the conventional sense is irrelevant to the atmosphere they aim at. They deserve to be seen because they're doing something enjoyable, not for profit.

The thin line between reality and fantasy is alive and well and living in Deptford.

MAX BELL

HAS ITS SAY

this nice little local event took place. It also seems nice that there are so many bands living in ¼ square mile in a run down inner London dockland area like Deptford.

The picture of Squeeze that you used in the article was in fact not of the Festival at all, but of a gig in a local pub, the Deptford Arms, on Bank Holiday Monday. Lots of the local bands are playing in this pub for free on most nights of the week. There is something happening in Deptford. And it's not just the activities of the National Front.

It might be a good idea to get your facts right and to begin to be a bit less cynical. Some good things are happening that, by your supercilious reporting, you are turning into ammunition for the right wing.

Yours sincerely,
Jenny Harris, The Combination At The Albany, Deptford.

PS. Yes, we did pass round a bucket to collect funds for the Albany Empire Fire Fund. We're trying to raise £20,000 inside three months.

BLACKMAIL CORNER SPECIAL NAME THE BOZO COMPETITION

ALL RIGHT AWRIGHT! Here's something really special for you.

See that pic above — those bozos happily gathered to sing songs around the campfire? Well, it just happens to be one incredibly obscure '60s group, whose members happen to include one person who is now equally incredibly famous in the groovy rock scene of 1978.

Which world-ranking superstar is it? Which major leviathan of our times can it be?

Well, Blackmail fans, we're not telling — not yet.

What we're going to do is this. We're going to give you a week to scratch your brains and come up with the answer. If you can name the rock'n'roll superstar making a fool of himself in the photograph above, we'll award you a £3.50 record token. First three correct replies win, OK? Send your answer to: BLACKMAIL THE BOZO, NME, 5-7 CARNABY ST, W1.

BUT! If the gent concerned would rather we ***didn't*** *reveal all — well, here's his chance. He's well wealthy, this bloke — and that's an understatement — so all he has to do is donate fifty quid to the charity of our choice, and we'll simply pay off them that gets it right and reluctantly leave the rest of yez in the dark.*

All replies — from competitors and superstars alike — ***must*** *reach us by 10 am on Monday. So go!*

THRILLS

"I was into the Nolan Sisters until I discovered the new double single from Alberto Y Lost Trios Paranoias!"

"Heads Down, No Nonsense, Mindless Boogie"

Is their new limited edition double-single

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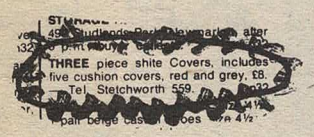
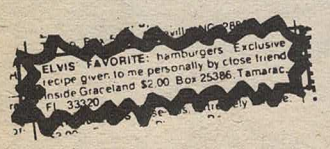
LOGO

ARMED GANG FLEE
Raiders armed with sawn-off shotguns and cosh fled empty handed after trying to snatch wages being delivered to Olro Coatings, Raven Road, South. Woodford. When raid failed they made off in a grey Cortina.
CRICKET




ELVIS FAVORITE: hamburgers Exclusive recipe given to me personally by close friend inside Graceland $2.00 Box 25386, Tamarac FL 33320

Media japes (from top): TRB ride free (Evening Standard), the small ads get inclassifiable (Newmarket Journal) and we finally discover what did for Elvis. Checked in by Hisp of Crackney, Steven Fenn and Adrian Rudge.

THRILLS

DEBBIE DUCKS OUT!

IT'S ALL OFF between Danny Baker and Debbie Harry. But unlike Sunny Jim and Milk Snatcher, *she's* left *him* in the lurch, folks!

There he was, spending every waking hour posing in front of his mirror *(So what's new? — Ed.)* in a blonde wig *(So what's new? — Ed.)* trying to memorise the words of "Neat Neat Neat", little realising that Debbie was going to call off her challenge at the last minute.

In case you don't remember it, let us refresh your memory. Three weeks ago, Danny reviewed "Picture This" in his *NME* singles review column. He wasn't too keen — and the blonde bombshell, known to her fans simply as Blondie *(Cut the Sunspeak — Ed.)*, was *not* amused.

In the next issue, Debbie seized her democratic right of reply. "That guy wants to put on a blonde wig and do what I do and see how good he is," she fumed. "I could write Danny Baker's column but he couldn't do what I do . . . and you can quote me on that. Tell him he can take me on — he can come onstage and sing a Damned song and I'll write his damned column for him!"

Naturally, we took her at her word. You can quote me, she'd said. He can come onstage and sing a Damned song.

Danny started getting his tonsils tuned up.

Last week, we publicly accepted the challenge on Danny's behalf — adding, just for a little bit of stirring, that as Danny's day job was actually *NME* receptionist, maybe Debbie would like to take *that* on.

To which, to our genuine surprise, the Blondie collective this week replied, in writing, thus:

"Seeing as Debbie's being asked to answer the switchboard instead of review singles, we think that instead of appearing onstage Danny Baker should replace Debbie at a specially arranged picture session as long as he turns up in a pink dress and blonde wig. Anyway we decided that Danny should do 'Stab Yor Bak', not 'Neat Neat Neat'."

And no, she wouldn't answer the switchboard — no time — but if we wanted she *would* review the singles.

Fair enough — but *her* challenge was for Danny to sing with her band. Those were the terms she'd set.

So the challenge went back yet again, but this time met with a stony no reply.

Whether Debbie ducked out, or the band, or the management, no one knows.

Meanwhile, when that Damned re-formation comes about, we can tell 'em where to find a likely replacement for Dave Vanian. Right, John? Right!

CHIPPY CARPENTER

THRILLS

BEHIND NME LINES

DEBBIE cuddles up to JILTED JOHN, who attempts to console the lady after her decision not to join the NME staff for a day. As you can see, she is heartbroken. Pic: some bloke called CHRIS STEIN (Frank N's brother, right, Gordon?).

IRELANDS TOP 20
6. SUBSTITUTE – Clout.
2. DANCING IN THE CITY – Marshall Hain (Harvest).
1. YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I WANT – Olivia Newton John – John Travolta (RSO).
5. LIKE CLOCKWORK – Boomtown Rats (Ensign).
15. FOREVER AUTUMN – Justin Hayward (CBS).
3. LITTLE BIT OF SOAP – Showaddywaddy (EMI).
– NORTHERN LIGHTS – Renaissance.
7. RUN FOR HOME – Lindisfarne (Mercury).
9. KANSAS CITY SUNRISE – Roy Taylor (Release).
– FROM EAST TO WEST – Voyage.
16. ECSTASY – Rascals (EMI).
10. MISS YOU – Rolling Stones (EMI).
4. MAN WITH A CHILD IN HIS EYES – Kate Bush (EMI).
8. AIRPORT – Motors (CBS).
– 5705 – City Boy.
19. BIT TOM WILL MAKE ME A STAR – Famous Shamus (RUBY).
13. MAN WITH THE ACCORDION – GLoria (RELEASE).
11. BOOGIE OOGIE OOGIE – Taste of Honey (CAPITOL).
18. WILD WEST HERO – ELO (JET).
– JOGGING SONG – Brendan Grace (CBS).
HEAR THE STARLIGHT TOP 20

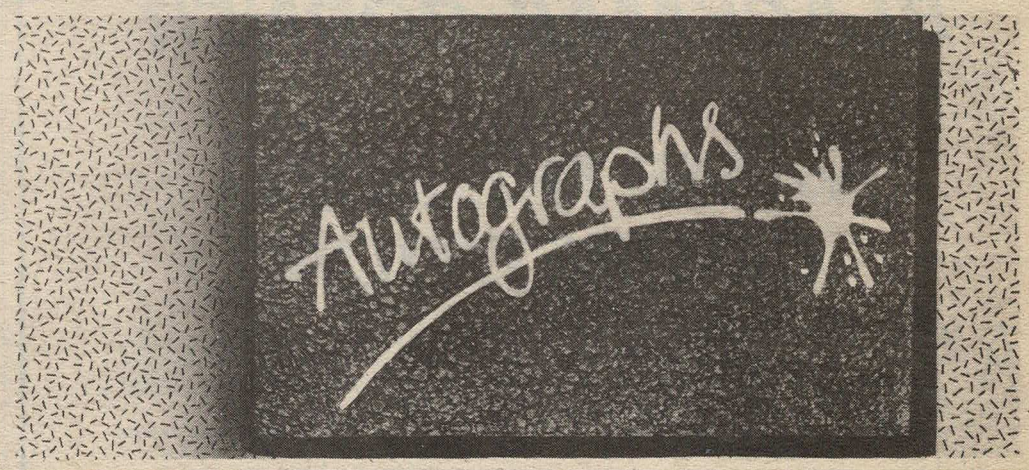
An Irish joke spotted in his local rag by reader Robert Geldof of The Boomtown Rats.

Above: from last week's Thrills. Below — oops! — from last week's NME Charts page . . .

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending September 9, 1978

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	GREASE	Various Artists
2	(2)	SOME GIRLS	Rolling Stones
3	(3)	DOUBLE VISION	Foreigner
4	(4)	SGT PEPPER'S LONELY HEARTS CLUB BAND	Various Artists
5	(7)	DON'T LOOK BACK	Boston
6	(5)	NATURAL HIGH	Commodores
7	(6)	WORLDS AWAY	Pablo Cruise
8	(9)	SHADOW DANCING	Andy Gibb
9	(8)	STRANGER IN TOWN	Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band
10	(11)	LIFE IS A SONG WORTH SINGING	Teddy Pendergrass
11	(10)	"BUT SERIOUSLY FOLKS . . ."	Joe Walsh
12	(16)	BLAM	The Brothers Johnson
13	(15)	A TASTE OF HONEY	Taste of Honey
15	(12)	THE STRANGER	Billy Joel
29	(26)	BAT OUT OF HELL	Meat Loaf
30	(24)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER	Bee Gees and Various Artists



NME CLASSIFIED REACH 199,000 MORE READERS THAN ITS NEAREST COMPETITOR. WHATEVER YOU WANT, WE'RE THE BEST.

NME — *IT'S YOUR PAPER, USE IT*

SEVERING THE BLONDIE CONNECTION

Pic: JULIE JACOBS

GARY VALENTINE'S band, The Know, are in the middle of their New York debut at Max's, and they've just finished a unique interpretation of Bob Dylan's "I Want You."

Now a guitar player (leaving bass in his Blondie scrapbook), Valentine is hopping up and down, dodging the mike stand as he sings "The First One," as featured on his solo single, recorded in Los Angeles last November with The Mumps as a backing band. A distinctly Merseyish tune written for inclusion on the second Blondie LP, Gary delivers the song with a raw enthusiasm that's quite different to the highly polished sound of Debbie Harry and Company.

The Know was formed in February, six months after Valentine relocated, for musical and romantic reasons, to the eathquake coast, in search of the perfect band with which to make his second assault on the music world.

"Before Blondie began to record their second album, I voiced the opinion that I wanted to finish the record and then form my own band. I had always wanted to play more guitar, but I joined Blondie because I wanted to be in a band, and they asked me to play bass."

Why did he opt out of the group at that juncture?

"I didn't like the way the music was going. They wanted to be 'modern', which to me sounded like over-use of production and synthesizers. On July 4th last year, just before we were going to record 'Plastic Letters,' they called me up and told me I wasn't in the band. It was kind of ironic — being let go on Independence Day."

After a few months hanging around New York in an effort to straighten out his business affairs, Gary packed up and headed west a year ago August, where he relaxed, auditioned musicians and wrote songs.

"In November, the Mumps came to LA, and I recorded the single with them. It was kind of a novelty thing — I really want to record with The Know."

The other two-thirds of the trio, Joel Turrisi (drums), and Richard Dandrea (bass) arrived through differing means — Dandrea had played in The Motels, a popular LA new wave band, while Turrisi was a jazz fan Gary met while working the lights in a club.

Having authored "Presence Dear," the single which made number eight in the *NME* charts for Blondie, and then not being involved with its recording, Gary "likes the way they do it — it sounds like Abba." The Know do it as part of their set, in a rather different style that plays the jumpy pop side up, leaving the broad melodic touches to the Debbie Harrys of the world. "I think it's one of the better things I've written."

It must be tough on a musician to walk away from a band that is half-a-step away from stardom, but Gary Valentine seems happier now than when he was a member of Blondie. Instead of taking a back seat, both as musician and songwriter, he is the front man of a neat little trio that has both charm and power.

"There's a lot of excitement; a lot of unpredictability. I feel every time we play we're taking a chance."

IRA ROBBINS

THRILLS

"Ye gods! Is that a Knebworth report I see on page 48?!!"

THE END

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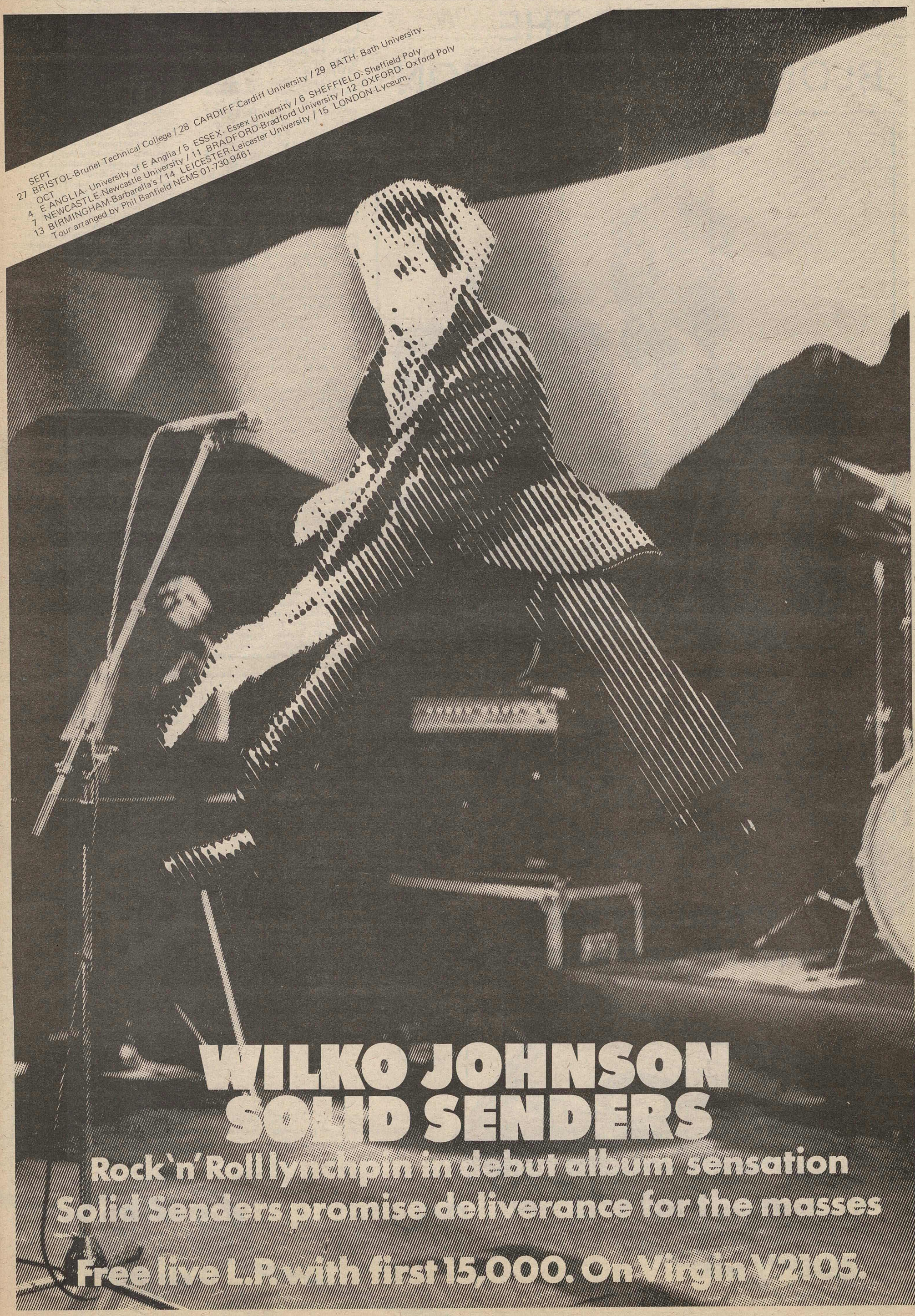
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27 BRISTOL-Brunel Technical College / 28 CARDIFF-Cardiff University / 29 BATH- Bath University.
OCT
4 E ANGLIA- University of E Anglia / 5 ESSEX- Essex University / 6 SHEFFIELD- Sheffield Poly
7 NEWCASTLE-Newcastle University / 11 BRADFORD-Bradford University / 12 OXFORD- Oxford Poly
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THE NME CONSUMER'S GUIDE TO DAVID BOWIE

Jimmy & David

PART THREE: ALL THE YOUNG DUDES

Being a resume of all the records that DB has written and/or produced for other artists.

1967

OSCAR
(A) Over The Wall We'll Go (*) (Bowie)
(B) Every Day Of My Life (**) (Beuselinck)
Arranged & Directed: (*) Nicky Welsh (**) Phil Dennyes (A Robert Stigwood Production). Reaction 591012.

THIS RELEASE marked Bowie's first sale of a song he had not previously recorded himself. Reaction was Robert Stigwood's first British record label and Oscar was Oscar Beuselinck, the son of a showbiz lawyer whose clientele included The Who.

The song was a jolly little romp about gay boys in jail with a butch "Bewlay Brothers" style singalong chorus. It was hugely funny but for some reason received zilch airplay. The keen-eared may be able to detect Bowie's cameo appearance during the prison roll-call (No. 33425) and in the chorus.

Coupled with a new B-side, "Beauty Queen" (Nicholas), "Over The Wall We Go" was recently re-released under the name IVOR BIRD on RSO Records (2090-270).

SLENDER PLENTY
(A) Silver Tree Top School For Boys (Bowie)
(B) I've Lost A Friend And Found A Lover (Charles-Bardwell)
Production: Andy Black. Polydor 56189.

LITTLE IS known about this band. To be honest, *nothing* is known about this band, at least not by us. Two versions of this song were released within four months, and this is the most faithful to Bowie's original demo. It also sounds startlingly like The Kinks during their "Village Green" phase. Unfortunately, it's contrived nostalgia delivered in a fey monotone.

THE BEATSTALKERS
(A) Silver Tree Top School For Boys (Bowie)
(B) Sugar Chocolate Machine (Mair)
Production: Mike Smith CBS 3105.

WHEN THEY recorded for Decca, The Beatstalkers were touted as 'The Scottish Beatles', but never remotely rustified this outrageous claim. When Kenneth Pitt (remember him?) took over their management, they got first refusal on all the Bowie songs that the composer didn't wish to record himself. The Beatstalkers' version of "Silver Tree Top" is more subdued and Beatlesque (conjuring up distinct memories of "Penny Lane") and does an even less adequate job of making this song interesting than Slender Plenty.

1968

THE BEATSTALKERS
(A) Rain Coloured Roses (Eayer-Fischoff)
(B) Everything Is You (Bowie)
Production: Tony Reeves CBS 3557.

THE BEATSTALKERS relegated their token Bowie song to the B-side this time around, and we're not surprised that DB kept his out of his own recorded repertoire, as it's one natural-born outtake. "Everything Is You" is a fast samba with dumb psychedelic lyrics. Under no circumstances pay more than 15p.

1969

THE BEATSTALKERS
(A) Little Boy (King)
(B) When I'm Five (Bowie)
Production: Tony Reeves. CBS 3936.

"WHEN I'M Five" sounds like a first draft of the more celebrated "There Is A Happy Land" (on Bowie's "Love You Till Tuesday" and all the various Decca / Deram reissues). The vocalist does his best to mimic accurately the vocal inflections on Bowie's demo, but the Scots vowels seep through on the middle-eight. Still, American Bowiephiles unversed in such UK subtleties are convinced that Bowie himself sings on this track (Alex Harvey could set 'im straight, nae bother).

Like many of Bowie's mid-'60s songs, "When I'm Five" lulls the listener into a state of false security with its initially mawkish impression, but it possesses an impressive sting in the tail and conveys a startling alienation by the end.

Incidentally, one of the 'Stalkers is now a member of The Only Ones, but we'll spare the blushes of the guilty party by declining to name him — Alright, Alan Mair? Even more incidentally, someone somewhere has master tapes of yet more Beatstalkers' interpretations of totally obscure Bowie songs from this period.

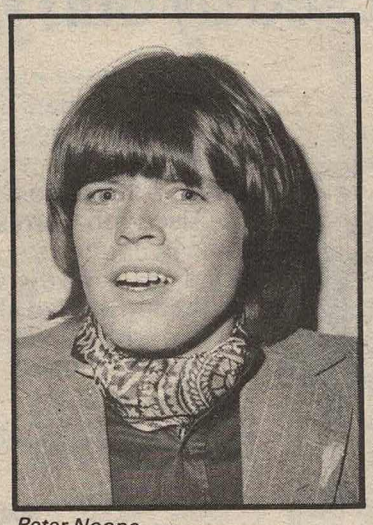
1971

PETER NOONE
(A) Oh You Pretty Things (*) (Bowie)
(B) Together Forever (**) (Vangarde-Fishman)
Production: Mickie Most. Arrangement: (*) Johnny Arthey (**) Phil Dennys. RAK 114.

THE MOST obvious single shot from the "Hunky Dory" songbook and the first of two commercially released Bowie-Noone-Most collaborations (a few more tracks still lurk in the RAK vaults).

The song is treated in the same manner as the choruses of Bowie's original version, and Bowie plays charmingly simplistic piano throughout. Noone simpers his way through the song, substituting "the earth is a *beast*" for Bowie's "the earth is a *bitch*" line, and it's one of rock and roll's most outstanding examples of a singer failing to achieve any degree of empathy whatsoever with the mood and content of a lyric. Could this be the reason why it was a hit?

PETER NOONE
(A) Walnut Whirl (Flowers-Tatham-Banks)
(B) Right On Mother (Bowie)
Production: Mickie Most. RAK 121.



Peter Noone

AN OPEN letter from Bowie to his mum: a sort of "Something is happening and you *do* know what it is, don't you Mrs Jones?" situation. The song celebrates the pleasant surprise Bowie felt at his mother's acceptance of the situation when he started shacking up with Angie before they made it legal. Once again, DB's clumping, ham-fisted piano is right up front.

1971/2

ARNOLD CORNS
(A) Moonage Daydream (Bowie)
(B) Hang On To Yourself (Bowie)
Production: David Bowie (for Butterfly Records). B & C CB 149.

(A) Hang On To Yourself (Bowie)
(B) Man In The Middle (Bowie)
Production: David Bowie (for Butterfly Records). B & C CB 129 (reissued Mooncrest MOON 25).

FROM LITTLE A. Corns great Ziggies grew. The Arnold Corns project was a much-publicised but fairly unproductive exercise, unless you count the male-dress fashion angle which Bowie was then promoting (of the original Mercury sleeve of "The Man Who Sold The World.")

Arnold Corns was Rudi Valentino and Rudi Valentino was Freddie Burretti, Bowie's future clothes designer. There was also some vague connection with a Swedish beat group called Runk.

Bowie's bright idea was to transform Arnold / Rudi / Freddie into the next Mick Jagger: simple as that. The trouble was that it wasn't as simple as that! The three tracks they released (and magically parlayed into three whole singles) were rudimentary in the extreme.

"Moonage Daydream" and "Hang On To Yourself" simply sounded like cheaply recorded song-publishers' demos for their Ziggy incarnations. Bowie and Rudi share the vocals, but not so democratically that Rudi's charisma dominates the tracks: he's virtually inaudible. The only occasion when he's right up front is on "The Man In The Middle" but even this performance is instantly forgettable. The track's only saving grace is when the band (probably The Spiders, but definitely Mick Ronson on guitar) dive into the "Hang On To Yourself" riff two-thirds of the way through. If Bowie had bothered to finish writing "Man In The Middle" and make something of it, then it might have sounded good on "Aladdin Sane."

Both the Ziggy prototypes feature rough sketches of what the lyrics would eventually become. In fact, the "Hang On To Yourself" lyric — as it stands here — is a thinly disguised rewrite of The Velvet Underground's "Sweet Jane."

1972

MOTT THE HOOPLE
(A) All The Young Dudes (Bowie)
(B) One Of The Boys (Ralphs-Hunter)
Production & arrangement: David Bowie. CBS S 8271.

BOWIE HAD always had a penchant for tough, macho U.S. rock and roll, in particular The Stooges and The Velvet Underground. However, when he clapped eyes and ears on Mott The Hoople, Bowie found the answer to the rough-trade end of his rock dream, and what's more they were virtually in his own back yard.

Fronted by singer / pianist / guitarist Ian Hunter, Mott were a rowdy, chaotic, monstrously exciting British rock band with an extremely loyal following, but somehow mass success had eluded them in the singles arena. Dispirited and disillusioned, they had near-as-dammit jacked it in when word of their predicament reached David Bowie.

He contacted bassist Peter Overend Watts and offered them "Suffragette City", but the song didn't work out for them in practice, so he went back to the drawing-board and designed the ultimate '70s glitterkid anthem, "All The Young Dudes".

So stunning was the resulting performance that despite many attempts, Bowie himself has subsequently been unable to equal it.

From its slow, stately guitar intro and rousing, majestic chorus to Hunter's final rant over the "Hey Jude"-like slow fade, "All The Young Dudes" is just one of *those* records: you know, the ones that will be played and dug as long as there is rock and roll.

Lou Reed

MOTT THE HOOPLE
ALL THE YOUNG DUDES
Side One: Sweet Jane (Reed)/ Momma's Little Jewel (Hunter-Watts) / All The Young Dudes (Bowie) / Sucker (Hunter-Ralphs-Watts) / Jerkin' Crocus (Hunter).
Side Two: One Of The Boys (Ralphs-Hunter) / Soft Ground (Allen) / Ready For Love — After Lights (Ralphs) / Sea Diver (Hunter) (*)
Production: David Bowie (for Mainman)
Arrangement: Mott The Hoople, David Bowie. String arrangement: (*) Mick Ronson. CBS 65184.

BOWIE'S PRODUCTION of the "Dudes" album is far more conservative than his production of his own records of the time, but then Mott were to a considerable extent traditionalist. Aside from gifting them with the title track and persuading them to record Lou Reed's "Sweet Jane" (Bowie had in fact dragged Reed down to the studio to work on the arrangement of the song with them and floating around somewhere is a tape of Mott playing "Sweet Jane" with loopy Lou's guide vocal) and contributing occasional saxophone and back-up vocals, he taught the group the noble arts of structure and control.

As subsequent self-produced Mott records were to demonstrate, they learned their lessons sufficiently well tc continue admirably in the same vein without the presence of their mentor.

LOU REED
(A) Walk On The Wild Side (Reed)
(B) Perfect Day (Reed)
Production: David Bowie, Mick Ronson
Arrangement: Lou Reed, David Bowie, Mick Ronson. RCA 2303

UP UNTIL Bowie's second round with Iggy Pop on "The Idiot", the 45s of Mott's "Dudes" and Lou Reed's "Walk On The Wild Side" represent Bowie's most creative production work with other artists.

"Wild Side" was the continuing tale of everyday decadent folk as seen through a fistful of Valium and the bottom of a glass in the back room of Max's Kansas City in the core of the Big Apple.

This roll-call of personalities from Andy Warhol's '60s clique reads like a gossip column from *Interview*. Before Lou wrote this song, you'd've probably had to go to bed with them to learn this much, assuming you wanted to learn this much in the first place.

Bowie and Ronson expertly frame Lou's wasted but witty vocal with brushed snare drum, acoustic and electric basses, DB's original sax tutor Ronnie Ross on splendidly urbane baritone plus white girls pretending to be coloured girls going "doo . . . doo . . . doo."

Despite overt references to transvestism, oral sex and assorted drugs, the BBC allowed the lyric to go innuendo and out the other straight into the charts. Even Tony Blackburn played it . . . poor deluded fool.

LOU REED
TRANSFORMER
Side One: Vicious/Andy's Chest/Perfect Day/Hangin' Around/Walk On The Wild Side
Side Two: Make Up/Satellite Of Love/Wagon Wheel/New York Telephone Conversation/I'm So Free/Goodnight Laidies(*)
All songs by Lou Reed
Production: David Bowie, Mick Ronson
Arrangement: Lou Reed, David Bowie, Mick Ronson except (*) Herbie Flowers. RCA LSP 4807.

FOR THE trouble they'd taken in rescuing Reed (who at this point had given up drugs in favour of booze and grown monstrously fat in the process), Bowie and Ronson were frequently badmouthed by Velvets loyalists for trivialising their idol.

To be fair to the delicious duo, they had very little first-class material to work with (apart from "Wild Side"), since Reed's writing had at this point degenerated into limp-wristed bar-room comedy and he'd become the Dean Martin of 42nd St.

By the time this album emerged, Reed was no longer a MainMan artiste and Bob Ezrin was the man who got to produce Lou's last great song cycle, the brilliant if harrowing "Berlin."

For the record, Mick Ronson played lead guitar and piano on "Transformer" and joined Bowie for most of the backing vocals. "Vicious" and "Satellite Of Love" were later released as a single (RCA 2318).

Incidentally, Bowie's old mate Rick Kemp (than playing with Steeleye Span) was invited to play bass on the sessions but declined because he was uncertain that bass playing was all that Reed and Bowie would require of him. Kemp was also a Spider for a week, having rehearsed with the band for a while before Trevor Bolder was recruited. However, the image-conscious Tony DeFries fired him on grounds of insufficient barnet.

IGGY AND THE STOOGES
RAW POWER
Side One: Search And Destroy/Gimme Danger/Your Pretty Face Is Going To Hell/Penetration
Side Two: Raw Power/I Need Somebody/Shake Appeal/Death Trip.
All songs by Iggy Pop and James Williamson
Production: Iggy Pop (for Mainman).
Mix: David Bowie, Iggy Pop. CBS 65586 (reissued May 1977 Embassy 31464).

AT THIS time, Bowie was utilising Tony DeFries' MainMan organisation to find work for artists he admired who'd fallen on hard times (which was just about all of them). In addition to Mott and Reed, there were Iggy And The Stooges.

Bowie had been singing Iggy's praises to anyone who'd listen for quite some time, and here was his chance to do something constructive about it. He

□ Continues over page

By CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY & ROY CARR

From previous page

brought them to Britain and secured them unlimited studio time. Unfortunately, Bowie and DeFires had allowed Iggy to talk himself into the producer's chair, which almost proved fatal. The Ig had permitted guitar, vocal and drum tracks to be superimposed onto each other with little regard for balance or tone quality, with next to unusable results, and in order to protect the sizeable investments made by both MainMan and CBS, Bowie was called in to sort out the mess.

The resulting album was rough in the extreme — since there's only so much that can be done in the mixing and editing process without re-recording the entire performance. Still, the hot breath of the beast can still be felt, and the album was as demonically exciting as only The Stooges could be.

Despite a plethora of rave reviews — notably in *NME* by Kent and Carr — some interviews and a one-off gig at the Kings Cross Cinema, CBS couldn't wait to bounce the band off the label. Tony DeFries had advanced The Stooges a large sum of money to refurbish and replace their battered gear, and after he discovered that they'd spent the entire bankroll on drugs, he couldn't wait to get them out of Mainman. The Stooges struggled on for a while, but eventually hit the skids. Iggy remained down and out in LA until Bowie once again hauled him out of the gutter and refreshed the parts that no-one else could reach.

1974

LULU
(A) The Man Who Sold The World (Bowie)
(B) Watch That Man (Bowie)
Production: David Bowie, Mick Ronson. Polydor 2001 490.

SEEMINGLY, OUR David has a wide and eclectic circle of friends. How else would he have hit on the bizarre notion of cutting a single of two of his own past glories with his "Pin Ups" era band (Ronson, Garson, Bolder, Dunbar) using no less a personage than Lulu?

By default, this can be regarded as a Bowie single in much the same way as all of Phil Spector's production are Spector singles. It's Bowie's songs, Bowie's band and Bowie-Ronson production, arrangement and ideas, while the teen star turned cabaret artist supplies the voice. As it transpired, she temporarily scuppered her family image to no long-term avail, appearing on TV in a fedora hat and a severely cut suit.

Of the two tracks, "Watch That Man" steals the honours, if only for a mix and backing vocal performance that whips the original.

MICK RONSON
SLAUGHTER ON 10th AVENUE
Side One: Love Me Tender (Presley-Matson)/Growing Up And I'm Fine (Bowie)/Only After Dark (Ronson-Richardson)/Music Is Lethal (Battisti-Bowie)
Side Two: I'm The One (Peacock)/Pleasure Man (Ronson-Richardson)/Hey Ma Get Papa (Ronson-Bowie)/Slaughter On 10th Avenue (Rodgers).
Production: Mick Ronson (for Mainman). RCA APLI 0353.

ALAS, POOR Ronno! As subsequent events have demonstrated, Mick Ronson is a great second banana and one of the best sidemen anyone could ever want, but as a leader of men — or even musicians — he leaves a lot to be desired.

Ronson was shanghaied into making this album at three weeks' notice. DeFries' bright idea was to launch Ronson as a solo star to capitalise on the Bowie buzz while DB was off the road. It looked good on paper, but everything went off half-cocked.

Of the three Bowie contributions, none are warmed-up left-overs from his own sessions, but none are particularly inspired. "Growing Up And I'm Fine" was a nice little song rendered pretty faithfully in the manner of the master, while "Music Is Lethal" is a breast-beating Continental ballad with embarrassing Bowie lyrics worked up from a pidgin-English literal translation and even though "Hey Ma Get Papa" matches Bowie lyrics to a Ronson melody, the end result sounds more like Paul McCartney.

An album of unfulfilled promise.

DANA GILLESPIE
WEREN'T BORN A MAN
Side One: Stardom Read Pts 1&2 (Stamp, Avery)/What Memories We Make (Gillespie)/Dizzy Heights (Gillespie)/Andy Warhol (Bowie)(*)/Picker A Loser (Gillespie)
Side Two: Weren't Born A Man (Gillespie, Liber)/Mother Don't Be Frightened (Gillespie)(*)/All Cut Up On You (Gillespie)/Eternal Showman (Gillespie)/All Gone (Gillespie)
Production: Dana Gillespie, Robin Cable (for MainMan). (*) David Bowie, Mick Ronson (for MainMan). RCA APLI 0354.

AN OLD pal of David's from Beckenham days, an occasional lover of Angie's, a former water-skiing champion, friend of Dylan's, the original creater of the Mary Magdalen role in the London stage production of *Jesus Christ Superstar*, a none-too-successful recording artist and now a MainMan Artiste, Dana Gillespie was expected to continue the outrageous company tradition of polymorphous perversity, though her own musical tastes seemed more towards sensitive introspection.

Bowie and Ronson produced two Spider-backed tracks on this album, though Ronno's heavy-handed string arrangements and Rick Wakeman's chintzy piano predominate. The tracks would appear to date from the "Hunky Dory" period, judging by Wakeman's presence, and it's widely believed that "Andy Warhol" was at one time originally intended for the statuesque Ms G.

In August of '74, "Andy Warhol" and "Dizzy Heights" were released as a single (RCA 2446).

STEELEYE SPAN
NOW WE ARE SIX

Ian Hunter

Side One: Seven Hundred Elves/Drink Down The Moon/Now We Are Six/Thomas The Rhymer.
Side Two: The Mooncoin Jig/Edwin/Long-A-Growing/Two Magicians/Twinkle Twinkle Little Star/To Know Him Is To Love Him (Spector)
All songs Trad arr Steeleye Span except where noted.
Production Consultant: Ian Anderson. Chrysalis CHR 1053.

PEOPLE WHO saw Steeleye Span live were familiar with their penchant for including '50s and '60s vocal group goodies in their set now and then, and when they decided to record the Teddy Bears' classis "To Know Him Is To Love Him". Rick Kemp called Bowie up and invited him to come along and blow some saxophone. He wheezes lazily through the track and winds up by missing the fade and croaking the track (and the album) to a standstill.

Incidentally, DB was quite upset when Steeleye drummer Nigel Pegrum subsequently claimed in an interview that Bowie had arrived at Morgan studios "in a big American car full of transvestites."

MICK RONSON
PLAY DON'T WORRY
Side One: Billy Porter (Ronson)/Angel No. 9 (Fuller)/This Is For You (Heath)/White Light White Heat (Reed)
Side Two: Play Don't Worry (Ronson-Sargeant)/Hazy Days (Ronson)/Girl Can't Help It (Troup)/Empty Bed (Baglioni-Goggio-Ronson)/Woman (Taylor).
Production: Mick Ronson (for MainMan). RCA APLI 0681.

RONSON'S SECOND and (for the time being) last solo album. The only direct Bowie participation is that DB donated the original rejected "PinUps" backing track of the Velvets' "White Light White Heat" for Ronson to finish up. In fact, this title had been shortlisted for Ronno's debut, but was dropped at the last minute to make way for "Love Me Tender."

As it happens, it's a killer, and one of the album's only two good tracks, the other being "Billy Porter".

1977
IGGY POP
THE IDIOT
Side One: Sister Midnight (Bowie-Pop-Alomar)/Nightclubbing / Funtime / Baby / China Girl
Side Two: Dum Dum Boys/Tiny Girls/Mass Production
All songs by Iggy Pop and David Bowie except where otherwise noted
Production and arrangement: David Bowie. RCA PL 12275.

ANYONE INQUIRING about the whereabouts, health and future potential of Iggy Pop between 1973 and 1976 generally got told that the Ig was a complete and utter write-off: a man too undisciplined, self-destructive, unpredictable and screwed up ever to deliver the kind of work of which his admirers have considered him capable. After "Raw Power", there'd been the "Metallic K.O." live album which had presented the stuff of legend but very little music and a final studio album with Stooges cohort James Williamson, which was eventually released as "Kill City" several years later. He'd temporarily teamed up with former Doors keyboard player Ray Manzarek and generally made a fool of himself all over Los Angeles before finally checking himself into a mental hospital to get himself sorted out. Of all his old friends and past colleagues, Bowie was the only one who came to see him, or expressed any belief in him. (Except Nick Kent of course).

Once Pop was back out on the street, Bowie got him a deal with RCA and began to work with him as producer/arranger/collaborator, putting all his talent at Pop's disposal. "The Idiot" was the first fruit of their collaboration, a harsh, nightmarish album juxtaposing all the trappings of Bowie's "new" sound (the electronic motorik pioneered on "Low") with all the magnetic power of Pop at his best. All Iggy's passion and vision were there, this time unencumbered by the drug and personality problems of the old days, and Bowie and his band (there are no instrumental credits, but we'd guess that George Murray, Dennis Davis, Carlos Alomar and Ricky Gardiner are present on bass, drums and guitars respectively alongside Bowie on keyboards, guitar, saxophones, strange devices and backing vocals) match him every step of the way.

Despite the superficial "doominess" which may put off the faint-hearted, "The Idiot" is an album which depicts a man facing the unspeakable (both inside and outside himself) with strength and courage; ultimately a far more positive album than Bowie's own "Low", and a fitting prelude to Bowie's own next grand slam, "Heroes".

"China Girl" and "Baby" were released as a single (RCA PB9093).

IGGY POP
LUST FOR LIFE
Side One: Lust For Life (Pop-Bowie)/Sixteen (Pop)/Some Weird Sin (Pop-Bowie)/The Passenger (Pop-Gardiner)/Tonight (Pop-Bowie)
Side Two: Success (Pop-Bowie-Gardiner)/Turn Blue (Pop-Lacey-Bowie-Peace)/Neighbourhood Threat (Pop-Bowie-Gardiner)
Production: Bewlay Brothers. RCA PL12488.

A SECOND Pop-Bowie collaborative album followed hot on the heels of "The Idiot" and Bowie toured as keyboard player with Pop's band for tours of America and Europe. "Lust For Life" featured Iggy's own rhythm section of Hunt and Tony Sales on drums and bass alongside Alomar, Gardiner and Bowie and displayed lighter, less immediately disorienting sound than "The Idiot".

"Lust For Life", as the title and the Alfred E Neuman grin sported by The Mighty Pop on the cover pic would imply, had more of a rock and roll kick to it than did the grinding, desperate "Idiot", with welcome touches of humour. Pop sounds less dependent on DB than he did on the previous album — more self-directed — as exemplified on "Success", the track chosen as the A-side of the album's token single (RCA PB9160).

Strangely, the B-side of that single "The Passenger" was one of the album's best and most haunting pieces, and it was the one of the only two tracks on "Lust For Life" that Bowie had no hand in writing.

● *Continues page 57*

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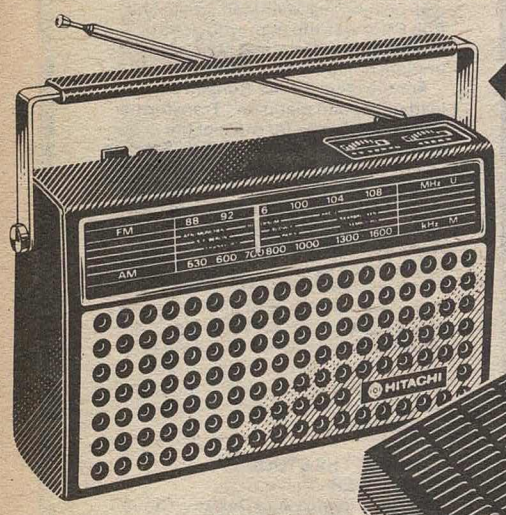

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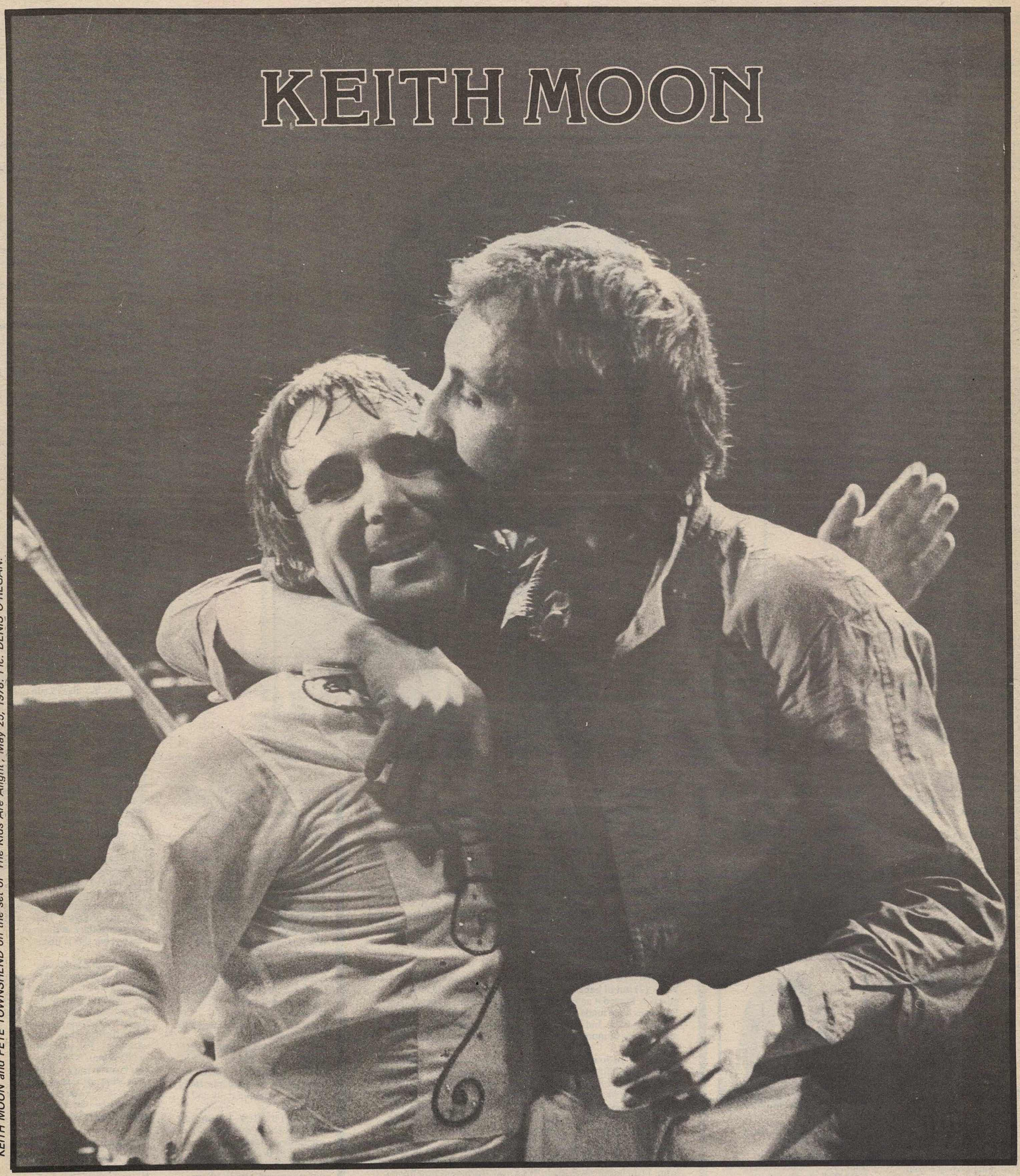
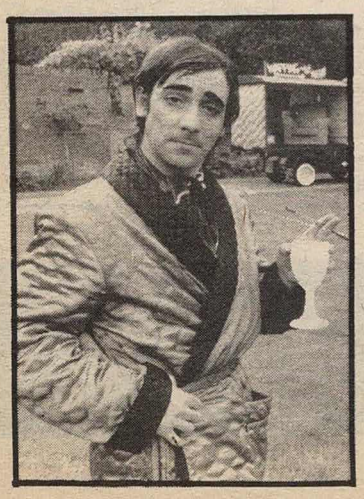


KEITH MOON and PETE TOWNSHEND on the set of 'The Kids Are Alight', May 25, 1978; Pic: DENIS O'REGAN.

August 23, 1947 — September 7, 1978

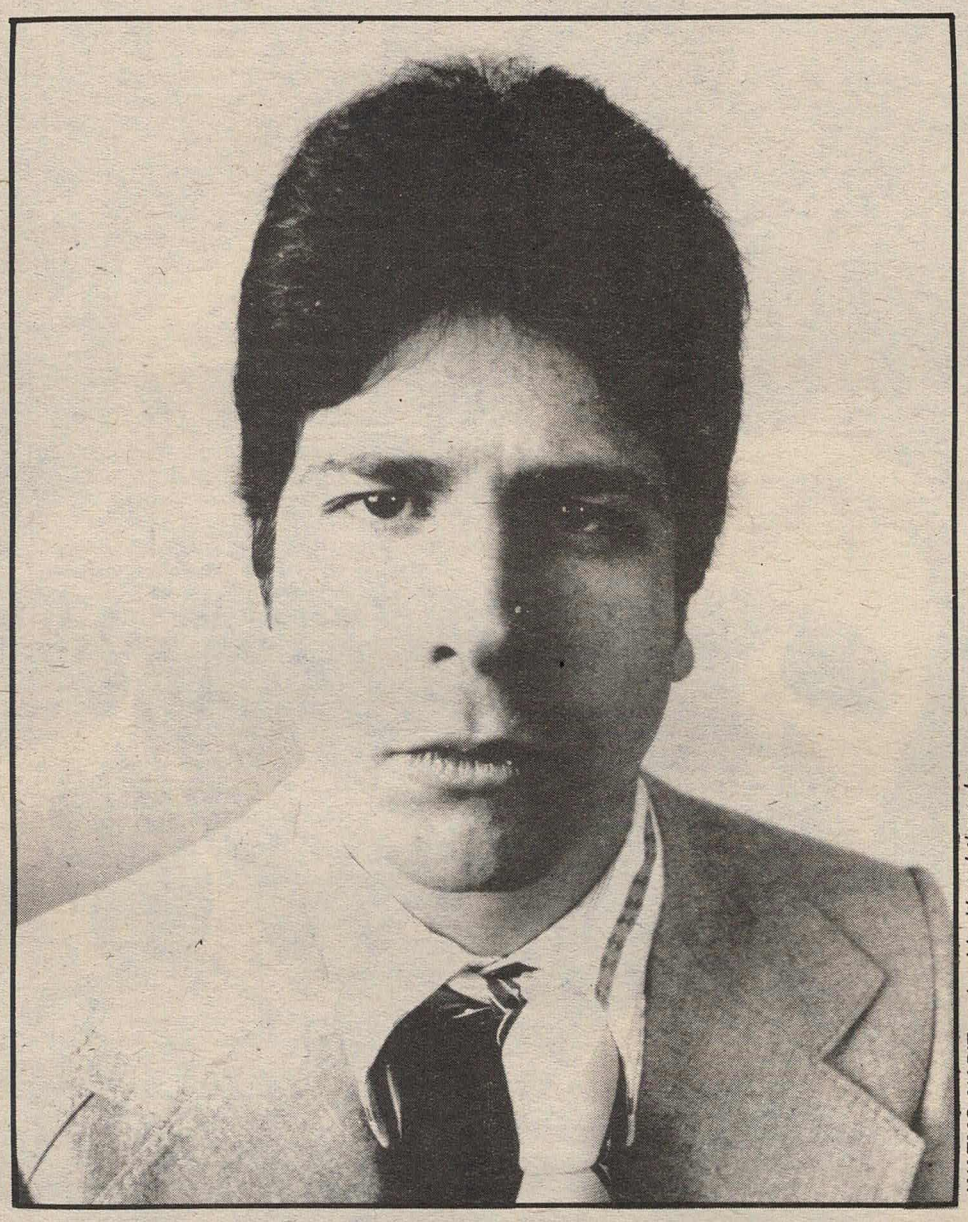


"PEOPLE often say to me, 'Keith, you're crazy'. Well, maybe I am, but I live my life and I live out my fantasies, thereby getting them all out of my system.

"People laugh and say that you're eccentric . . . which is a polite way of saying you're fucking mad. I don't care. If I feel like doing something, I go right ahead and do it."

"IF I HAD some kind of morbid death wish, I never would have survived any of those times when I've crashed my cars. I suppose it's luck and the fact that I never think anything could happen to me."

SINGLES



WAZMO NARIZ styles blackhead threads.

Reviewed by PAUL MORLEY

● AND ON AND ON AND

GUYS AND DOLLS: Only Loving Does It (Magnet).
PETERS AND LEE: Love (Philips).
RAGS: How Can I Exist (MCA).
DONNY AND MARIE: You're My Soul And Inspiration (Polydor). More dangerous subversion from the evil Guys And Dolls commune. Aiming (via the vehicle of the mechanical commercial pop song) slick ritualised harmonies, teasing structure twists and exuberant rhythms at the minds of thousands of gullible adolescents, the group advocate a new form of love; sexual sharing, between people who know and love each other, without the impersonality of orgies. Nasty sentiments blandly broadcast.

Spiritual seduction from Rags with "How Can I Exist?" — a chart chance. Two girls and a boy, blonde, cuddly and shiny just like the song. The undercurrent of the message — Does God Exist? (if he doesn't, then can I?) — is refuted with a resounding No. Only fools try to prove this. A brave song.

Peters and Lee also get to grips with faith in an age of reason. Reverting to a very English, McCartneyesque sound, they wonder openly on the nature of love and decide, with almost anthemic power, that the individual has to become an object to excite love. An eye opening song. A hit.

In Donny and Marie's relentlessly ostentatious ballad, the androids feverishly swap compliments, oblivious to mass suspicion of their relationship. Donny sounds very grown up these days. Alan Wicker guests conducting the orchestra. Marie whispers to Donny that he is the reason for her laughing and crying, while Donny screams he can't live without Marie. Harrowing stuff.

MELISSA MANCHESTER: Midnight Blue (Arista).
CAROLE BAYER SAGER: It's The Falling In Love (Elektra).
HELEN REDDY: Poor Little Fool (Capitol). Three go slows. Melissa's is the sweetest and the primmest of these imitative examples of tidy mid-American musical fantasies. Reddy's single is an over-long, gracelessly arranged moan. And an elongated complaint is probably all that's to be expected from a song written by Jeff Lynne, sung by Reddy and produced by Kim Fowley, with a frantic string sound droolingly dragged out. Carole's classy alternative remedy for sweaty feet is a slow building piece of decorative funk and daintily disfigured soul balladeering, bright and chunky, artificial and fancy. Chartbound no messing.

THE WURZELS: I'll Never Get A Scrumpy Here (Columbia).
THE SHADOWS: Love Deluxe (EMI). A touching tale of want for scrumpy by the cheerful Wurzels, who've often brought a 'smile' to my 'lips'. Hurts to hear them talk about death, though. Someone give them a meat pie.

The Shadows discover the Moog with as much effect as Chicory Tip on a lightly driven bouncy toon that would do credit to Flintlock, 10cc or The Moody Blues.

BIONIC BOOGIE: Risky Changes (Polydor). The pressures on consumers imposed by modern standards!
GOLDIE: To Be Alone (Bronze). After a freak hit and an appearance on *Revolver*, this group's confidence has doubled, making them the smuggest and smarmiest since Pilot. This is the empty epic featured on *Revolver*, complete with girl backing singers, a dejected ballad.

DOMINO: Heaven Must Have Sent You (EMI). Plenty of exercises you can do to this. Up, down, up, down. A thinly conveyed conveyor belt interpretation of a third-rate classic.

● SINGLES OF THE WEEK

BETTE BRIGHT: My Boyfriend's Back (Radar). A late 70s update of an early '60s classic. The right formula. A modern remould of a 1963 American number one by The Angels from ex-Deaf School vocalist Bette Bright, helped by the sharp fingers of Rusty Egan, Glen Matlock, The Yachts' Harry Priestman and fellow Deaf School actor Clive Langer. It's a ravishing record; a real pop single. It's got style, it's got verve, and as you can see it's so calculated. It's full and noisy, with a dash of camp, a streak of freakiness, aimed for the radio, aimed for the punk kids, the pop kids, the dance kids and even the Adult Orientated Market!

RAMONES: Don't Come Close (Sire). Made this Single Of The Week (2) out of habit . . . Played it and thought I'd made a mistake. Played it again and it all began to filter through. The Ramones have made a Grower. The Ramones make a new sound — not *that* new, but it seems an awesome step. A strange re-emphasis of mood and texture, distinctly lacking *that* guitar sound.

The soft mellow sound falls in line with their choice of yellow vinyl. It's so fluffy and light it could almost be a Blondie song, with pretty melody, stuttering lengthy guitar solo high in the mix, two minutes 44 seconds long. The B-side, "I Don't Want You", goes in exactly the opposite way to this apparent progression — heavy, dumb, the same old th. . . . . yet overdubs! If their reason for existence is to confuse they have much validity.

WAZMO NARIZ: Tele-Tele-Telephone (Naz). I can tell you nothing about this man. I don't know where you can get this single from. I can barely describe it. It's a long, turbulent repetitive riff out of disco or Devo jerks and leaps, detailed with silly sound effects. Nariz hiccups the worst type of Eurovision lyrics in wondrous Asian Andy Partridge manner. There are traces of Magazine in there too, any modern funk band you want to name, and it just bubbles on and on, pulled by Nariz's ridiculously mannered vocals. Just as you begin to get fed up a couple of clipped guitar solos sneak in, sweet and minimal, the best of their type since the exquisite "Crazy Horses" licks. Great dance record, fun to listen to, want more do you?

The B-side is the A-side cut up, put back together again and played backwards. The only English on the label says "Who Eez Wazmo Nariz." Indeed. A mystery for our time. Certainly The New sound and a potential hit.

JOHN OTWAY: Baby's In The Club (Polydor). Disastrous news for cuddly John, but he's as cheerful and flippant as ever, delivering his despairing tale with suitable mock disrelish. A cute pouncy pop flirt of early Roxy drive and allure, tickling and sparking with unexpected control. Otway's amiably histrionic vocals, stuttering and comic, constitute the record's main captivation. It's a complete, trivial single and will be a likeable hit.
RICKI SYLVAN AND THE LAST DAYS: Tokyo (D.J.M.). Ricki and The Last Days Of Earth failed miserably (critically, commercially and creatively). So . . . a minor twist, and it's Ricki Sylvan and The Last Days, with more emphasis on Sylvan, less suffocating doom, gloom and self pity. Still self-important and mannered, this insidious new release does slightly merit a new push. Assertive, well structured, neatly segmented, it oozes and throbs, overly dressy and boastful, antagonising in its striving for dignity and theatrical splendour. Sylvan's an intriguing virtuoso with an interesting pedigree, plenty of imagination, too much overeagerness, too much of his own head. He's aiming for the disorientating, solemn, imposing, unorthodox; his music so far has been affected, gaudy, haughty. He's got a lot of work to do before he does some good.

YELLOW DOG: Little Gods (Virgin). Tricky rhythmic whimsy in luminous vinyl; fast, jumpy fast, itchy fast, catchy fast, witty fast, intoxicating pop with typical endearing Dog production tricks in wonderful abundance. Humiliate yourselves and purchase in droves this sublime example of honest, sensitively crafted, thoughtfully produced, maturely marketed rubbish.

THE D Ps: If You Know What I Mean (Barn). As The Depressions these lads were infamous as the last group to leap on the punkwagon when it was still rolling, and it collapsed while they were clambering on. They were naturally shocked, as were their management, but no-one can deny that the lads have got guts, and are now in the processes of sensible recovery. They've sharpened the name, lost the false aggression, and decided to hurt no-one by making weak, plodding hard pop that is so bland, conservative and uncaring it couldn't possibly be construed as an attempt to make loads of money and suck stuff by exploiting whatever the current fad is. Or was. (Missed it again. eh lads?)

RAINBOW: L.A. Connection (Polydor). Blackmore tunes his guitar. His group drop a wardrobe down 20 flights of stairs. The singer whines to his wife that the sugar's run out. The producer makes a jelly.

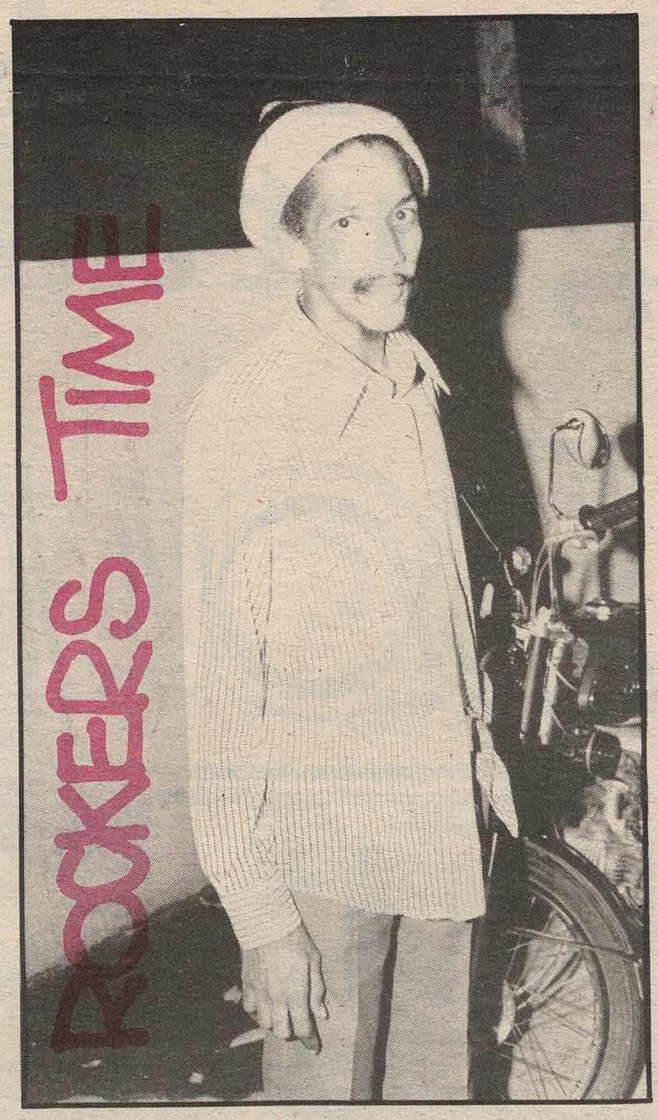
CHARLIE: She Loves To Be In Love (Polydor). Charlie have changed a lot since their early days, when their vigorous parody of techno-flash and lurid philosophical revolt went over the heads of too many people. They laid low and now return, concerned simply with pop patterns. Just one intense vision after another! This is a brisk-easy pop song mimicking in tone the namby mamby optimism of George Harrison. The concentrated attractiveness almost becomes naturally ordinary. There is the occasional flare of dramatic feeling, but this is just a mistake.

It's about a girl being destroyed by forces she cannot control, with the complex of love and guilt having the effect of literal disintegration, in that the known sexual rhythms break down in their perverse variations. The superlative juxtaposition of instruments and voice at the end imply the shattering crisis when the girl moves into the demonstration of both incestuous and homosexual desires.

RENAISSANCE. Back Home Once Again (Warner Bros). The theme tune for a Tyne Tees tea-time adventure series about a gang of newspaper delivery kids — which puts proper perspective on the worth and function of Renaissance's twee, snooty ceremonious music. This is a starchy, inflated folk song tepid symphonic force and the most repulsive smug naivety. Its airs and graces are depressing. Senselessly ornamental and irredeemably hollow.

This writing is an ADVERT. It's a TEAZER advert for a forthcoming album release. It is designed to AROUSE your CURIOSITY by the dubious DEVICE of giving you only a LITTLE bit of information. And that LITTLE bit is - the band's name begins with X

AUGUSTUS PABLO exhibits shirt tail chic Pic by KATE SIMON



Reggae singles by MICK KIMBERLEY

IF WE take a look at the reggae charts, we find they're dominated by records like **Dennis Brown's** excellent recut of his own 'Money In My Pocket' (Joe Gibbs label, 12"); **The Congoes'** new version to the Wailing Souls 'Row Fisherman Row' (on Upsetter); Errol Dunkley's 'Black Cinderella' done over by **Max Asher** (Soul Syndicate); and **Pat Kelly's** 'My Girl' (Cha Cha), a tune he made famous with The Techniques.

The new records are all fair in their own right, but some people worry about all these cover versions taking over.

The Heptones have suffered a few covers in their time, and show us how cheesed off they are on 'Mr. Do Over Man Song' (Third World), an Observer production. Presumably aimed principally at Joe Joe Hookim, who's famous for lifting Clement Dodd's old hits, the record is a spirited stab in the back, feelingly put together by Observer and the Heptones, and with the lead guitar reflecting the incisive lyric: *"Why don't you sit down and write a song of your own,/you just sit there penetrating my song, to do it all over/. . . you only change the melody."* It's a track off the group's new album, 'Better Days'; the title tune was originally cut by The Carltons, so no-one's blameless, of course.

Freddy McKay knows how to play the game, too: his remake of The Sharks' 'How Can I Live?' (on CG's Hit label) is an ultrasentimental record, complete with twittering electronic birdsong and some fine organ. McKay's a sincere singer who's having a bit of an Indian summer at the moment, with a number of quality records in the shop; take your pick from 'La La By Woman' (Ossie Sounds); 'When You Are Smiling' (Sono Wax); and my own favourite, 'Jah Love I' on the Lucky Star label out of Lyn's Radio Shop.

For a new label, Lucky Star's made a promising start with this record, and **Norrie Reid's** 'Got To Return', a sufferer's love song *"Tired of roaming around, trying to settle down, got to return to you, my baby."* Hardly a work of inspiration, but at least he didn't sing "Got to return to Africa, my homeland." Producer W. Lyn *(not* the famous Warwick Lyn) has put together a good drum-and-bass version, too.

I LIKE a label with something to read on it, and the new Love and Inity label has plenty of reading matter, albeit the usual Rasta scribble: *"Love Jah and live; hate Him and die,"* etc. Despite this, the first release, 'Party Night' by **The Chosen Ones,** seems to be about going to a party; my local Dub Vendor tells me that in fact it's an old African Brothers record, but whoever it's by, it's one to pick up: straightforward singing and production, with the bass mixed well forward to threaten the very fabric of my Dansette.

Willie Lindo's 'Midnight' (Black Wax) is a much quieter record, a sentimental organ instrumental with cooing chorus, and sexy sighs and giggles. It was too pretty for me at first, but I've grown to like it a lot: if it doesn't put too much strain on the old intellect, it's still relaxing to listen to, and how much easy listening can you really say that about? Not a lot.

DOWN AMONG the discomixes, the Three In One label steps forward with 'Tribulation' by **Dennis Brown,** another Observer production. It's actually a better record than 'Money In My Pocket', and takes us straight back to Dennis' golden days with Observer ('Cassandra', 'Westbound Train', etc.), although it sounds as modern as it should. I could have done without Jah Bop's laconic toasting, but to make up for it, the other side is Junior Byles singing 'Can You Feel It?'. Junior isn't as dependable as Dennis, but here he performs well over a rhythm which owes something to Lee Perry's work. The version is harder still.

Dennis Brown reappears as producer on **The Tamlins'** 'Still Water' (DEB Music), a routine record in every department; the other side is more like it: 'Spirit Of Umoja' has **Augustus Pablo** happily tooting away on his melodica while the bass and busy drumming carry things along in fine style. Back with the 7" singles, Pablo also emerges with flying colours on 'Pablo Meets Mr Bassie' (Rough Trade), a melodica version to Horace Andy's 'Mr Bassie', with an occasional splash of strings synthesiser. The equally strong b-side was called 'Jah Strength Ital Step' when it came out in JA on the Rockers label; here it's 'Mr Bassie Special', which is a bit feeble: why bother?

Pablo rarely puts a foot wrong these days (did he ever?), and as producer he's responsible for 'Let's All Unite' by **Hugh Mundell** (Greensleeves), a great record which should have come out here ages ago; why are English labels so slow? Young Hugh sings well, although the lyric's a bit tepid: "Everyone should be free, just like the birds in the tree" isn't going to get anyone very far. Oh well, I like the cut of his jib, and Pablo's assembled a heavyweight dub, so I'll not complain.

PABLO HAS some claim to being reggae's number one man, but for me he doesn't quite match **Burning Spear,** whose form this year gets him my vote. First there was his discomix, 'Natural/Intuition', which Island somehow let pass them by. To make amends, they've just put out 'Civilised Reggae/Social Living' as a 12".

They're both tracks from Spear's forthcoming 'Marcus Children' album, which, rumour has it, Island don't want to issue. If that's the case, they're daft, as these two tracks suggest it's a great album; while another, only available on the Spear label, is even better. That's 'The Whole A We Suffer', immediately identifiable as Spear music, with a dense rhythm dominated by horns and guitar, much weeping and wailing, and Winston Rodney's heartfelt singing about sufferation as predicted in the writings of Marcus Garvey.

Some find the uniformly sombre tone of Burning Spear records a bit hard to take, but when it comes down to it, no-one's making better music, in reggae or elsewhere. The man is just so *thoughtful* about everything he does.

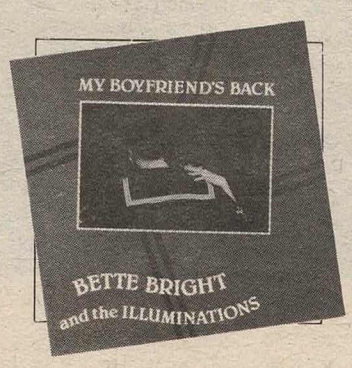
Nick Kimberley

SMOKIE: Mexican Girl (RAK). Smokie write their own single with no noticeable variation in style or content. The song has all those swish Smokie Characteristics — leisurely melody, dry vocals, thin instrumentation, easy lapping rhythm, coy evocation of the subject matter in the instrumental passages, including here a pale, wistful "latin" guitar break of uniform mediocrity. Will drift into the middle parts of the top 30, will then drift out. They must have an urge to do something more.

JOHN TRAVOLTA AND OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN: Summer Nights (RSO). CHRIS BLAKE AND HONEY BROWN: Summer Nights (Weekend). Despite the fact that neither John is remotely human, they have been given superior flash dance pop material that no one could fail with. Because their faces fit. They are the best combination of their type since Anne Nightingale and Alan Black, which proves two tediums do make a something.

"You're The One That I Want" was delightful. This, with its careful local and period colloquial realism and unrepresentative bounce and colour, is passable, with the bass player again deserving most of the royalties.

Chris Blake and Honey Brown are two British TV comedy actors who perform an exact copy of the original. For reason's sake, why?



TANZ DER YOUTH: I'm Sorry I'm Sorry (Radar). Only the punishing, dour state of this group's live act prevents this being shock single of the week . . . It's well designed hard rock with unexpected flair and a range not thought possible. The early days of Tanz Der Youth are a muddle of untidy propaganda, uncommitted idealism, lack of communication and shame, but just this track alone shows something is alive in James's heart. The music has menace, wit and will. The overall tone, created by multiplication and repetition, is an effective vacuum of claustrophobia that resembles the atmosphere of "Shot By Both Sides". James's surprisingly articulate, mocking and mobile vocals are conclusive pointers to the record's class. The B-side is the sloppy, pretentious, unsure mess I'd smugly anticipated. Let's hope James rethinks from "I'm Sorry."

THE BOYFRIENDS: Don't Ask Me To Explain (U.A.) This is a pleasant, mid-tempo, swinging lament of light quality: smooth harmony, crisp guitar texture, a winning organ sound, and an easily memorable emphatic chorus. It's very sweet — a bright modern freshness combined with its shameless nostalgic tendencies. It's very nice, pop music for anyone. There's a plump red heart on the label which draws attention to the superficial romantic relationship between this package and their labelmates Buzzcocks. Thinking of Buzzcocks and their deceptiveness makes me realise just how bland this record is. Buzzcocks make pop muzak for YOU!

At last a group checks in with nothing but talent.

CITY BOY

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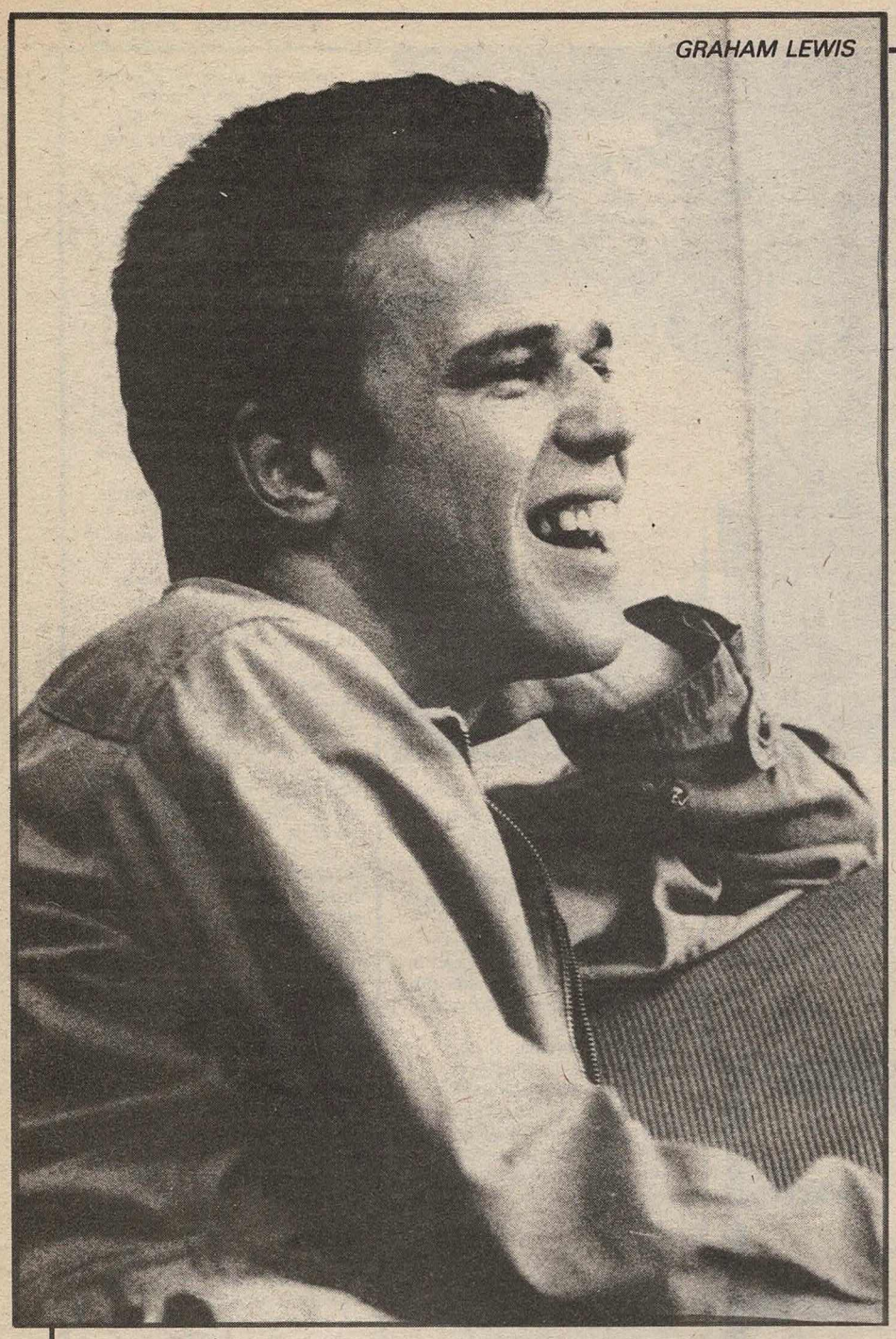

GRAHAM LEWIS

WIRE

BY ANDY GILL

BRUCE GILBERT

Pix: PENNIE SMITH

"Well it's alright just listen
Can't wait for 78
God those r.p.m.
Can't wait for them
Don't just watch
Hours happen
Get in there kid
And snap them."
— Wire, "It's So Obvious"

BUT OBVIOUSLY IT ISN'T

IT'S NEARLY a year since Wire's "Pink Flag" was unleashed on an unprepared (and generally unsympathetic) audience.

Despite considerable critical acclaim, they could hardly be said to have captured the public's attention to the same extent as some of their more ostentatious colleagues.

Which is sadly ironic.

For while legions of lip-service revolutionaries desultorily fought city hall (with high publicity return) and translated populism and nihilism into musical shoddiness, Wire quietly accepted that the blackboard was wiped clean, and realised the necessity to start chalking up something that was more than just a *gesture,* something which held firm to those principles and *built* on them.

A casual listen to "Pink Flag" defines it as a product of 1977 — the surface similarity is there — but closer investigation reveals that it's not just another case of form without content.

And now, '78. Those r.p.m. have arrived and almost gone, and true to form, Wire have been building. Two singles ("I Am The Fly" and "Dot Dash"), a brief sojourn in New York, and now a new album, "Chairs Missing", which should raise an eyebrow or two amongst even the most ardent devotees of "Pink Flag".

Even taking into account the hints at progression in the singles, there's no way "Chairs Missing" could be extrapolated from the earlier album.

I MUST ADMIT I viewed the prospect of interviewing Wire with a certain ambivalence. True, I liked their music, and yes, they'd undoubtedly be more interested than Ozzy Osbourne, but the general impression I'd gained from every Wire interview I'd read was that they were, y'know . . . *difficult.* Aloof, condescending, evasive and generally unco-operative.

So when I met guitarist Bruce Gilbert and bassist Graham Lewis in a pub near EMI's Manchester Square offices, I was pleasantly surprised to find them friendly, forthcoming, and full of "America" anecdotes. Their "difficult" reputation, it seems, is the unfortunate result of their efforts to be rigorously accurate — in attempting to be completely clear and exact, they ironically appear, in print, to be evasive. So it goes.

Their American trip — a brief two-weekend stint at CBGBs — apparently started on a hectic note.

"We got off the plane about eleven o'clock at night, and were onstage at half past eleven," jokes Gilbert. "That's a bit of an exaggeration, but it got a bit like that."

It transpires that a detour to Bangor (Maine, not Wales or Ireland) and a "traffic jam" over Kennedy Airport delayed their arrival, and after a lengthy wait for baggage, they were taken straight to the club.

"We must point out that they didn't expect us to play," says Lewis, "but we thought, We're here, so we might as well. We went on with gear we'd never used before, and played at the equivalent of eight a.m. English time. It was pretty frantic. Next night, Saturday, we played two sets, and the reception was amazing. Incredible."

"They wouldn't let us go," adds Gilbert.

I register surprise, and up my opinion of Yankee taste a notch or two. *(Good of you — Ed.)*

POSTAL DELAYS had prevented my hearing the new album before meeting Wire, and the single listen I get at EMI is, to be honest, more baffling than informative. Still, they assure me that the subtleties lurking beneath the monochromatic surface of "Pink Flag" are there in force on "Chairs Missing" (whose title is a euphemism along the lines of "a screw loose"). To these ears, though, the surface itself is technicolour this time round.

"It's still very minimal, I think," muses Lewis.

"There's more of it, that's all," puts in Gilbert.

Lewis tries to explain: "It's very *simple*, but the method's changed more. It's so much more *produced* than the last one. The most 'produced' track on 'Pink Flag' was 'Strange' — it had more *on* it — and the simplest track on this album's got even more on it than 'Strange'."

Which brings up two important aspects of Wire's work, *method* and *production*, their approach to which is perhaps best understood if viewed against a historical backdrop. The circumstances of their formation, for example, are rather unusual.

"We learned to play by playing songs which we'd written — the songs were the basis of where it came from," explains Lewis. "Rob (Gotobed), the drummer, had been the singer with The Snakes, and he hadn't played drums before. Colin (Newman), the singer, had never sung with a band, but he'd been playing guitar for a few years. Bruce had never played guitar, and I'd never played bass, so we started with that.

"I wrote the lyrics and Colin wrote the tunes, but he wasn't playing guitar in those early days. Which is why the songs are as fragmented as people say — although I think they're *encapsulated* rather than fragmented."

The absence — deliberate or not — of prior technical ability in Wire produced a "ground level" on which to build together. As opposed to, say, three or four *musicians* forming a band and trying to reach a compromise of styles. They had firm ideas on how they wanted to proceed, too (and the good fortune to get their own way). Lewis again:

"It seemed that what everyone was trying to do at that time was capture the, ah . . . *energy* I think was the term, on record, whereas we had only played twelve gigs. So we started with an album, and then went out and worked, which was completely the opposite to everybody else.

"And that's what we wanted. We'd been offered singles deals, but our attitude was that we wanted to do an album which would represent all the areas we were interested in at the time, and we'd work on from there."

So it's little more than sheer coincidence that Wire emerged at the same time as the London punk scene?

"You could say 'yes', and there again you could say 'no' . . ."

"It made it a lot easier."

"Obviously, we had an affinity to what was going on then, because we agreed with where people emerged from, in the sense that it wasn't to do with virtuosity, or being backed by having lots of money or a previous track record. . . ."

WIRE, OF COURSE, had no track record, being involved in various visual arts areas for the most part (Lewis, for example, was a fashion designer, and Gilbert a painter). In what ways, I wondered, have their former disciples affected their work in Wire?

Lewis: "The education has obviously affected us, I would think, but I don't think the particular disciplines are *that* important. Would you say that?"

Gilbert: "I think for *me* it's important, because I see it as just an extension of what I was doing anyway."

Lewis: "It trains you to a way of thinking. Which means that it's just an extension."

Gilbert: "Like, making albums is *exactly* the same as making a painting, really. A number of processes are very similar: the stepping back . . . . And wanting to get it finished before you get bored with an idea . . . . And the economy thing — the economy of effort, to write a statement which is the essence of what you're trying to do. It's the same.

Next page, pop picker . . .

REWIRING

From previous page

"And also, to contradict that, you can end up with a thing which is purely *essence*, and the idea becomes a 'floater' . . ."

Lewis: "Because you can start off with a method of working, and come up with something which in a way appears to be separate, but *isn't*, because the method is exactly what the essence is."

So the method sometimes comes first?

"It's a mixture," decides Gilbert. "Always a mixture, all different things. There's no *one* approach, it's always . . . . the *song* is the basic start. It's almost chaotic."

CHAOTIC AND varied though their compositional processes may be, Wire definitely seem to have developed a certain essentialistic style, both musically and lyrically, which bonds well with their technical limitations. Did they set out with any fundamental principles?

"The principles are that everybody is objective about what's going on, and subjective at the same time," says Lewis.

"So there's room for all opinions — it's a forum, that's why it works as it does, and that's why there are so many varying factors in it, because there is no specific person who writes.

"It *is* a group, but a group of individuals, so everybody puts their bit in. There isn't a 'house style' — the house style is only based on, shall we say, the musical inadequacies of the members."

So the minimalist overtones of the first album were the result of the band's technical limitations?

"That's an inbuilt thing. There are so many people try to do things sort of 'flowery'. There's no 'flowery' thing about it."

"I hate to be simplistic," says Gilbert, "but we're just four blokes who play instruments and have an interest in noises and sounds; we've made an album, and that's what it sounds like.

"To start going into the deeper aspects of minimalism and underlying theories and all the rest of it — they are there, but it's not the main . . ."

"It's not conceptual art," Lewis interjects.

"It's not designed that way," agrees Gilbert. "The sound isn't *designed* as such. Obviously, if we'd taken our time, we could have 'made' guitar solos — anybody could."

Lewis sums up: "'If anybody can tap their foot, they can play guitar' is the basis of it. We never started off with the intention of being virtuosos."

HENCE THE recruitment of producer Mike Thorne as keyboard-player on "Chairs Missing".

"We wanted keyboards on this album, and he was the obvious choice," Lewis explains, "because it would be very difficult for us to actually graft somebody on. Mike's been involved from the start, so in that way it was easy for him, because he understands what we want, generally."

"Also, he's not the most *experienced* keyboard player in the world," Gilbert points out, "so there's a certain amount of sympathy."

"The problem is, if we wanted a keyboard player, what we'd want would be somebody who's *not* an organ or piano player," adds Lewis. "There are very few people who're willing to come in and just *make a noise.*"

How about the extra production effects on "Chairs Missing"? Are they Thorne's?

"Yes, of course. This time around, I think that's where the difference is, because obviously we'd learnt a lot from the year we'd been playing since the first album, and he was there, growing at the same time. So his productions were so much more creative."

Live, they make no attempt to reproduce the recorded version of a song, but rather "try and put the essence (that word again) across".

AT VARIOUS points in the interview, Gilbert and Lewis make plain their contempt for the rock'n'roll circus. There's no way, they aver, that they could "fit into the classic rock'n'roll machinery". As far as they're concerned, it's strictly an artistic activity.

Isn't it rather odd, then, that they ever got involved in a field noted more for its emphasis on transience, planned obsolescence and cheap thrills than artistic achievement?

"It depends on what terms you take it," opines Lewis. "If somebody wants to be a pop star or whatever, they take on that transience. People get sucked into the whole system. But that's not really our interest. I don't think we've changed our viewpoint since we started."

"We never set out to be *a band* as such, in the beginning," adds Gilbert, "For me, anyway, it was more of an art thing."

Lewis agrees: "You were involved because there was *interest* there. When we started, there was no competence, and there was no future in that way. And when there isn't anything to work on any longer, it won't exist. It's as simple as that. It's not a *career*, as such. All those other things . . . ."

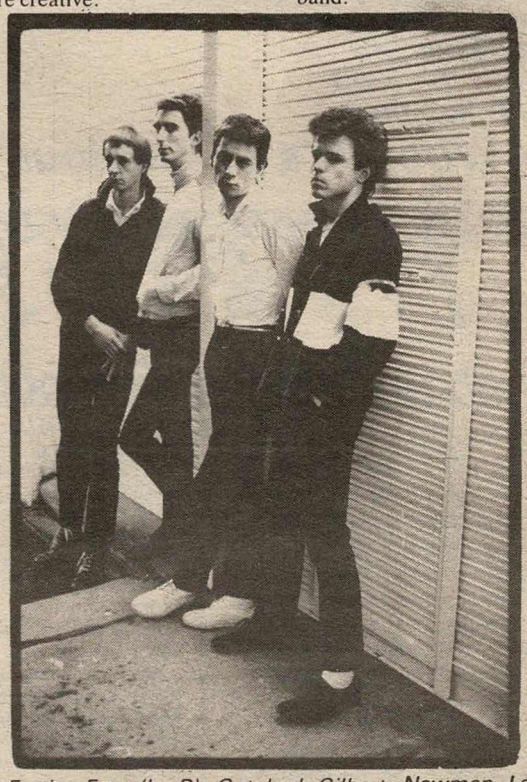
"They only exist in newspaper articles. What a band does on the road is irrelevant."

"For some people it seems to have become the major part . . . ."

"Glamour. Showbiz."

How, then, would they react if Harvest tried to use Bob Dylan's 'patronage' to advertise them (Dylan has expressed his admiration for Wire), in the same way that Virgin used Buzzcocks to advertise Can?

"If they do," promises Gilbert quietly, "they'll lose a band."



The Furtive Four (L—R): Gotobed, Gilbert, Newman, Lewis.

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Date	Venue	Box Off Tel. No.
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*Sun. 8th Oct.	University of LANCASTER	—
*Mon. 9th Oct.	Apollo Centre, GLASGOW	—
Tues 10th Oct	Odeon Cinema, EDINBURGH	667-3805
Wed. 11th Oct	City Hall, NEWCASTLE	20007
Thur. 12th Oct.	Apollo, MANCHESTER	273 1112
*Fri. 13th Oct.	Victoria Halls, HANLEY	—
Sun. 15th Oct.	Gaumont Cinema, SOUTHAMPTON	29772
Mon. 16th Oct.	The Dome, BRIGHTON	682127
Tues. 17th Oct.	Guildhall, PORTSMOUTH	24355
*Fri. 20th Oct.	University of CARDIFF	—
Sat. 21st Oct.	City Hall, SHEFFIELD	735295
Sun. 22nd Oct.	Spa Royal Hall, BRIDLINGTON	78258
Fri. 27th Oct.	Colston Hall, BRISTOL	291768
*Sat. 28th Oct.	University of LEEDS	—
Mon. 30th Oct.	Winter Gardens, BOURNEMOUTH	26446
Tues. 31st Oct.	De Montfort Hall, LEICESTER	27632 & 25764
Thur. 2nd Nov.	Coventry Theatre, COVENTRY	23141
Wed. 3rd Nov.	Empire Theatre, LIVERPOOL	709-1555

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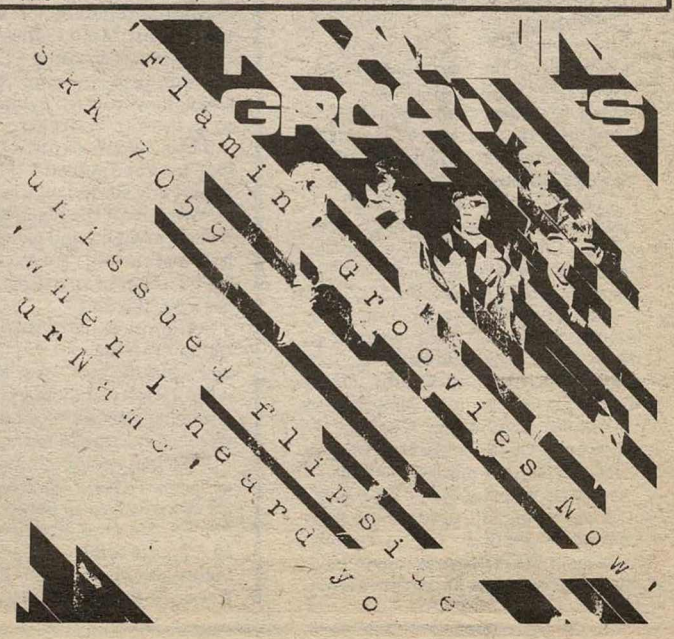
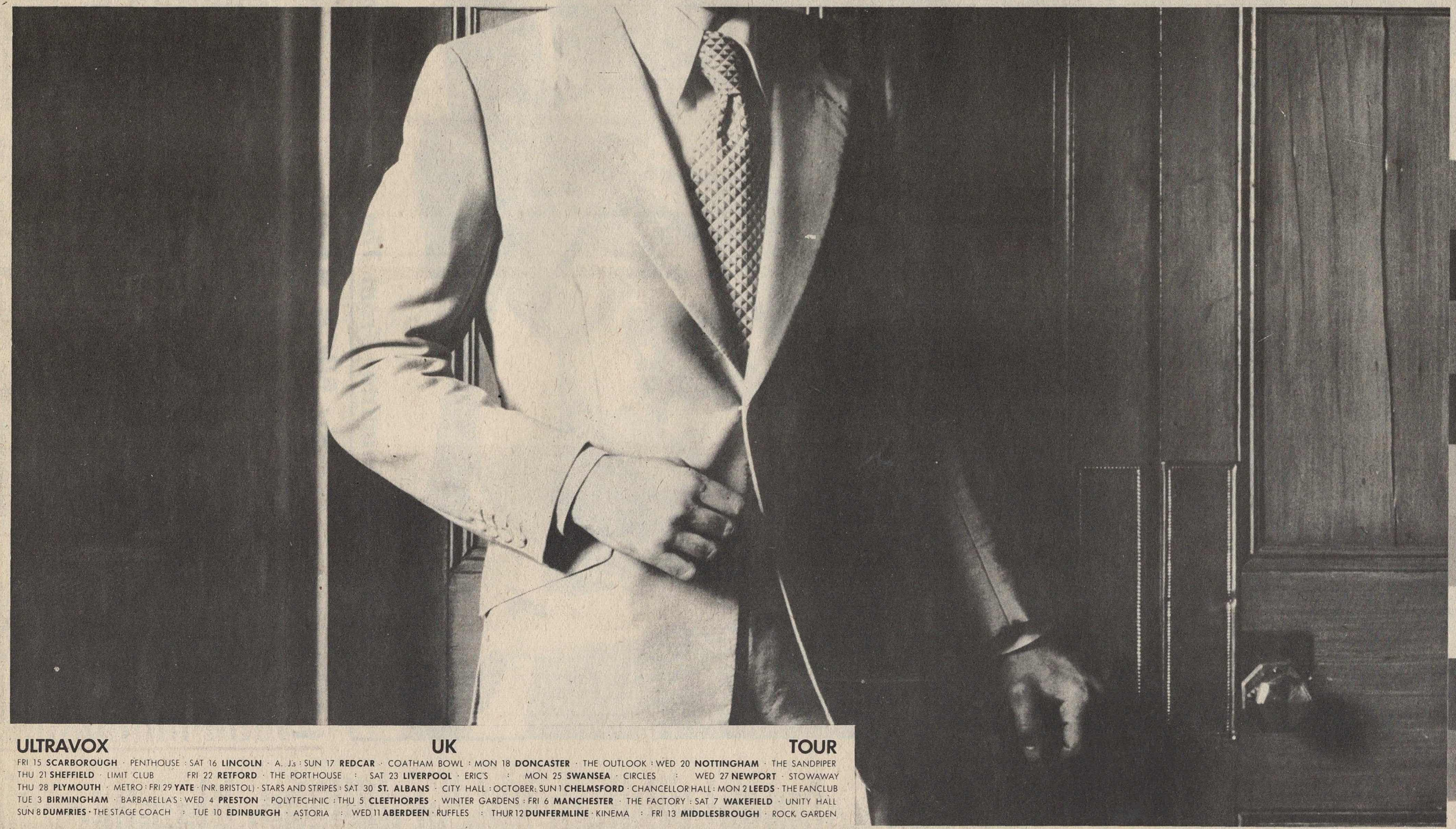


ULTRAVOX : SYSTEMS OF ROMANCE



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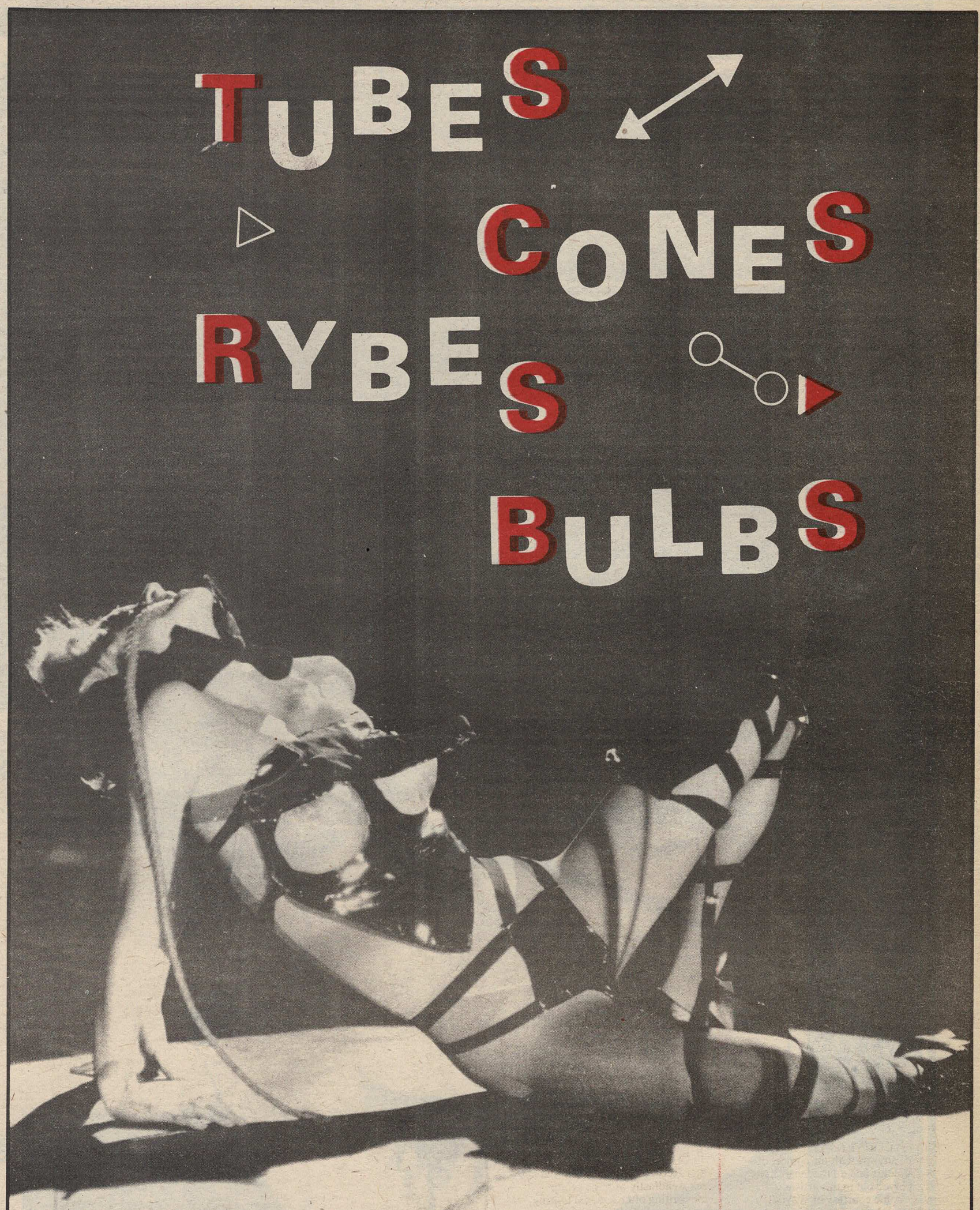


Murmurs And Laughter From The Arizona Twilight Zone

By NICK KENT

A LITTLE KNOWN fact it may well be, but let this feature be prefaced by the contention that a dissertation on the state of rock'n'roll in the state of Phoenix, Arizona, could hardly fill anything larger than a postcard depicting tulips from Amsterdam.

I mean, just look up references to the place in any rock tunes of any consequence. Jesus Christ, even Winston, Arizona — a comparative ant-hill of a locale — got itself mentioned by both Jackson Browne *and* The Eagles (OK, they were doing the same song, but it's the principle that counts).

And as for Phoenix? Well, Leiber and Stoller did refer to the state while describing the physique of a stripper named "Little Egypt" (the song's title, by the way) who had the immortal words Phoenix, Arizona, 1949, tattoo'd on her spine. (No reason was subsequently given for this excruciating piece of needle work.) Sure, Chuck Berry probably made mention of the state in some song — but then, which of the 52 bleeders *hasn't* he referred to in his time?

No, the best we can turn up after a lengthy search has to be ramblin' Glen Campbell, who, having shot the breeze 'cross the P.A. state line, was woefully wondering what his shell-shocked sweetheart was thinking as he moseyed forth. *(This appears to be a Kent description of "By The Time I Get To Phoenix" — Ed.)*

Not that one can really blame ole' Glen wanting to shoot the route, considering what the place has to offer.

Phoenix, see, has two main claims to fame, the first being that it is undoubtedly the West's Most Western Town and thus feels it imperative to live up to its reputation as the Cowboy's Last outpost. Cowboys, in fact, are to be found everywhere. In the '60s long-hairs were beaten to a bloody pulp "Easy Rider" style by these lame-brains, but with the '70s and Willie Nelson and his ilk making long hair acceptable, the hombres just make do with punching cows and cutting their balls off (for real).

As a direct conflict 'gainst these half-arsed Olde West canoodlings, the other important facet to Phoenix was that it somehow got to be — probably due to its exceptionally dry climate (which made it a proverbial haven for asthma-sufferers by the way) plus the fact that the State's 500,000 inhabitants made for a decent proportion of human guinea-pigs — a prime testing ground for all manner of garish amusement foot-shots and trash food emporiums.

Phoenix, for example, can boast the first MacDonald's; its overwhelming success paved the way for consequent world domination. And let's not forget junk food operations like "Fast Food", "Minnie Pearl" Chicken, "Kentucky Fried" Chicken, "Bouffet Dinners" (all you can eat) and "Taro Belles" — raking in millions per month nowadays and all with their baptism in Phoenix.

It seemed at one point that any innovation tested out in the town was a hot-shot to the billion dollar bullet until Trampoline City was concieved. A giant park of trampolines was built on floor level, the customer could pay 10 cents to jump up and down for an hour and more often than not fly off the trampoline and smash their skull to shit on the surrounding cement, breaking their turkey heads in the process. The company was sued for approximately a billion bucks.

No, they don't talk about Trampoline City in Phoenix anymore.

However, this blighted burgh will have its name scratched in the annals of rock for at least providing the blasting base for two bands both sharing a penchant for boob tube satire and all-purpose perversity.

The first ensemble moved to Los Angeles in the late '60s, having left both Phoenix origins and their first two group monikers, The Nazz (dropped after they learnt of Todd Rundgren's aggregate) and The Spiders to become (gasp — italics imperative) *Alice Cooper*. The second group moved to San Francisco in the early '70s, at which point they also changed their name from The Red And White Blues and The Beans (two concurrent groups whose alliance caused the cessation of both names) to The Tubes.

I FORGET the exact date I first read about The Tubes, but I certainly recall gazing at the copy with a mixture of amazement and sheer disbelief that led me to believe the group was merely a product of some psychotic rock writer who'd flipped out after reviewing too many Quicksilver Messenger reunions.

The piece in question was an article written as a weekly report in a rival weekly documenting the current scene in laid-back San Francisco, easily the dullest sliver of reportage ever to grace a music paper. So imagine my amazement when, in between being informed that Moby Grape had performed yet another one-off reunion in some cock-roach infested club and that Jerry Garcia had shaved off his beard, that a group had performed S & M rituals on stage, attacked the audience, performed more outrages than could be garnered from the entire contents of *I Claudius* and featured a singer called Quay Lewd.

The writer went on during subsequent months, penning ever-more bizarre articles on this aggregate known as The Tubes and I still couldn't bring myself to believe it. In LA, sure, but San Francisco!?

Authentic proof of The Tubes' existence finally materialised some three years or more back when I was invited to a video of the group by A & M, who'd signed them. Circumstances caused me to miss it so I had to wait for the first album for a solid taster. Entitled simply "The Tubes" it's still the best album they've made and included one bonafide classic, "Mondo Bondage" (which Frank Zappa would have given a score of Dynamo-Hum and chants of similar techno-flash sexist-slop to have penned); one near-classic in the sardonic but overblown "White Punks On Dope"; and innumerable twists of style that showed a fetching sense of wit but which sounded a tad too close to mere slickness to be swallowed whole.

The second album "Young And Rich" was a wholly inferior version of the first effort 'cept this time only "Don't Touch Me There" worked, a sleazy pastiche of '50s heavy petting. Elsewhere, the feeling was that beyond the witty pastiches was a heavy sense of desperation backing up every stylistic pastiche and every self-effacing wise-crack, mated with arch techno-flash 'slickness'.

The third studio album "Now" was an agreeable but directionless stop-gap for all concerned, until pay-dirt of a fashion was finally hit this very year with the band's live double album — a pot-pourri of something old, something borrowed, and much desperately tossed together in an attempt — just as they do in a live performance — to overpower their audience with slick-arse overkill and patter that would have been as funny as hell had I for one not heard it before performed by its originators. Indeed, the funniest line of the night — Fee Waybill's "I love you — get outta here" was a direct cop from US comedian Bill Murray, a member of *Saturday Night Live*, America's own Monty Python.

More than anything else it brought back the excruciating memory of watching Jethro Tull in the L.A. Forum repeating whole Monty Python segments to audiences speechless with laughter who couldn't know John Cleese from Idi Amin.

It was simply cheap plagiarism, is all, and that plus the sheer calculatedness of The Tubes show, not to mention the puerile Johnny Bugger sketch (I've yet to meet one fuckin' Yank who understands UK Punk and this load of facile cobblers really bit the bag!), and tired old Quay Lewd made for the most over-rated rock show ever.

OF COURSE, if you're an avid *NME* reader my views on The Tubes, and in particular the resultant album from those Hammersmith drags, should be well known to you. So when the idea of me driving down to Shepperton Studios

to see the band rehearse for Knebworth, hang out and interview them at my (and their) leisure, I thought — What the hell? At least I've got a few relevant slings to shoot their way and the resultant confrontation should be a deal more interesting than the usual drab pieces this band get.

So this is why I'm here in a cavernous studio/rehearsal hall nonchalantly checking the environment out while at the same time looking for the toilet. Nature's call answered, I set about some serious scrutiny.

Some literary thumb nail sketches of the band.

Fay Waybill is Mr. Amicability himself (I'd been told beforehand that Fee, aware of my review, was all set to gently get me on The Tubes' side), though his avert friendliness doesn't seem at all glib or affected. His face, replete with an extraordinarily shaped nose and granite chin, make him the perfect successor for Gene Wilder in Mel Brooks' movies.

Guitarist and leader Bill Spooner looks more like a roadie than a rock star with his red track suit and a somewhat bovine figure. He has a sardonic, no-bullshit manner, is the unofficial leader of the group and played a stunning solo guitar rendition of "7 & 7 Is" during a rehearsal break which makes him OK in my book.

Bassist Rick Anderson, on the other hand, looks like a not unbecoming human bean pole, but his fearless vamp into the opening bass riff of "Eight Miles High" also makes him OK in my book.

Keyboard Vine Welnick looks just like a member of The Mothers Of Invention circa "Uncle Meat" and once claimed that Chris Salewicz looked like Robert de Niro. He is also in desperate need of glasses.

Synthesizer player Michael Cotten has looks that are both handsome and pretty and a manner that is both agreeably cynical and effeminate.

Prairie Prince, the drummer, looks unerringly like a cross between Peter Lorre and a successful male model. His girlfriend Re Styles looks very sexy and her mondo vamp style would certainly have got her the job as the Roxy Music "Siren" girl had Bryan Ferry not fallen for a Texan Palmolive advert.

Roger Steen wears glasses: having not spoken to the guitarist this feeble observation is all I can muster.

It's Waybill, the group's spokesman, I'm first introduced to, and as stated beforehand, his all-purpose Mr. Nice Guy persona is disarmingly charming. The very essence of courtesy and candour, his manner only hints at a mode of media diplomacy. Even so, as we amiably chew the cud two thoughts nag at the sub-conscious, the first being that this show of friendship is possibly a specially implemented ploy to "win me over" as the P.R. had earlier claimed. The other is Waybill's classic line about licking the arse of the Media and record-buying public until his lip turns brown and then, when success arrives, turning around and shitting all over the rim-jobbed masses.

THE CONVERSATION starts off anyway with the subject of Phoenix and all the facts on the state splayed out in this artiste's preface come courtesy of Waybill, who was a cowboy himself for two years ("Yeah, I punched cows and cut their balls off with the best of 'em") before entering drama school to little avail.

A self-confessed "ligger" in the Phoenix clique which featured Roger Steen's band, Reds Whites and Blues, and Bill Steen's Beans, he claims to be the real innovator of what was to develop as The Tubes' breed of weirdness.

While in Phoenix, for example, Spooner would concieve and perform "cynical cowboy piss-takes with titles like 'The Lonesome Death of Mr. Marshmallow'" according to Waybill.

"Also," Waybill continues, "Bill did this back-up show pastiche called 'Lil Earl and The Sweet Pearls of Wisdom'. Back then I was just a ligger hangin' out on the periphery so to speak."

Meanwhile The Beans, who consisted of guitarist Spooner, keyboardist Welnick, bassist Anderson "and a guy who later died of cancer" according to Waybill, formed a tentative coalition with the R.W. & B. band, which was basically Roger Steen, the excellent Prairie Prince on drums (Prince's credentials as trap-thrasher as so strong he worked with Nicky Hopkins on an ill-fated N.H. solo album and was originally chosen for S.F.'s space/jazz schmuck-rockers Journey in preference to Aynsley Dunbar, although Prince had the good taste to turn down the offer), and a crippled bass-player whose increasing difficulties in manouevring himself down to the rehearsal basement were responsible for giving Waybill the chance to break into the band as a singer — a vocation he took to like a fish to water, or so he claims.

This aggregate became The Tubes when another of Spooner's master creations — the "End of the World" show, this was called — was conceived and set into practice. Waybill takes up the story:

"Bill'd do a club gig to support himself and get the bread for these wacky extravagances of his. The space show, also known as "ascension of the Motherlode", got everyone together — we used a hall in Trinity Cathedral of all places — and marked the actual beginning of The Tubes as such in that Bill needed extra space-cadet types so, Prairie and Roger were enlisted."

By this time, the crew had moved to San Francisco, primarily because Prince had won an art scholarship to study there and it seemed a greener pasture to pursue, particularly as all the band couldn't bear Los Angeles. Waybill was part roadie-part performer then.

"Yeah, we did 'Motherlode' at Prairie's old school — S. F. Art School. We were the Radar Men for Uranus singing 'Our Lord is a Hot Dog'."

Michael Cotten, the cynically exuberant synthesizer-player, later summed up the Art School tradition inherent in US culture.

"The only thing about art school that was neat was that one had a ready made audience who'd watch anything wierd, no matter how *bad* it was, simply because they thought it was automatically artsy-fartsy."

Bill Spooner is more succinctly brutal: "It's just one big fuckin' bad joke — the whole art-school schtick."

Talk of these early Tubes escapades drew yours truly to wonder out loud whether Akron potato-brains Devo had been actively influenced by The Tubes. The question causes Waybill to leap delightfully to a reposte.

"Yeah, exactly, that's *the* perfect parallel 'cos actually when we played Akron, Devo — who were then still sorting their act out — came up to us and just flipped out. They said 'We do something just like you guys do. Should we continue?' We just said 'No, forget it. You won't make one fuckin' cent!'"

After media lift-off, The Tubes quickly became *the* hip S.F. band to dig to the point where even Carlos Santana was quoted as naming them his favourite group. The "Mondo Bondage" routine had been worked out — during, Bill Spooner claims, a particularly bizarre S&M slant phase, while Quay Lewd made his debut as Rod Planet. Early gigs were more spontaneous and courageous with one splendid event when The Tubes, supporting John McLaughlin, came out dressed all in white and threw out 3 week stale Wonder-bread to the audience who got so incensed they forsook their communal lotus position to pelt the band with debris.

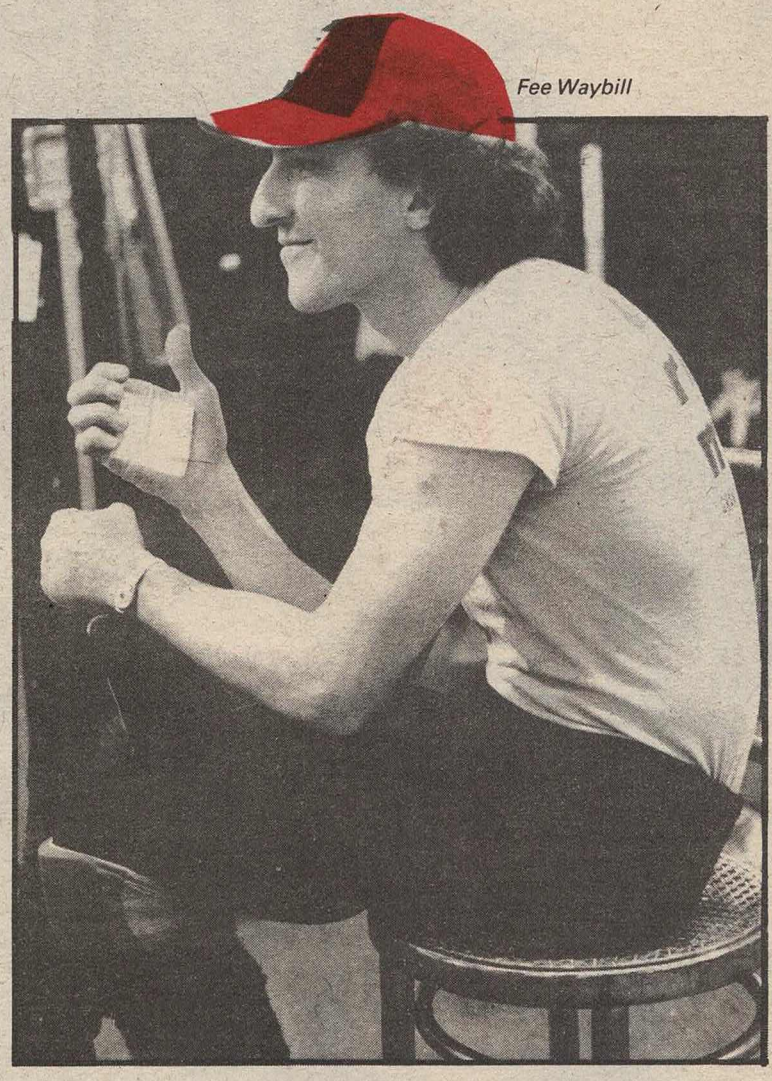
In 1975, the Tubes signed with A&M Records — a company that has stuck steadfastly with the group underwriting often colossal touring expenses and gambling on future success that'll find the shekels already shelled out returning in droves through future record royalties.

Meanwhile, the zaniness and inspiration that obviously fired the group's original existence seems to have been hamstrung by the heated pressures of constant touring at a financial loss, of road fatigue, and of the dreaded disease so prevalent in rock of "going through the motions".

AS A BAND who incorporate satire with music, The Tubes join a tradition that's been populated by the likes of the wretched Frank Zappa — and the ratio of each is obviously causing the group many sleepless nights.

The US has, in possible retaliation to Monty Python, formulated a new vanguard of comedy/satire that has yet to hit these shores in any big way which consequently has caused the more unscrupulous amongst us to swipe gags. Jake Riviera and Stiff, for example, were renowned for craftily heisting many of their slogans from "Firesign Theatre" albums while The Tubes, when playing Hammersmith, were particularly prone to nicking lines from *National Lampoon*.

"You better believe it, we steal anything and everything."



Fee Waybill

Some of The Tubes

Pix by DENIS O'REGAN

Before answering charges of rampant plagiarism, Waybill gives his views on comedy — the differences in sense of humour noted 'twixt the States and here — and its role in The Tubes' current master-plan.

About the former, Waybill pours flattery on the English audiences' astuteness and penchant for subtle witticisms.

"I truly believe that parody is far more accessible and popular as comedy over here, as opposed to the States, which is still bogged down in the old one-line vaudeville routine. The Bob Hope number.

"But see," he adds earnestly, "we don't wanna be comedians though maybe we can never break out of it."

He points out the absence of some of the humorous snatches and gags on the "Live" album as proof of this. However when I tackle him on the plagiarism number, he willingly concedes to it all.

I tell him about the Jethro Tull gig I witnessed and their relentless Python swipes and he retorts straight-faced.

"Really! We steal from them too."

He willingly admits to stealing the "I Love You — Get Outta Here" line, adding adamantly, "You'd better believe it, man. We'll steal *anything* and *everything*."

"Only," he adds, attempting a more reasonable tone, "I personally consider it more than plagiarism myself. It's more a form of flattery."

A moot point, that, seeing that US comedians like Steve Martin and the *National Lampoon/Saturday Night Live* crew have no means of distribution media-wise over here.

"I know", retorts Waybill gleefully. "Isn't it wonderful!"

Sticking to the comedy pitch, I next berate Waybill for not taking his pastiches of American gorishness far enough. The quiz-show guy in "What Do You Want From Life" for example — he's not even half as offensive as Nicholas Parsons, and compared to the deranged lunatics comparing "The Gang Show" and a plethora of other hideous panel games. The main shortcoming of "W.D.Y.F." is a) that it's not savage enough and b) that it doesn't latch onto the prime facet of these horror shows which is to drive the contestants to even more grisly bouts of public self-humiliation.

Surprisingly, Waybill agrees.

"You're right, although it does vary. No, but I think I do have too much mercy on the fuckers, tho' some nights, I get there."

We then compare quiz shows we've seen that have struck new lows in bad taste. My choice is a show involving three best-friend housewifes — Mrs A, B and C — and three of their female friends, the object being to uncover facts about the first three and attempting to attribute the slight to one of the so-called friends. More often than not, the show climaxes with the revelation that wife A is having a clandestine affair with wife C, with the inevitable cat-fight ensuing followed by a brusque five minute black-out.

Waybill nominates a show called *Queen For A Day* where these blighted contestants would attempt to out sob story each other with tales of husbands desperately in need of artificial limbs and Puerto Rican housewives with 18 children begging for a washing machine.

After this, the baleful subject of the dreadful Johnny Bugger is brought up. I again criticise Waybill for the crass characterisation and yes, once again, he concedes, adding that he'd planned to drop "I Saw Her Standing There" and have Bugger with tophat and cane, lurching into Frank Sinatra's "This Town" (a track also from "Now") instead. Unfortunately, a broken leg and the concurrent news that Sid Vicious was doing "My Way" put paid to that.

HAVING VIRTUALLY conceded to all my criticisms, Waybill chooses to talk about future developments. Quay Lewd for example, will be rendered null and void after Knebworth as his last gig. Indeed Knebworth is going to kiss off a large chunk of Tubes' repertoire.

Waybill: "After Knebworth, we want to change from doing little snippets of Americana and concentrate on something new. I'm resisting the word 'concept', but we want to use a form that starts with an idea and follows through that idea to hopefully fruitful and possibly innovative conclusion.

"Though," he adds, " 'Tommy' it certainly won't be."

Pressed further on the subject, he claims that next spring will see the christening of this form and that it'll be based on television.

"Television will be dealt with as a subject and the consequences of total overdose, the concept of a person. . . totally OD'ing on The Tube and the ramifications of it all."

At this juncture, Waybill was presented with a dual delight in the forms of a (a picture of him performing with his faves, The Stranglers, on "Straighten Out" and b) a letter from some big deal film company calling for him to appear in a movie they're making. Suitably over the moon, he disappears back to rehearsals flanked by the languid forms of Hot Gossip draping their limbs over a plethora of wicker chairs.

As a way of concluding things as well as finding another angie, I get to take part in an audience with Messrs. Cotten and Spoones, the former flip and tartly sardonic in his mode of reply, while Spooner "Le Grand Fromage" (Big Cheese to you, monolinguists) is taciturn and blessed with a wit so dry it deserves to be called parched.

Cotten on Phoenix remarks that "absolutely nothing has happened since us. No punk bands, nothing. We were the last."

About the move to S.F. — "I like the idea because the place had absolutely nothing to do with art schools. Plus it was far enough away from Phoenix!"

Spooner, when quizzed about his "Motherlode" venture growls non committally — "It was simply a melodrama with explicit sexual overtones — with this big phallic weenie whose back was broken. We got in a lot of ewophane foam for the show. Actually we took it to Mexico

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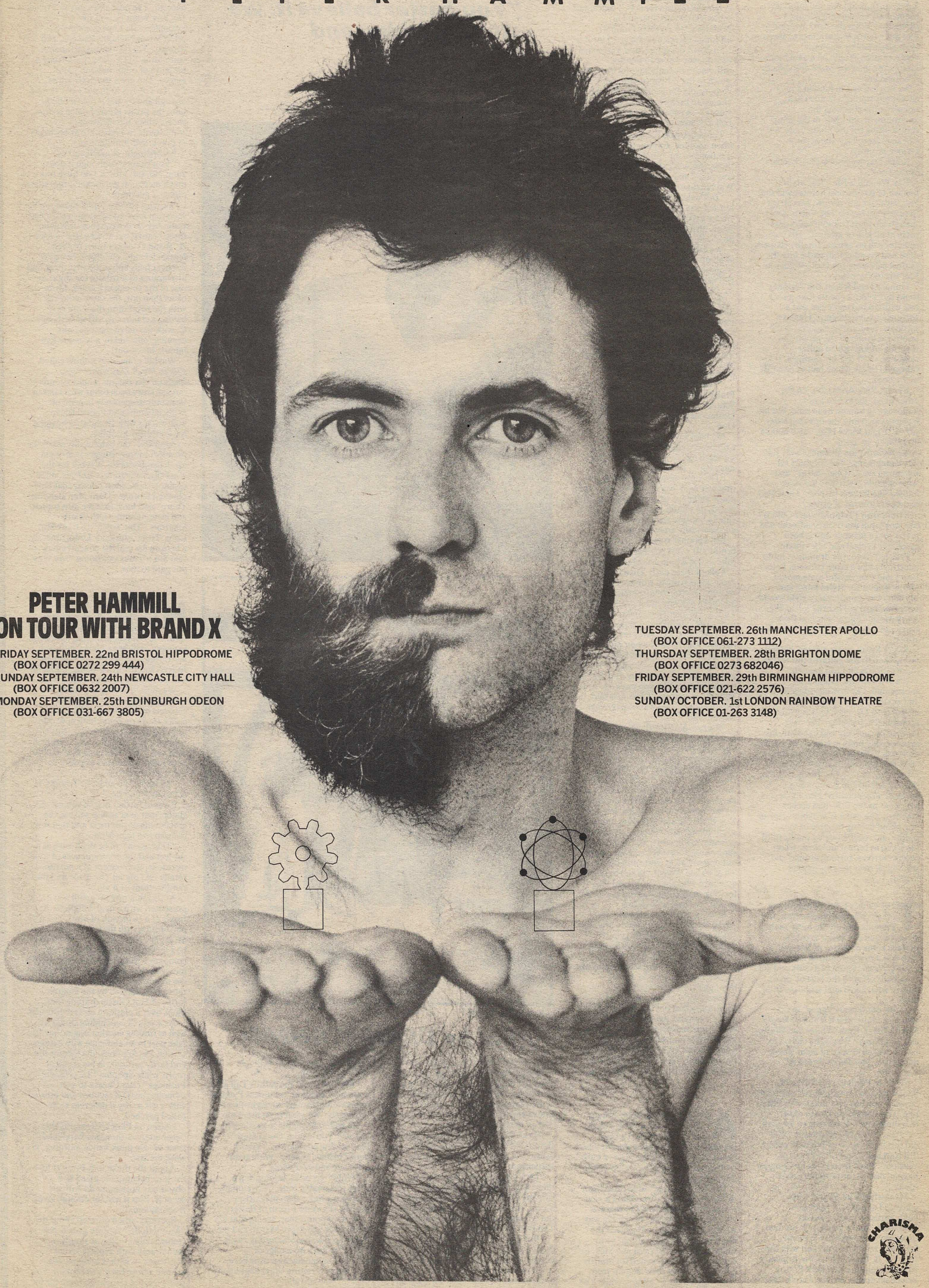
PETER HAMMILL



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SILVER SCREEN

MR and MRS DYLAN intimidate The Lady In White (JOAN BAEZ)

DYLAN NO CLARA

Renaldo And Clara

Written and directed by Bob Dylan
Starring Bob Dylan and Sara Dylan *(Artificial Eye)*

IT CAME AS no surprise when Neil Young recently expressed sentiments along the lines that Bob Dylan's *Renaldo & Clara* was just his kind of film. Young himself had, of course, directed a film of his own in the early '70s *(Journey Through The Past)* which is possibly the most impoverished and self-indulgent piece of celluloid ever conceived.

As it happens, *Renaldo & Clara* isn't as bad as Young's cinematic debut but it's wrought from basically the same premise — this being that both men have been beladen with so many superlatives and verbal bouquets for their songwriting acumen that they decide they are artists with a capital 'A' and can turn their hand to any of the arts with equally dazzling success.

Dylan's already proved that as a draughtsman he's quite abysmal (witness the covers of "Music From Big Pink" and his own "Self-Portrait" for proof), so that's one string off his bow. With this four hour marathon behind him, he should now seriously consider junking any future film aspirations.

This film obviously meant a lot to Dylan — so much so that he allowed the media the rare luxury of grilling him — and he's made statements to the effect that the epic is simply a celluloid extension of his songs and the way he goes about creating them.

In some respects, this is true. An early scene with Dylan, silent as ever, goosing around with Helen Kallionates (an excellent actress known primarily through her appearances in Bob Rafaelson's films) makes the latter seem like Mona or Louise or any of the strange females who inhabit Dylan's more subterranean lyrics. The only problem — and it's a grave, brutal one that concerns the whole film — is that what in print or song possesses a compelling mythic quality becomes more often than not mundane when transfered onto the screen.

Several of Dylan's lyrical obsessions are dealt with. A scene in a bordello featuring Dylan's ex-wife and Joan Baez — a fairly obvious shot at analysing woman as madonna/whore figure — prefaces a startling, vicious electric rendition of "Isis" which features Dylan performing in quite the most demented manner I've ever seen.

The film's only real ace — and the only justification for anyone paying good money to sit through four hours of aimlessness — is the featured music, although many of the 40 odd selections are barely more than snippets.

"Isis", a remarkable rendition of "Just Like A Woman", an electrifying "It Ain't Me Babe", a playful romp through "Durango" and a gorgeous duet by Baez and Dylan on Bobby Ace's "Just Let Me Love You Tonight" are remarkable.

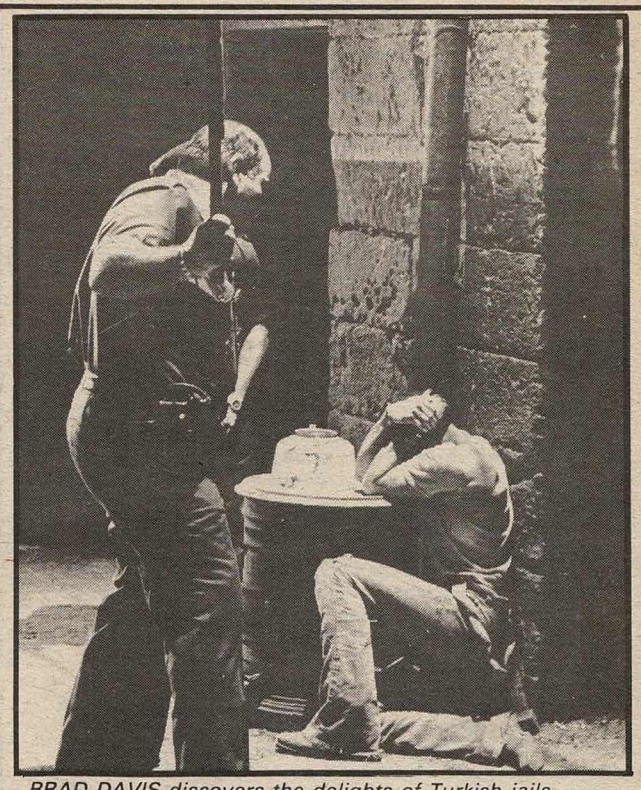
Otherwise we're left with lean pickings indeed. Scenes are set up in improvised fashion for most of the Rolling Thunder crew to act out and scarcely any of them rise above the cloyingly embarrassing or mere feckless amateurism.

Not only that, but the presence of old-timers like Ramblin' Jack Elliott, grizzly old Ronnie Hawkins and the unbearably boring Allen Ginsberg doesn't help matters one jot. More than anything else, one gets the impression of a troupe of musicians coyly improvising with cameras and taking large quantities of various illicit substances for their only inspiration.

Ultimately, though, it's Dylan himself who's the most frustrating figure in the film. He emotes nothing throughout, mumbles almost incoherently and acts as if he'd prefer to be a fly on the wall rather than a central character in his own wretched film.

When I was a teenager I would dream of being Bob Dylan. Now I'd be terrified to be as imprisoned by myth as him.

Nick Kent



BRAD DAVIS discovers the delights of Turkish jails

Midnight Express

Directed by Alan Parker
Starring Brad Davis and John Hurt
(Columbia-Warner)

A TRULY cathartic experience, *Midnight Express* is compulsive viewing and directed by Alan Parker with a gut-wrenching intensity which suggests that he intends to revitalise the ailing British film industry single-handed.

The movie concerns the arrest and subsequent imprisonment of Billy Hayes, a young American. As he was about to board a New York-bound plane at Istanbul airport, the Turkish security forces — on the look-out for international terrorists — discovered two kilos of hash neatly taped to his body.

He was given a four-year jail sentence, a term that was about to expire when the authorities decided that 30 years might after all be a more fitting punishment.

The events of his confinement are unrelentingly harrowing. Daily life in Sagmalcilar prison is under the supervison of a particularly brutal chief guard, who runs the place with a rod of iron and a ready truncheon, and who instructs his porcine underlings in the refinements of sadistic 'correctional measures'.

The picture painted is one of unrelieved brutality and, in line with great works depicting social injustice (some Dickens'

● *Continues over page*

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● Continued from previous page

novels, *The Grapes Of Wrath*, et al), *Midnight Express* creates a well of emotional outrage, the oppressors and the oppressed starkly defined. Indeed, with its depiction of the virtually *every* Turk as a sub-human, the film's chauvinism seems anachronistic, and recalls wartime prison movies.

This, however, is the ground on which Parker has chosen to stand and he makes his case full-bloodedly (in every sense). The cast respond in style. Brad Davis gives a winning performance in the central role and, as an English fellow-prisoner named Max, John Hurt is uniquely brilliant.

The major problem is that this story, purportedly true, is actually a fiction — once that is appreciated, the justification for Parker's scenes of gore and horror crumbles away. The violence then begins to seem not merely gratuitous, but indecent and irresponsible.

Parker has not dramatised Hayes' original narrative, not even distorted it, but has rewritten it. And in tampering with the truth, he has betrayed himself. On the one hand because the movie could otherwise have stood as a crushing indictment of the Turkish penal system; on the other because Hayes' story contained its own dramatic intensity. Parker has lost some of that and has had to sacrifice the original gripping conclusion altogether.

It is small wonder that the Turkish embassy has registered a protest, that Amnesty International seems to be on the point of returning the proceeds of the premier and that at the Cannes Film Festival *Midnight Express* was denied an award — probably merited cinematically — on political grounds.

As it stands, the film has one substantial flaw, in that it declines to comment on Hayes' original felony. For the benefit of the prattling ninnies who favour the *Daily Express* with their opinions (hanging would have been too good, and all that), the film might have taken pains to show that Hayes' actions had been, in an ethical sense anyway, criminally stupid rather than stupidly criminal.

This is Parker's second movie (*Bugsy Malone* was the first) and it could have been, at worst, a classic prison adventure movie — the man obviously has unbounded confidence in his own eloquent talents. As it is, though, he seems to be presently crazy or naive — or, worst, a cynical commercial manipulator.

Bob Woffinden

The One And Only

Directed by Carl Reiner
Starring Henry Winkler and Kim Darby
(CIC)

"I LOST my folks in a car crash when I was 12. No — please don't say sorry."

"But I am sorry."

"What if I told you I was driving the other car?"

Woody Allen apart, there aren't may screenwriters who can strafe an audience with gags throughout a feature, but Steve Gordon — who also produced — comes on like a gatling. The basic premise of a hero with lowly gifts and vaulting self-confidence — the reverse of the Woody Allen persona — goes all the way back to *Long Pants* and the great Harry Langdon.

There's something of the silent screen comic about Henry Winkler too — the long entranced El Greco face with its absurdly winsome mouth, the eyes attending only to inner voices. No great leap from The Fonz, Winkler plays it to the hilt. "God — I love where your hand is," he pants to his date. "That's your hand," she replies, the fastest flash on narcissism since mirror shades.

Drunk since boyhood on his public, Andy Schmidt turns his campus days into a swirl of entrances and grandstanding curtain calls, leaving the gridiron football team bemused by a Camille-like exit from the field, and a theatrical production shipwrecked on his unscheduled death as a humble spearbearer. He courts and wins Kim Darby — though not her parents — and they set off to New York in pursuit of his Destiny.

After numerous professional and domestic setbacks, this turns out to be nothing more elevated than the mountebank end of all-in wrestling. In a world of geeks, carnies and marks, our hero gets an armlock on stardom. His manager — "my son's a gay . . . I got him a football and he decorated it" — and his sidekick, a lecherous Mexican dwarf — "whyncha take three weeks off and change a lightbulb?" — make up a world not unlike that of *Steelyard Blues*.

The gulf between Andy and the straight world is memorably encapsulated in the scene where his wife presents him with a son. "What's its name?" he asks. "We have to name it," she explains, which is clearly news to him.

A very funny film, probably doomed to cult status.

Brian Case

HENRY WINKLER strains credulity — this man is a hero to a generation of TV watchers?

Despair

Directed by Rainer Wener Fassbinder
Starring Dirk Bogarde
(Gala)

Chinese Roulette

Directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder
Starring Ulli Lommel and Anna Karina
(Cinegate)

OL' RAINER — like that other fab, fat German radical, Gunter Grass — juggles with such a frightening number of stock cliches and devices of illusion, with a manner so detached and world-weary, that the agony of his characters rarely overtakes twitch fever.

Ghosts of emotions pirouette lamely across the faces of the actors, who seem to interview each feeling before it is conveyed — stylisation as soap opera. Using aching melodrama, highly stylised camera compositions, and whatever neurosis is bugging him most that season, Fassbinder tells grey, glossy fibs in a Gothic margin — jeez, even this guy's gargoyles look guilty about something.

Chinese Roulette is mainstream (slow-lane) breaking-point Fassbinder from 1976, using his formerly exclusive 'company' of actors, liggers and companions. *Despair* is something of a departure — an International flight angling for the wide audience with an impeccable Bogarde and all-English script from Tom Stoppard.

Chinese Roulette is 'a game of truth'. The game and essence are set to match the claustrophobic confines of (what seems) yer routine rant about, oh, the opaque social games of the middle-classes and male-female role playing.

A perspective film. I'm of the opinion that if Fassbinder's method *is* to throw a bucketful of symbols at the audience in the hope that some will stick — well, maybe that's the least claustrophobic and least condescending way to do it.

And a funny film — some expert dead-pan satire on 'intellectual' movies, the things they aspire to but rarely touch. I *hope* it's satire.

Where *Chinese Roulette* works with two points in time — examining both the past and how people choose to see it — *Despair* plays ping-pong with three realities, all parallel.

Bogarde plays an expatriate Russian in Berlin during the rise of Huchenberg and — your starter for ten — Hitler. The sauve, bored-shitless schizo is the owner of a chocolate factory which isn't coping too well in amongst the despair of things economic. Bogarde, of course, is utterly convincing in this cast — his face looking like a room long since vacated, making the emotions from lust to jealousy look as flat and functional as the Autobahn.

The fact that Bogarde submerges himself (both of him) in a person who *he* thinks is a perfect mirror reflection, but who is in fact entirely dissimilar, is fair game for all sorts of analysis. I left the cinema a different man!

Quite apart from all political and psychological messages-in-mirrors, *Despair* is lovingly crafted cinema of the highest order. Intense, visually seductive, self-mocking — like Wenders' *The American Friend* and Altman's *The Long Goodbye* it's a study both of reality, and reality as seen through the eye of the cinema.

Magically, a film which is stimulating without going heavy on either cranium or crotch.

Be seeing me.

Ian Penman

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A SERIOUS PERSON'S GUIDE TO THE RAMONES

THE RAMONES
Road To Ruin (Sire)

SUMMER '77 and the world lay at The Ramones' feet. Those Roundhouse gigs and "Sheena", we couldn't resist them. Mick Farren wrote his essay on minimalism; Julie Burchill fought for Johnny's guitar pick. "But above all they are the best pop group on the planet at this moment in time". Portentous words. I wrote them.

Two albums later and the magic is wearing a little thin. There are a number of reasons for this. First is the fact that Tommy blew the gaffe. His surname wasn't really Ramone, they weren't really brothers, he wasn't just a headbanger (Talking Heads' producer, no less), and he was quitting the band. How can you draft in another Ramone? Marc Bell is never going to be Marky Ramone. That's like Bluto opting out of *Popeye*, and some actor dressing up as him and acting alongside the animations of Olive Oyl, Wimpy and Popeye.

Because, let's face it, there had to be a tacit suspension of belief, an element of King's New Clothes, in our love of The Ramones. There's nothing wrong with this, but the unstated terms of the relationship have to be understood *(Quite — A Psychiatrist).*

There was no gullible audience for The Ramones, in the way that there was for The Bay City Rollers, say. Of this I am totally convinced. The Ramones were condescending to an imaginary audience, and we were *all* in on the joke. Personally, I used to get a similar kick out of the Rollers or The Glitter Band of old as I did last year from The Ramones: the only difference was that every single other Ramones fan got that same kick — the kick of analysing and admiring a perfect trash package designed *not* for direct consumption, but specifically for analysis and admiration.

At the same time, of course, as with all good pop, however manipulative, one did submerge oneself in the substance as well, for whatever reasons — melodies, riffs, rhythms — the pulls at the feet, heart or head inherent in all music. All good pop wields this two-edged appeal — both to our 'instinctive' response *and* our detached admiration — though not necessarily intentionally.

The Ramones, however, positively invited both responses. They were like masterly set designers who have built up such a brilliant false front that it would be a waste of their efforts if the audience didn't admire their construction just as much as the action that's going on. They tacitly required that response — like Kiss, though there the lines blur somewhat — and as I say, I am convinced that every member of The Ramones' audience shared the 'joke' at least to some degree.

The trouble is, once they've built up this great living comic strip group, and once we have all given our approval, what then? The appeal of the designers is actually stronger than that of the set: one can revel in the way The Ramones have gone about creating their hilarious headbanger effigy, but do we really want to watch that effigy churn out more albums than the one or two it takes to establish its identity?

Because that's all that's left. 'Insider' appeal has been destroyed (a) by the group failing to maintain the joke (by Tommy opting out) and (b) simply through our habituation to it. Basically, this new Ramones album has to appeal on its own merits rather than as part of the masterplan.

That's my interpretation of the situation, anyway.

The Ramones are dead as a conceptual group. We have the first three albums as documents of a brilliant, zany experiment that has now outlived its purpose. For The Ramones with Marc Bell to attempt to continue with the previous blue-print would be futile and would only serve to denigrate their own achievements.

Unfortunately, The Ramones evidently don't see it that way. Perhaps they just haven't thought about it, or perhaps Tony Parsons was right: they *do* take themselves seriously.

In any event, there is no way that an ex-member of Richard Hell's Voidoids can get away with writing idiotic crap like *"I killed my family/They thought I was an oddity/Life is so beautiful/I am a vegetable/I've gone mental . . ."* **Only a comic-cut group can do that, and The Ramones are comic cuts no longer.**

It's sad. The show's over, but they don't seem to realise it. What was needed was a radical departure. They can't get away with acting thick any more, like Daddy can't get away with dressing up as Santa Claus, but they could still cut it as a great pop group, if they would only take the chance.

After all, in order to masquerade as a pop group all this time, they had to have the required skills — and now those skills must stand up on their own. That radical departure mentally is actually just a short step in performance.

In fact, they're already halfway there, but in too many ways this set is the fourth in a series of three. The biggest mistake was printing the words, because the celebrations of self-destruction aren't funny any more — except for "I Wanna Be Sedated", which brilliantly captures the frustration of a rock star waiting for gig time. (In other words, it works because The Ramones are writing as real people and not as their dumbo alter-egos).

The music is as good as ever, but it's also the same as ever.

If you know The Ramones, you know what it's like. It's geat trash — no doubt about it.

None of the pure pop songs quite match up to "I Remember You", but the band is definitely moving the right way in emphasising that side more.

But until they drop songs like "Go Mental" and "Bad Brain", songs about Mom and Daddy and sniffing glue, they are caught in a crisis of credibility. The cretins have hopped it. Now let's hear the real Ramones.

Phil McNeill

LEON REDBONE
Champagne Charlie (Warner Brothers Import)

REDBONE, LIKE Ry Cooder, has elected to become a curator of musical history. He dusts down sheet music that has lain around since the days when the Black Bottom was the favourite with the local Travoltas and records these ditties in glorious stereo, though retaining the patina of that scratchy, pre-electric era.

And so it is that his versions of such moth-balled favourites as "Big Bad Bill Is Sweet William Now", "Sweet Sue (Just You)" and "Yearning (Just For You)" have all the aura of a pile of junk shop '78s — and, in particular, those cut by the late Ferdinand "Jelly Roll" La Menthe Morton.

Jelly Roll, a kind of jazz Liberace and as flash as they come, was nevertheless a great creative artist who possessed a slurred but endearing vocal style — and Redbone, who's always snuck in a couple of Morton compositions along the way, has obviously spent much of his early life with one ear against his grandad's Victrola in an attempt to become to Jelly what Mike Yarwood is to Harold Wilson.

The problem is that while Redbone has got a great feel for the period — his version of "Sweet Sue", with Vince Gordon recreating the New York '20s sax sound of the great Adrian Rollini, is an amusing pastiche — WEA's man of mystery is vocally inadequate, lacking not only Jelly's ability to phrase in a musicianly manner but also flunking on such a basic thing as holding a tune.

Cooder had proved that it's possible to look back, yet edge slowly forward. Redbone merely demonstrates that if you're facing the wrong way, it's more likely you'll end up with your neck in the mire of mundanity. Nostalgia drools — and it's not OK.

Fred Dellar

PHIL UPCHURCH
Phil Upchurch (TK Records)

TO HEAR a guitarist of Phil Upchurch's erstwhile credibility fall foul of the Kudu sugar factory is more than the human heart can bear. Phil obviously doesn't remember his string of fine recordings with Blue Thumb, and he seems to have forgotten the soul barometer he once charted with Donny Hathaway too (where the hell is Donny Hathaway these days anyhow?).

Instead you have to wade through acres of puerile synthetics, one half courtesy of John Tropea and his merry men, the other by way of George 'Add Two More Noughts, Man' Benson, who gets to write the liner notes too (guess he needs the money). Amongst those destroying dying reputations are Leon Pendarvis, Chuck Rainey and Steve Gadd, all no doubt laughing their way towards another Bahaman tax haven.

Max Bell

IAN CARR'S NUCLEUS
In Flagranti Delicto (Capitol)

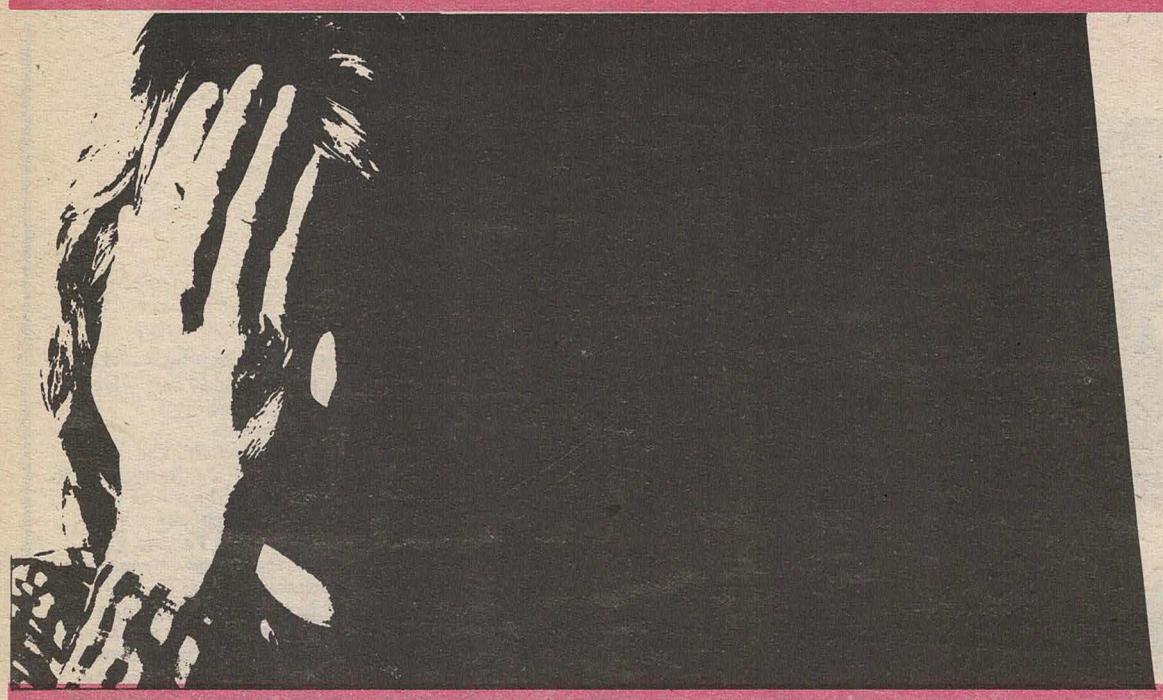
A LIVE album, recorded in Germany, by a new five-piece version of Nucleus. It says in the ads that Ian Carr reformed the group because of fresh musical ideas, but there doesn't seem to be a lot here that's so different from the old Nucleus, or that Miles Davis didn't do years ago, or that Weather Report aren't doing more subtly now.

It's mainstream electric jazz, chief focus being Ian Carr's authoritative trumpet and the sturdy, imaginative bass of Bill Kristian. The group work through the four-track set in a tight, competent manner that's alway interesting, and enjoyable too in a detached, low-key way. If I'm unenthusiastic, it's because they're a little too cool, too precise for me. Nearer the functional than the exciting.

But if you're a jazz-rock fan who's fed up with the truck-loads of crossover disco-funk junk that's been emanating from Stateside jazzers recently, you'll probably appreciate this album a lot. It's so good to hear a jazz-rock album these days which has integrity. I just wish Nucleus took more risks and evoked a bit of passion occasionally.

Graham Lock

DAVE EDMUNDS TRACKS ON WAX



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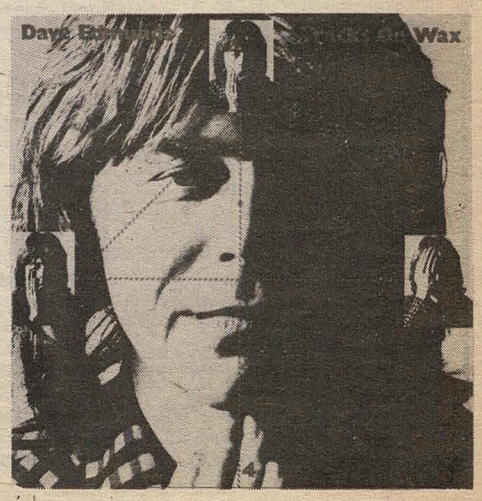
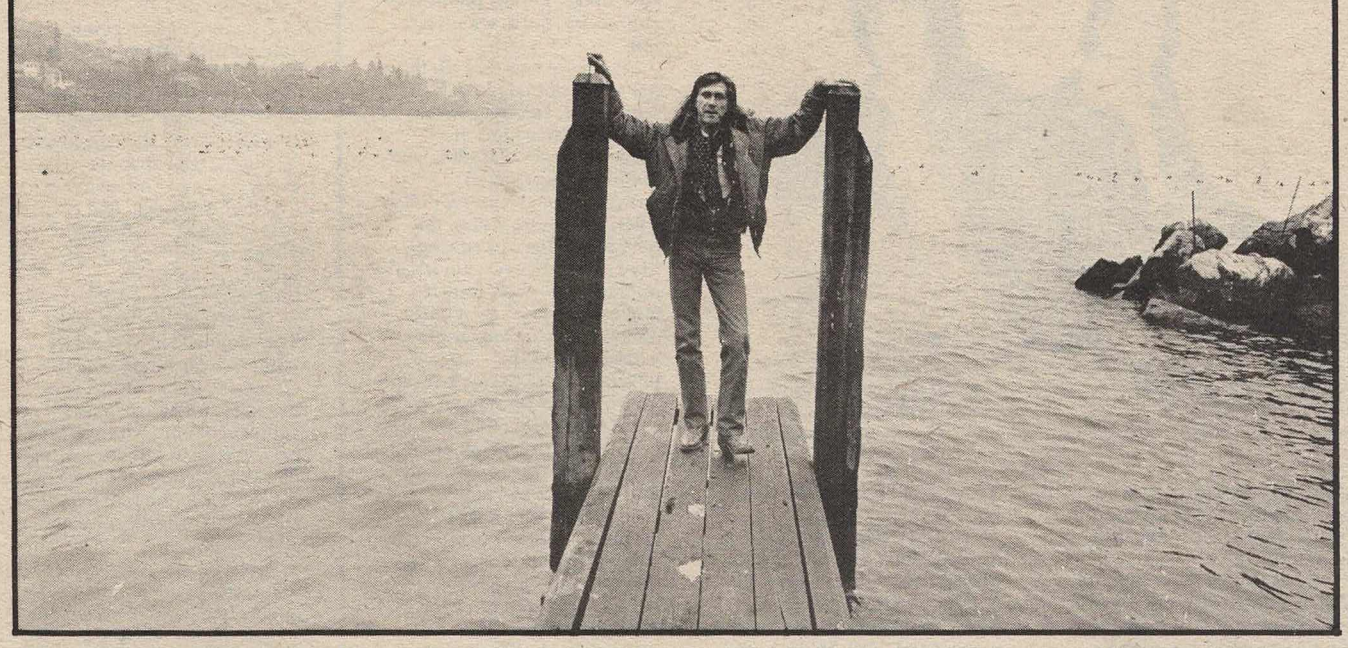


The Poignant And The Pointless — Ferry Takes The Plunge



The artist considers both the meaning of life and the camera in Montreux. *Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES*

BRYAN FERRY
The Bride Stripped Bare (Polydor)

SHORTLY AFTER his arrival in Montreux, Switzerland at the end of '77 to begin recording this, his fifth solo album, Bryan Ferry was confronted with the unwelcome news that Jerry Hall, his Texan model paramour, had suddenly upped and left him for one Michael Phillip Jagger. Poor, poor Bryan.

"The Bride Stripped Bare" — its title courtesy of French futurist Marcel Duchamp's enigmatic work *The Bride Stipped Bare By Her Bachelors Even* — is thus a portrait of the artist in deepest despair, dazed and distraught at the cruel hand fate had played him.

Yes, it's very tempting to take an unashamedly romantic view of this album. As tempting as sin.

Whereas in fact most of the material for it had been shortlisted before Ferry left LA for Switzerland. Which isn't to deny that a certain rather rueful ambience clings close to "The Bride", merely to suggest that this is as much incidental as intentional. Only one song, "When She Walks In The Room", was actually written by the understandably dejected Ferry in his empty Montreux hotel over a *very* lonely last Christmas. But we'll bring on the violins later.

All this aside, I can't fathom just why Ferry persists in covering vintage and veteran standards that have already been shriven and hallowed by singers infinitely more able than himself.

His taste may be reliably impeccable, but that's rarely enough to help any interpretative crooner through any night. Admittedly Ferry has sometimes transcended the severe limitations of his own singing by sheer sense of style and styling, but there's certainly no "Wonderful World" or "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes" on this luxury liner.

Ferry's versions of Sam and Dave's "Hold On I'm Coming", Al Green's "Take Me To The River", itself the subject of a recent Talking Heads cover, and Otis Redding's "That's How Strong My Love Is" are enjoyable, charming even, but ultimately both trivial and trivialising.

Ferry lacks all but the most rudimentary blue-eyed soul or R&B vocal credentials — and it invariably shows. (Maybe Ferry doesn't want to go to Memphis, Motown or wherever but) not even the hip-grinding backbeat shaken up by bassist Alan Spenner and drummer Rick Marotta on the Green song or the neat, so very neat cut and thrust of guitarists Waddy Wachtel and Neil Hubbard can really elevate these takes above the status of *studied* exercises.

There's also that failed single to be considered, a heads-down drive at Lou Reed's "What Goes On" from the third Velvet Underground album incorporating verses from the same set's "I'm Beginning To See The Light". It's by far the least competitive entry, since Ferry's curtly guttural diction just can't compensate for another night with ol' Uncle Lou himself.

However, Ferry's reading of J. J. Cale's "Same Old Blues" is undeniably forceful. Claiming more in common with Bobby Bland's "Reflections In Blue" version than the original, it spooks off nicely with Steve Nye's brooding electric piano intro. This was one of the first songs Ferry finalised after his merry Christmas recess and the barely restrained vitriol of his delivery (ah, show me some emotion, Bryan) seems to make no secret of the song's relevance to his own state of mind: *"Have you heard that rumour that's going round/you got another man way across town/it's the same old story/tell me where does it end/yes I heard the news/it's the same old blues again"* . . .

"Carrickfergus" is, if anything, even more affecting. A melancholy traditional Irish ballad (theme: expatriate seeks reunion with long dead love in his own death), Ferry plays it straight from the heart, accompanied only by Wachtel and Herbie Flowers' string bass. It's a devastating performance, completely out of character and all the more bamboozling for it.

As for the originals, you're probably already familiar with the current single, "Sign Of The Times". Its taut musical and lyrical concision is paradoxically the very aspect that makes it an awkward opening gambit; its accent on 'modernity' might have been more sensibly matched with the upcoming Roxy Music reunion.

The urging, urgent "Can't Let Go" presents the artist in the process of exorcising a hapless fascination for life in the LA fast lane, a climate he surmises is as unreal as his desperation is real. By Ferry's standards, an unusually credible scenario. Meanwhile the airily pensive "This Island Earth" is rather more contrived in its evocation of Romantic worldweariness.

Which leaves "When She Walks In The Room". Take it away, Bryan: *". . . And your fair weather friends fail to speak/they're so afraid still waters run deep/and they don't understand or perceive/that you can't see the wood from the trees/Christmas trees you were sure weren't the sort/to build up your hopes and sell them short . . . All your life you were taught to believe/then a moment of truth — you're deceived . . . so you take this and that and then some more/and you make your way through the door"* . . .

Very down and very out. All this and much more Ferry casts over a mournful cluster of piano chords and backing track that seems (suitably) about to fall apart. The song's an apparently rare lapse on Ferry's part into unforced and uncontrived emoting. Not the bride, but the artist stripped bare. And without the smallest smattering of self-indulgence. It could, it should floor you too.

And so "The Bride Stripped Bare" mixes the pointless and the poignant in equal proportions. It's much better than last year's slight "In Your Mind", evoking as it does a new found warmth and intimacy. The album's obviously the result of some very determined application on Ferry's part — nothing like burying your head in work to keep the blues at bay — but its uncertain duality emphasises precisely why Ferry has felt the need to reform Roxy.

After all, what else can the poor boy do?

Angus MacKinnon

YES, YES, YES — BUT SO WHAT?

YES
Tormato (Atlantic)

HERE WE go. Wakeman rejoins Yes and they are One again. They make a funky and genial rock and roll album in "Going For The One". Wakeman learns sensitivity. It is all as it should be. A positive force returns. Eat your cornflakes and listen.

Unfortunately I've lost my copy of *Rock On* with John Tobler's definitive guide to Yes through the ages, so alas cannot tell you whether this is really a marvy Yes album, a thumbs up or thumbs down. But from where I'm sitting, I don't remember anything.

I am a seagull. No, that's wrong, I am a rock critic. I must be careful I don't shoot myself. I can't think straight. I need some help. I look out of the window and see Devo's Mark Mothersbaugh listening to the opening track of this fractured masterpiece, and he's screaming that "Future Times" is modestly majestic, features Jon Anderson's happy, jaunty singing, a silly lyric and a subtly deluding musical build up.

A good trick is always worth replaying twice.

But make no mistake, I chant mindlessly, the Yes people have a lot to be excited over. Gorgeous melodies, intelligent, carefully crafted, surprising arrangements, concise and energetic performances, cryptic but evocative lyrics — when all these are present Yes are quite boggling and their potential seemingly unlimited.

Guess their thoughts and feel the humiliation. Float with the flowing attack of "Rejoice" that is both as complex and as simple as life. Sob along to "Don't Kill The Whale".

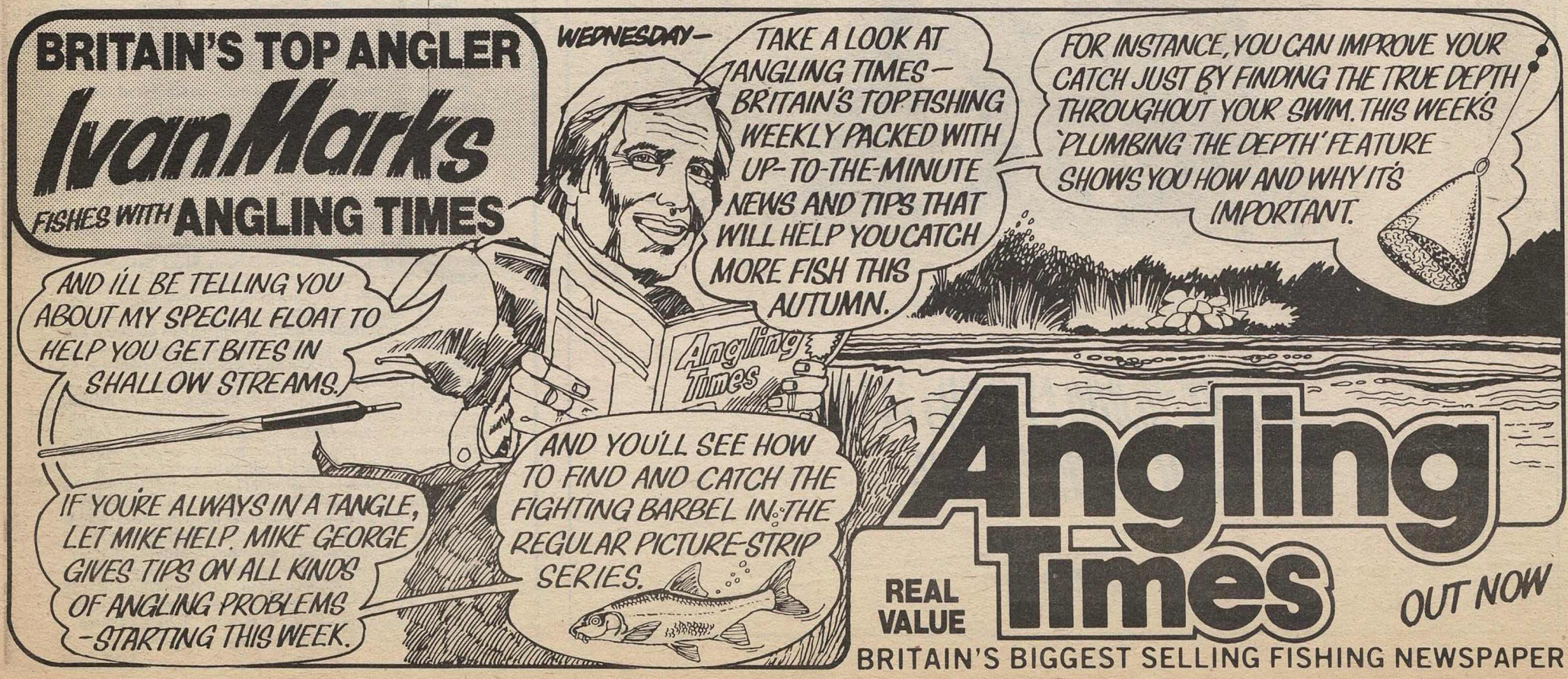
Jon Anderson is intelligent; strong and brave. If he had lived normally he might have become another Schopenhauer or Dostoievsky. The music here is like latter period Brahms with a luscious velvetiness and an erotic warmth about the melody that makes it all almost too rich and sweet a fare.

The stability and density of "Release, Release" is devastating, and this track has all the proof you're ever likely to need of Rick Wakeman's new found control and diplomacy. The topical farce "Arriving U.F.O." is a staggered, scattered stab at social realism. There are disciplined metaphysical games in "Circus Of Heaven", a peculiarly desolate musical doodle. "Onward" is gentle and flowing, almost a tone poem. But not quite.

But who's looking? The inevitable concluding epic "On The Silent Wings Of Freedom" has all of Yes idiotically indulging their own particular virtuosity without any cares in the world, and is a jolly way to finish a jolly album.

Will we ever forget it?

Paul Morley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Not Even A Heart To Hang Onto

10cc
Bloody Tourists (Mercury)
THERE'S NOTHING new to say about 10cc because the group have nothing new to offer. The departure of Lol Creme and Kevin Godley, the arrival of four new members, these traumas have barely ruffled the surface of the music. There's less wit on "Bloody Tourists", fewer pretensions, but these are merely shifts in emphasis. Cool, smooth, sophisticated pop remains the core of the group's music.

You notice I say core, and not heart. 10cc have consistently been accused of sounding contrived, soulless, artificial, and "Bloody Tourists" has exactly these flaws. There's hardly a track that isn't marred by some clever-clever time changes or other unnecessary dabbling. As if the group hasn't sufficient faith in their music, so they're always trying to tart it up a bit.

Maybe it's a failure of commitment similar to that which shows through their lyrics — from a curious tendency to write about casual sex rather than love, to their general practice of tackling serious topics and inevitably trivialising them.

"Reds In The Bed" is about Russian dissidents, but it's too vague and confused to make any sense; "The Anonymous Alcoholic" glosses over the human tragedy that the song seeks to raise; "Shock On The Tube" and "Everything You Ever Wanted To Know About!!! (Exclamation Marks)" limp through a series of cliches on sexual behaviour. It's sad, too, to see the group which could manage the lyrical precision of "The Dean And I" or "The Wall Street Shuffle" becoming increasingly bogged down in mere wordiness.

Eric and Graham share a joke *Pic: STEVE EMBERTON*

Not surprisingly, it's the least ambitious songs which are the album's straight successes. There are just two — "Take These Chains" and "Life Line", brief, uncomplicated love songs. Totally phoney, of course, but pure, seamless pop.

As for the rest — well, there are the customary lush harmonies, soothing vocals, and tantalising hints of gorgeous tunes that flit in and out of the convoluted structures and technical polish. There's a lighter feel to this album (no sign of a concept, even on the sleeve), but it's a million miles away from the minor triumph of their early albums. 10cc no longer play within their limits — they never had a lot to say, but now they insist on saying nothing in as many different and intricate ways as they can think of.

They have the same empty attractiveness of Paul McCartney, whom they frequently resemble, or of City Boy, who frequently resemble them, but there's nothing really, nothing to *listen* to. They're just bloody tourists themselves, fastidiously avoiding the dangerous heartland of rockanroll.

Graham Lock

GERRY RAFFERTY AND JOE EGAN
Stuck In The Middle With You (The Best Of Stealers Wheel) (A&M)
WITH an eye on the recent success of "City To City", A&M have recycled some of their Rafferty 'product' in the shape of a Stealers Wheel compilation.

It's more of a representative sample than a genuine "Best Of". There are four tracks from each of Stealers Wheel's three albums, even though the third was generally considered less interesting than its predecessors. And, indeed, "Right Or Wrong" and "Benediction" from that album are the weak (read turgid) moments on an otherwise pleasing LP.

The hit singles "Stuck In The Middle With You" and "Star" are included, and the remaining tracks are all very listenable and attractive lightweight pop, with echoes of early Byrds and Beatles, while the stylish arrangements show the touch (on the first two albums) of producers Leiber and Stoller.

A reasonable, if unimaginative, momento of an underrated band. This music isn't as mellow/cloying as "City To City", but if you fancy an album that sounds like a collection of Beatles' B-sides, you'll probably enjoy it.

Graham Lock

JAMES BROWN
Jam 1980's (Polydor)
WELL, IT'S a definite improvement on his last album; no question about that. The material may not be a lot better but whereas the mix on "Mutha's Nature" was hopelessly muddled and bottom-heavy, here it's forcefully accurate.

Brown needs this kind of precision, or, if not that, at least a production that allows him to come on top, because he is a personality, a character, a musical eccentric whose success or failure largely depends on his contribution to the event, not matter what's happening around him. So when he is lost in the mixes, all is lost — period.

This time all is not lost. I particularly enjoy the fact that his band (presumably still known as The JBs, whoever they may be this year) comes on like a band, a set of interacting musicians who are all performing together, rather than layers of individually recorded virtuosity.

The opening cut is an 11 minute 47 second groove called "Jam"; I bet that title is entirely accurate. All the tracks sound as if Brown and his men just marched into the studio, set the tapes rolling and took it from the top. As a consequence we get to hear a lot of riffs and moods and changes that will be familiar to anyone who's got more than a handful of his previous records. But at least they are performed by funky human beings and not a classful of electronic experts.

Brown struts around upfront in his customary manner, spouting a lot of waffle about spanking the "nature" and "eyesight" and whatnot. Occasionally there's a good strong line of lyric or a clever little couplet but mainly, as always, his strength is in the way he uses his voice and his impeccable timing; two attributes that combine to make him the lead instrument of the band — a very unique instrument; one that could never be replaced by synthetic imitation.

Cliff White

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IMPORTS

PSSST. WANNA hear about some inexpensive imports that you can buy at *any* record store? The line I'm referring to is the Savoy series of doubles now being lugged into the country by Clive Davis and his merry band at Arista.

The first 15 doubles in the series have already arrived — great albums by **John Coltrane, Lester Young, Charlie Parker, Dexter Gordon, Cannonball Adderley** and others beloved by Kid Case. But perhaps the most interesting of these — though *not* the most important — is "The Changing Face Of Harlem", a 32-track job that captures the sounds that echoed around The Savoy, the Apollo and other Harlem haunts, exactly 34 years ago.

In '44, Harlem was full of jump bands. They had a heart full of swing, a head full of a new wave thing that was to become known as bebop, and feet that were itching to tap out R&B. **Earl Bostic,** the Tulsa sax-man, who was to head the way for rock with sides like "Flamingo" and "Rockin' And Reelin' " in '51, was still moppin' in swing fashion with a pick-up outfit led by Buck Ram (the same guy who later famepushed The Penguins and The Platters) — but another altoist named **Pete Brown** was already honkin' and lip-slappin' in fine fashion and making for the main gate, as was vocalist **Viola Wills** (then working under the name of Miss Rhapsody), whose "Hey, Lordy Mama" and "Groovin' The Blues" could be slotted into any history of rock.

Other good things abound on the album — there are some of **Charlie Parker's** earliest solos; portions of two finger piano from **Lionel Hampton** ("Stop playing that rock'n'roll," Johnny Dankworth once yelled at a Hamp concert); samples of **Slam Stewart's** bowed-bass-and-voice technique; and some great tenor, courtesy of **Ben Webster.** Historically and musically tasty then — and a great appetite whetter for Savoy's "History of Rock And Roll", which hopefully will be with us in November.

Though I've only just gotten round to hearing **Hall and Oates** "Livetime", the duo already have a newie in "Along The Red Ledge" (RCA), a spot-the-celeb affair on which George Harrison, Todd Rundgren, Celeb Quaye, Roger Pope, Robert Fripp, Dick Wagner, Jay Graydon and Rick Nelson collect their requisite session fees. Mention of **Eric (Rick) Halliard Nelson** reminds me that Bonaparte's of Croydon are now importing French UA's Rock And Roll Revival Series. Aimed at "Rock On" frequenters and other collectors, the series retain their original cover shots and sleeve notes, those so far available being **Ricky Nelson's** "Ricky", "Rick Nelson," "Rick Is 21" and "Ricky Sings Again", plus **Eddie Cochran's** "Cherished Memories", "My Way" and "Singin' To My Baby".

I once thought **Denise LaSalle** would make a breakthrough via her Westbound cuts. Indeed, her '71 "Trapped By A Thing Called Love" was hailed as a soul classic and edged its way in to the US Top 20. But despite some other minor chartclimbers, she's never really made the grade with British punters and in recent years lost a lot of ground Statewise. It's possible that her latest album "Under The Influence" (ABC) will provide added impetus to her career — maybe it will and maybe it won't. Either way it ought to be worth perusing.

Finally — **Genesis** fanatics might care to note that there's a compilation out on Euro-Fontana's Reflection series under the title of "Rock Theatre". Others in the same series include "The Early **Yardbirds**", "**The Turtles** — Their Million Sellers", **"Aphrodite's Child"** and **"Buddy Miles** — His Greatest Hits". Those who speculate that the latter will be formed by a dozen different versions of "Them Changes" will be required to stay behind after school and write out "I must not be facetious about electric flagwavers" at least 200 times. The import class is hereby dismissed for this session.

Fred Dellar

This Is The End For The National Health Service

Another Exclusive NME Investigation

Would you take any sort of prescription from these men? *Pic: PAUL CANTY*

DR. FEELGOOD
Private Practice (United Artists)

"ALL I can say is that John's got a few things up 'is sleeve." Thus spake Lee Brilleaux in *NME*, June 1977, on his first interview after the departure of the other John (Wilkinson) and the blooding of new guitarist John Mayo.

Of course, no one believed him. How could this unknown baby-faced boy from Harlow have anything up his sleeve to rival to tormented genius Wilko Johnson? (Naturally, we ignored the fact that Wilko's much-vaunted innovations ran mainly to wearing an Oxfam shop suit and prison-cut hair, creating a new visual art-form onstage, and cutting the band's first set in glorious mono . . .)

When the new Feelgoods, anxious to forget the traumas attendant upon "Sneakin' Suspicion", shoved out a 12-incher to represent the new line-up just four months later, everyone looked at it, saw four so-so originals and a whole cluster of retreads of '60s soul classics and the like, and came to the obvious conclusion: this band can't write, hasn't got any direction. The pointless "Be Seeing You" *Prisoner*

obsession only reinforced the impression of aimlessness. Sure, it was a good R&B album (in fact, in retrospect, it was an *extremely* good R&B album), but they weren't going anywhere, were they?

Subsequently, everyone wrote the Feelgoods off — even though the crowds still flocked to see them, seemingly undisturbed by the lack of previous prime focus Johnson the robot. Anyway, it's years since they've been worth seeing live — pressures of success having increasingly reduced their gigs to depressing Status Quo style boogie headbanger routines . . .

So when Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders issued their debut set just a week before Dr Feelgood were due to put out their first for a year, Wilko's inevitably aroused far greater expectancy.

Seems it was a disappointment — at least to *NME's* reviewer Bob Edmands. Personally, I beg to differ. Certainly the extremely unglamorous production (presumably Wilko's instigation rather than ex-SAHB producer David Batchelor's choice) gives it an overridingly forlorn air, but Wilko has given rein to his more off-beam inclinations at last and it adds up to a strangely atmospheric mixture of inspiration and miscalculation.

Which cannot be said for the Feelgoods. No miscalculation here, John. This band has come back from the dead and is locked into a new approach which looks set to transform them from bar-room dynamite R&B pioneers into a genuine high-grade mainstream rock outfit.

Mayo's no tortured genius, but he can sure play guitar. He's also got six writing credits out of ten here (five in conjunction with either Lee or Nick Lowe), and the direction he's evidently steering the band in seems to have given Brilleaux, John Sparks and The Big Figure new drive. Can you see The Big Figure shooting it out in the same stakes as, say, Aerosmith? Stranger things have happened . . .

Not that Dr Feelgood have gone heavy metal, but they're now a real solid rock band. Just listen to Lowe and Mayo's "Milk And Alcohol" (title nicked from John Lee Hooker's "Serve You Right To Suffer" — at least, J. Geils' version). Mayo's lethal combination of riffing guitars, Brilleaux's brilliant Wolf-like vocal, the rhythm section's relaxed power, Mayo's wicked break (beginning, ironically, on a Wilko-like one-note drive-in) — great song, perfect performance.

Other stand-outs: the Brilleaux/Mayo "Every Kind Of Vice", the Feelgoods at their most dangerous on the riff out of Albert King's "Pretty Woman" combined with a really ingenious chorus-line, both musically and lyrically, plus a rock-hard middle-eight riff about four guitars strong. And Eddie Floyd's old follow-up to "Knock On Wood", "Things Get Better", performed like the Feelgoods' idea of how The Byrds might have treated it — all light 'n' layered power-pop guitars, would you believe!

As it happens, those three tracks fall together on the first side — I can see this going to become a one-sided record for me at least. Still, the other side's got Lee and John's scalpel-sharp motoring riffer "Take A Trip", and an exhilarating fade-out of massed guitars *a la* Hendrix's "Nightbird Flying" on the amusing barfly's pick-up (or not) tale, "Sugar Shaker".

Everywhere, Brilleaux's performance is simply superb, while New York producer Richard Gottehrer has given Mayo's guitar work the weight of a double-tracked sledgehammer. Sure, they relax their grip once or twice — but no more than that. Evidently they've been practising in private . . .

And they're still the best-looking band in the land.

Phil McNeill

GRACE JONES
Fame (Island)

GRACE JONES is a case of failed synthesis. Her glam-butch image has the erotic appeal of a lumberjack in drag (which is okay, but *limited*), while her attempts to fuse classy Gallic emotionalism with New York disco funk merely results in the enervation of both genres. The triumph of the synthetic over the synthesis.

She's supposed to be the Ice Queen of Disco, or some such nonsense, but she sounds tired rather than cold on "Fame". Disco rhythms flitter along on side one, segueing slickly into one another, occasionally interrupted by limply catchy choruses and Grace singing as if her mouth was closed.

On side two, she tries for greater range. "Autumn Leaves" is delivered *en Francais* — what sophistication! — which detracts from the music's functionalism, even as the romance is drained away by the clinical disco arrangement.

The rest is more soft-edged disco, thoroughly listless, thoroughly disinterested. So bloodless, it barely has the energy to be *chic*, let alone *camp*.

Sorry Grace, frosty lips and blank eyes don't make it. At least Silver convention made a tiny *effort*.

Graham Lock

IAN MATTHEWS
Stealin' Home (Rockburgh)

IAN MATTHEWS slips back after a period of unusual inactivity on a new, comfortably independent label, and with a collection of class musicians.

Little change elsewhere — the music is still mellow, moderate and mature. The 11 songs, borrowed, new and moody-grey, tend towards the lonely and the anguished; they're delicate, unremittingly tuneful, easily performed, slick and deft. Matthews still occupies himself with smoothly blending the softer part of country, rock and folk, with a newer, casual yet crucial concern with more mainstream manners. There's a fine line between The Eagles and Jack Jones; Matthews is an expert in this peculiar sweet'n'light corridor.

With such expertise and experience within and around him, it's no surprise there are no fillers. Each track — from the irresistible opening "Gimme An Inch Girl", a treat radio record and surely a hit record if it hasn't already been one for Robert Palmer, right through to the twilight "Sail My Soul" — is arranged with a taste that knows just where and when to leave things out: a spareness, but not a shallowness.

Paul Morley

BRAND X
Masques (Charisma)
LARRY CORYELL & THE ELEVENTH HOUSE
At Montreux (Vanguard)
LARRY CORYELL
Difference (Egg)
LARRY CORYELL & PHILIP CATHERINE
Splendid (Elektra)
RETURN TO FOREVER
Live (CBS)

FUSION MUSIC: the perfect way.

Brand X have regressed from moderately idiosyncratic rock-jugular-jazz overkill to viscous, derivative, amateur nothingness. Charmless and cataclysmic, harmless and hygenic, just exactly the way you expect it to sound, burping and galloping and clucking and clicking. Digital-clock music for those who lack the courage to listen to Miles Davis or Weather Report.

Larry Coryell plays well-tailored, sensible guitar. He has well-tailored, sensible friends like Philip Catherine, and sometimes they play well-tailored, sensible duets.

Larry Coryell is a craftsman. On "Difference" he plays unadventurous jazz and blues and Spanish guitar with nine musicians. On "At Montreux" he plays unadventurous jazz and blues and Spanish guitar with four musicians. On "Splendid" he plays unadventurous jazz and blues and Spanish guitar with two musicians.

Larry Coryell is overwhelmingly *good*, sensible but seldom sensitive. He plays with the dogma and precision of a Pass or McLaughlin, but lacks mood and fire.

There is a picture on the cover of "Live" which shows all 11 members of Return To Forever wearing both the same beaming smile and same kind of mauve satin jacket. They sound as much like a window display.

But after the photograph and the business affairs the actual 'live' music contained in the record isn't really that interesting, although the occasional title is rather nice, "Chick's Piano Solo" for instance. That's really rather nice, I think.

Fusion music: to castrate the critic.

Ian Penman

NINA SIMONE
Baltimore (CTI)

THIS IS Nina Simone's first album for nearly five years, and it's a big disappointment. There's none of her earlier fire, hardly a whisper of the blues. Instead, we get half-baked reggae, bland gospel and a great dollop of those serious (dreary) ballads which middle-aged singers go for when they're coming on like, sophisticated.

The album opens with a totally inappropriate reggae treatment of Randy Newman's "Baltimore", a mistake compounded by Ms Simone's peculiar phrasing — she sings it *"Bal-Ti-More"* — a cutesy affectation that destroys the aching bleakness of the original and drives me near to distraction.

But things just get worse, and the nadir is reached with Judy Collins' weepie "My Father", wrung dry with eye-rolling piano runs and an army of sawing strings. But the music throughout lacks depth, conviction. Superficially attractive maybe but you can tell nobody broke sweat. And the arrangements swing limp like a broken arm between the hackneyed and the terribly polite.

The final disaster are the two closing gospel tracks. "Balm In Gilead" is so slick and prettified even Maria Muldaur would blanch at it, while a perfunctory "If You Pray Right" ends the album with a whimper.

Graham Lock

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The virtues of playing with a rubber band . . .

HI-FI: By BERNARD FUTTER

WITH THE rise of the cassette medium turntables have taken something of a back seat. They are no longer considered to be an essential feature of an average system. This is a pity because a run of the mill turntable/pickup cartridge combination is capable of urinating over many a top price cassette deck in the quality stakes. If the accent's on fidelity and not convenience a turntable's got to be the first choice.

It hardly seems necessary to state, but the basic role of a turntable is simply to rotate a record at a constant speed without introducing any extraneous noise, be it vibrations or motor noise, into the overall sound of the system.

There are three different drive systems currently on the market. The cheapest is the idler type whereby a small rubber rimmed wheel rotates in contact with the inside of the platter.

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■ *Continues over*

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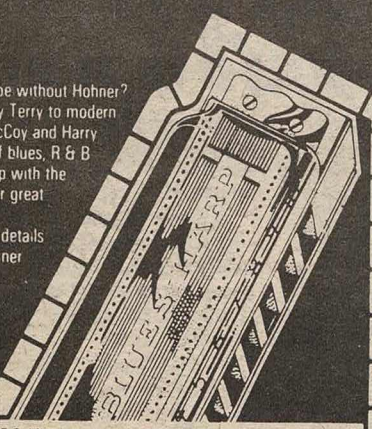

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"If you want to be really Professional, protect your records with Sound Guard"

Says Graham Canter, DJ at Gullivers Disco.

Graham Canter—known to the customers as "Fatman"—is the DJ at famous Mayfair nightspot Gullivers. This disco is the meeting place of international stars who want to hear their special kind of soul music. And when you're playing records for stars like Stevie Wonder, Smokey Robinson or the Four Tops, the sound quality has to be nothing short of perfect. But this presents great problems because, as Graham Canter says: "A DJ in a busy club like Gullivers is under constant pressure and just does not have time to take good care of his records. All the golden rules of record handling go by the board, inners get lost, sleeves get mixed up and so on. When a friend in the business first told me about Sound Guard I was frankly sceptical. 'Sprays' had been recommended to me before and none of them were really effective. However, I gave Sound Guard a try and was extremely impressed by the results. My records still sound in mint condition after being played time and time again. If you want to be really professional—use Sound Guard".

A by-product of research into dry lubricants for aerospace applications, Sound Guard record preservative puts a microscopically-thin (less than 0.000003") dry film on records to protect the grooves from damage. Yet, remarkably, it does not degrade fidelity. Independent tests show that Sound Guard preservative maintains full amplitude at all audible frequencies, while at the same time significantly retarding increases in surface noise and harmonic distortion.* In other words, when applied according to instructions, a new record treated with Sound Guard preservative and played 100 times sounds the same as one in "mint" condition played the first time! Sound Guard preservative comes in a kit (complete with non-aerosol pump sprayer and velvet buffing pad). It is completely safe and effective for all discs, from precious old 78's to the newest LP's including CD-4's. The complete Sound Guard preservation kit is available through Hi-Fi and Record Stores at £4.99 inc. VAT.

*For complete test results write to Pyser Ltd, at the address below.

Please send full details

Name..... Address .....

.....

Sole UK Distributor: Pyser Ltd., Fircroft Way, Edenbridge, Kent TN8 6HA.
Telephone: Edenbridge (0732) 864111 (8 lines).

Sound Guard

Teenage spots.

This new two-minute-a-day treatment has everything you need to clear them fast.

Clinical tests show it works.

Spots, pimples, blackheads . . . aren't they a nuisance! But now, you needn't live with them for long, because now Clean and Clear is here.

Clean and Clear was specially developed by Beecham dermatologists after studying young people's skin problems just like yours. Clinical trial has shown how well it works. And it takes only two minutes a day to use.

Everything you need

Clean and Clear is different in two important ways. First, it's a medicated *gel* wash, not an ointment, cream or lotion. Secondly, it combines, in one preparation, everything you need to clear spots fast.

Clean and Clear cleanses thoroughly but gently – carries away excess surface oil and germs, and dries up spots. It frees blocked pores, to dissolve unsightly blackheads and it checks the cause of inflammation. What's more, it has an antibacterial agent expressly selected for its ability to penetrate and combat bacteria deeper down.

How to use Clean and Clear. Make a lather with water. Massage in for 1 minute twice daily. Rinse and pat dry.

Clinically tested

In order to demonstrate how successfully Clean and Clear works, a strictly controlled trial was undertaken in the dermatology clinic of a leading London teaching hospital.

All those taking part were young people and, in a high percentage of cases, the doctor in charge reported really positive improvement.

Clear healthy skin

Massaged in for just one minute twice daily, this Medicated Wash could make a wonderful difference for you too . . . effectively treat unsightly spots and pimples, help your skin look clearer and healthier than for years.

Get Clean and Clear at your chemists today. It's easy to use, non-greasy, and no unpleasant odour or telltale trace remains on your skin. Most important of all, it has everything you need to clear spots fast – and clinical tests show it works.

DEVELOPED BY BEECHAM

New

Clean and Clear
MEDICATED TREATMENT FOR SPOTS & ACNE
CONCENTRATED GEL WASH
Clean and Clear
MEDICATED TREATMENT FOR SPOTS & ACNE
CONCENTRATED GEL WASH

Clinically tested for clearing spots

Available only at your chemist. Starting today, Clean and Clear your skin.

HI-FI

■ From previous page

system has limited pretensions to hi-fi status and some samples rumble like hell!

The most common system employed is the belt drive. As the name implies this type incorporates a rubber composite band which links the motor via a pulley arrangement to the platter rim. Apart from providing the drive linkage the belt itself helps to damp possible vibrations from the motor. Belt drives are reasonably inexpensive to produce and generally offer exceptional value for money.

Highly regarded models which start at about £50 are to be found from Trio, Pioneer, Thorens, JCV and Sony right up to the idiosyncratic one speed Linn Sondek at about £250.00 (without arm). The Scottish Linn is reckoned by the cognoscenti to be the finest, audibly, of the lot.

The third type are the direct drives, which threatened to carry all before them when they exploded on the market five years ago. The direct drive has the theoretical advantage of fewer moving parts as the platter itself is an integral part of the motor.

They were very expensive when they first appeared but can now be obtained at about £80. Leading manufacturers are Technics, Pioneer, JVC and Sony. The most sophisticated direct drives on the market, starting at £200 plus, feature quartz locked motors for ultimate speed constancy. This sounds attractive in theory but even a musician with a perfect pitch would be hard pressed to appreciate the difference the facility offers. Direct drives seem to incorporate a plethora of technical features including fine speed controls and strobe lights to make sure you've set it right.

There you are then: idlers that you may be forced to consider if you're on a tight budget, belt drives that will find the widest appeal and direct drives if you must be in the technological vanguard.

Breakthrough in low-loss speaker cables

ONE INTERESTING new development has been the introduction of low loss speaker cables. It's been accepted for years that if you used 3amp bell wire to connect up your speakers some of the signal stood to get lost, sometimes leading to high frequencies not being so high. Going further than 6 amp was not considered to offer any practical advantages.

There are now on the market several different brands of low loss cable that have virtually 100% transmission efficiency. Claims made are that quality is improved and that it's possible to get approx 20% more power out of your amplifier. We have not, as yet, verified these claims but hope to do so soon. Prices are high at £15 for 2 × 5 metre lengths but that's probably cheaper than buying a more powerful amplifier.

JVC Hi-Fi systems...

Combination System G
JR-S61L FM/AM/LW Stereo Receiver
JL-A20 Belt-Drive Auto-Return Turntable
KD-10 Stereo Cassette Deck
LK-12 Audio Rack Cabinet

the deeper you go, the more you'll discover

First of all, it is important to make the distinction between building a hi-fi system and buying one.

Building a hi-fi system allows you to use your own knowledge and expertise to assemble your very particular choice of hi-fi equipment.

Buying a JVC Combination System allows you to use JVC's 50 years of knowledge and technological development to put together a balanced collection of perfectly matched, yet separate, components designed to complement and bring out the best in each other's performance.

With System G you'll find an exact match of advanced technology and simple operation; the ideal for anyone feeling the first pricklings of a serious interest in hi-fi.

System G, real hi-fi stereo value, includes:

A high-performance, distortion-free Stereo Receiver to give you full power and tone control, plus clear reception even of weak radio signals and the clean, true reproduction of musical light and shade.

An Auto-return Belt-Drive Turntable for dependability and speed accuracy, with a tone arm that lets quality cartridges extract the musical best from your records.

A Stereo Cassette Deck packed with very sophisticated design features including *Dolby circuit to reduce tape hiss, Peak Reading lights to give you instant distortion warning and adjustable switches to achieve the best results from your tapes.

And if you want to go deeper and discover still more, go along to your JVC dealer. He'll go as deep as you like into the sound of JVC's hi-fi systems.

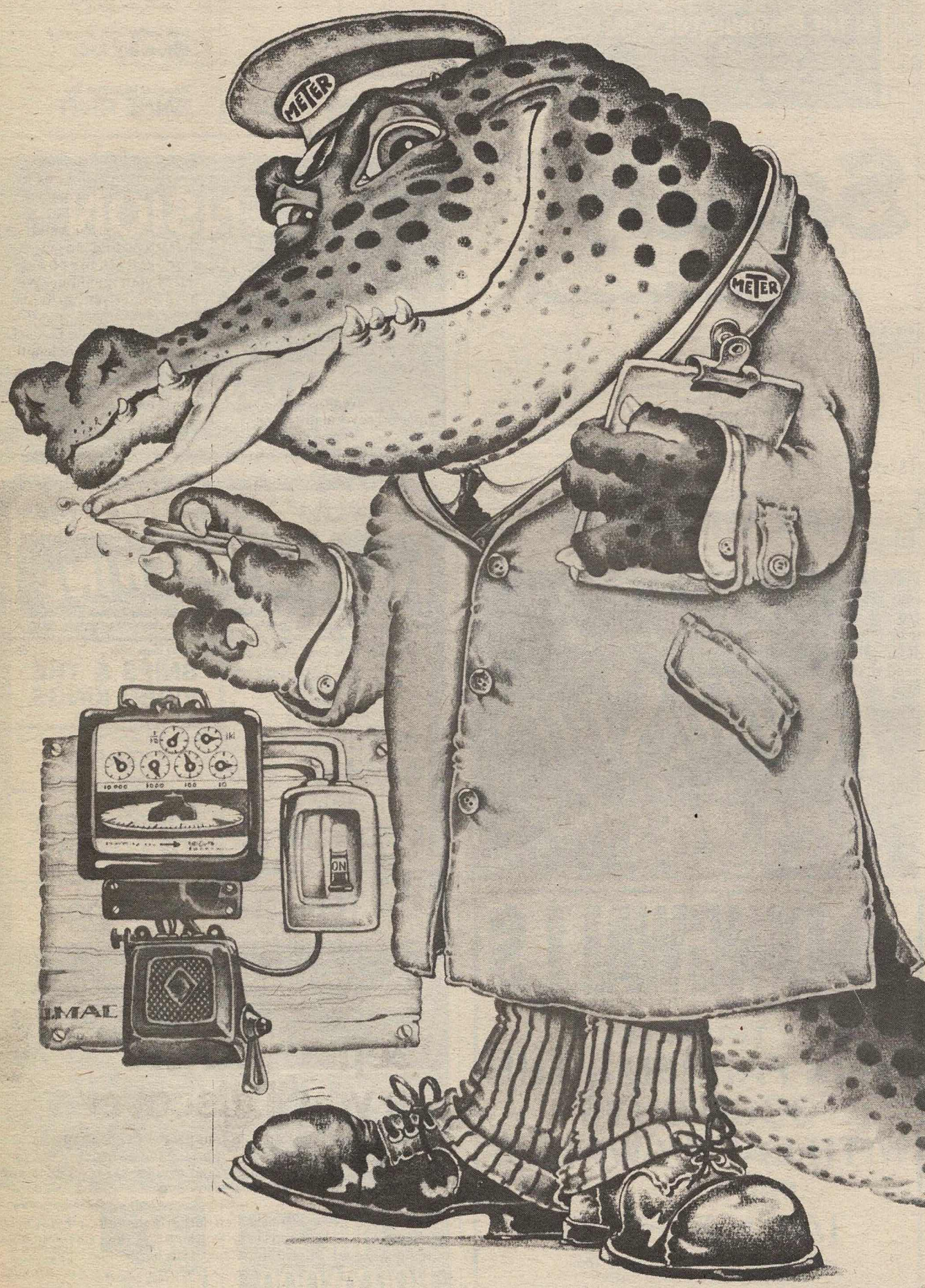
*Dolby is the registered trade mark of Dolby Labs Inc.

JVC

ANOTHER STEP CLOSER TO REALITY

JVC (U.K.) LTD., ELDONWALL TRADING ESTATE, STAPLES CORNER, 6-8 PRIESTLEY WAY, LONDON, NW2 7AF

Enough people will be taking a bite out of your student grant without NatWest doing it.



Your first grant cheque may seem like a lot of money but your digs, travel, food and drink soon take large bites out of it.

So NatWest, as long as you keep in credit, *make no bank charges* on student accounts.

And you're almost certain to find a NatWest branch in or near your university or college.

NatWest will also arrange Travel Cheques and Foreign Currency to the value of £150 p.a. and charge no commission to full-time student customers.

Take this coupon to your local branch or send it to National Westminster Bank Limited, Student Service, FREEPOST, 41 Lothbury, London, EC2B 2GN.

You don't need a stamp. Make it snappy.

Just sign here.

As soon as we receive this coupon, we'll get in touch with the nearest branch to your college.

Name _____ Age _____

College _____

College address _____

Course _____ Start date _____

Home address _____

Tick here for Current Account ☐ £10 Cashcard ☐
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Signature NME3

NatWest

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SQUEEZE
Plus friends and Ian Fleming

Mon 18th Sept (Adm £1.25) Special guest appearance
CRAWLER
Plus guests and Ian Fleming

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BERNIE TORME
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Tues 19th Sept (Adm 65p)
ROGER THE CAT
Blank Cheque and Joe Lung

Sat 16th Sept (Adm 75p)
THE BUSINESS
Media and Ian Fleming

Wed 20th Sept (Adm 75p)
AFTER THE FIRE
Plus friends and Joe Lung

Sun 17th Sept (Adm 65p)
SANDY AND THE BACKLINE
Plus support and Mandy H

Thurs 21st Sept (Adm 75p)
THE DODGERS
Plus support and Ian Fleming

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STRAIGHT MUSIC & DACORUM DISTRICT COUNCIL PRESENT

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WITH GUESTS
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MARLOWES – HEMEL HEMPSTEAD
SUNDAY 17th SEPTEMBER at 7·45

TICKETS £1·70 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE PAVILION BOX OFFICE, 10.30 a.m – 5.30 p.m, MON-FRI (10.00 a.m – 1.00 p.m, 2.00 p.m – 5.00 p.m SAT) TEL: HEMEL HEMPSTEAD 64451, OR £1·90 (INC. VAT) ON NIGHT

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JOHN McLAUGHLIN
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AT THE RAINBOW, TUES. 3rd OCT. 8pm

TICKETS £4.00, £3.50, £3.25, £2.75
Available from Rainbow Box Offices, Finsbury Park N4
01-263 3148 and Beak St., Carnaby Market W1 01-437 0986,
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01-629 3453 (20p booking fee).

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RAINBOW FINSBURY PARK N4
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TICKETS £5.00, £4.00

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01-263 3148 and Beak St., Carnaby Market W1 01-437 0986,
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01-629 3453 (20p booking fee).

THE BRIDGE HOUSE
23 BARKING ROAD, CANNING TOWN, E16

Thursday Sept. 14th 30p
ZAINE GRIFF

Monday Sept. 18th 40p
LEA HART JNR.

Friday Sept. 15th 40p
SCARECROW

Tuesday Sept 19th 50p
CRAWLER

Saturday Sept. 16th 50p
RAMROD

Wednesday Sept 20th Free
Showbiz Kids

Sunday Sept. 17th 40p
REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD

Thursday Sept 21st 30p
ZAINE GRIFF

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Thursday September 14th £1.00
THE ZONES + THE VALVES
Friday September 15th £1.00
THE SOFT BOYS
+ GAFFA
Saturday September 16th £1.00
WHIRLWIND
+ TRANS AM
Sunday September 17th 75p
STARJETS
+ STREET BAND
Monday September 18th 75p
MICKY JONES BAND + CHAMPION
Tuesday September 19th 75p
THE LATE SHOW
Thursday September 21st £1.00
THE RECORDS
+ THE VALVES

CORNER CROMWELL ROAD/NORTH END ROAD, W14
(Adjacent West Kensington Tube Tel: 01-603 6071)

Sandy McLelland & The Backline

storming around the country

Catch them at:			
September 7	**London, Nashville**	6	Leicester University
10	Oxford, New Town Hall	7	Slough College
11	Birmingham Odeon	9	Exeter University
12-13	**London, Hammersmith Odeon**	12	Glasgow University
16	Nottingham, Sandpipers	13	Dundee University
17	**London, Marquee**	14	Aberdeen University
22	**London, Music Machine**	16	Edinburgh University
23	Dudley, JB's	18	Leeds University
30	Sheffield University	20	Plymouth Polytechnic
October 3	Huddersfield Polytechnic	21	Bristol Polytechnic
		25	Manchester University

Hear their new single
'LIKE A HURRICANE'
Single 6007 186
phonogram / mercury

Funky Fox Presents

HI TENSION
+ DIAMONDS
+ FOX JOCKS: SULLY CLINTON & KELLY
at TIFFANYS, Purley, Surrey
WEDNESDAY 20th SEPTEMBER at 7.30

Advance tickets £2.00 from Box Office after 8pm. Bonaparte, Croydon, Bromley, Virgin, Croydon, or send s.a.e. & P.O. to Fox Ents., 39/41 High Street, Bromley

at THE CENTRE
Slough Community Centre, Farnham Rd., Slough
"ALL NIGHTER"
FRI/SAT 22/23 SEPTEMBER 9pm - 6am

☆ *Tickets available at the door* ☆

THOMAS A BECKET
Old Kent Road, S.E.1

Wednesday September 13th free
SLEDGEHAMMER
Thursday September 14th free
TOUR DE FORCE
Monday September 18th free
YOUNG BUCKS
Tuesday September 19th free
SOUNDER
Wednesday September 20th free
STRAIGHT 8
Thursday September 21st 50p
CGAS5
MONDAY SEPTEMBER 25th 50p
JACKIE LYNTON BAND

LINDSEY ENTERTAINMENTS
01-407 1334

THE ELECTRIC BALLROOM
184 Camden High Street.

Saturday September 16th
DESMOND DEKKER
& THE COOL NOTES
+ Split Rivitt

BIRCOTES SPORTS CENTRE
Whitehouse Road, Harworth, Doncaster
Tel. 0302 743979
Saturday, September 16th, 7.30 pm — midnight

Radio Stars

WITH GUESTS
THE REACTION

Licensed Bar
Pay at door: £1.75

TELEPHONE 01-387-0428

MUSIC MACHINE
Playing times 10.30 pm and midnight.
CAMDEN HIGH ST. OPP. MORNINGTON CRESCENT TUBE. N.W.1

Wednesday Sept. 13th £1.00
THE BUSINESS
+ Leargo
Free admission for one with this advert before 10.30 p.m.

Saturday Sept. 16th £2.00
SNIPS & THE VIDEO KINGS
+ Boudicea

Thursday Sept. 14th £1.50
SCREAMING LORD SUTCH & ROCK ISLAND LINE
+ Gotham City Swing Band

Monday September 18th £1.00
CGAS 5
+ Angelo Palladino

Tuesday Sept. 19th £1.00
PUNISHMENT OF LUXURY
+ Leyton Buzzards

Friday Sept. 15th £2.00
THE TOURISTS
+ Straight 8

Wednesday Sept. 20th £1.00
TRADITION
+ Fusion

Thursday September 21st
HI-TENSION + Abraka
Advance tickets £2.00 from Box Office

Monday October 16th
THE PIRATES
Advance tickets £2.00 from Box Office

Monday October 30th
SLADE
Advance tickets £2.50 from Box Office.

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8PM – 2 AM MONDAY TO SATURDAY

DINGWALLS
01-267 4967 Camden Lock, Chalk Farm Road, London NW1

THURS 14
MICK FARREN & THE GOOD GUYS WITH LARRY WALLIS
FRI 15
IAN MATHEWS

HALF PRICE DRINKS PRIOR TO 10pm
SO COME NICE AND EARLY

MICHAEL KRAMER PRESENTS

SPLIT RIVITT

★ Friday 15th Sept. Hampstead Town Hall ★
+ RELAY & REGGAE RECORDS
BELSIZE PARK TUBE
TICKETS AVAILABLE

Saturday 23rd Sept. Gayton Road, Hampstead
(OPEN AIR)

Thursday 28th Sept. & 12th October.
CITY ARMS CITY ROAD
ANGEL OR OLD ST. TUBE.

★ Monday 9th Oct.
(upstairs) RONNIE SCOTT'S ★
TICKETS AVAILABLE

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FAME

THE BOMBAY GRAB
BOW ROAD, E3

FRIDAY 15th SEPTEMBER
EMBRYO
(alive'n'kicking!)
A.Y.M. 01-986 7331.

THE HOLLYWOOD KILLERS
are supporting
CGAS5
at the
MOONLIGHT CLUB, WEST HAMPSTEAD
Tuesday September 19th
at 9.30 pm
Be There

PEGASUS
109 GREEN LANES, LONDON N.16
01-226 5930

Thursday Sept 14th FREE
TRANS AM
Friday Sept 15th 50p
ANGLE TRAX
Saturday Sept 16th 50p
BIG CHIEF
Featuring Dick Heckstall-Smith
Sunday Sept 17th 50p
THE MONOS
Monday Sept 18th Free
RUDI
Tuesday Sept 19th Free
TENNIS SHOES
Wednesday Sept 20th 50p
ZAINE GRIFF

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

COMPILED BY DEREK JOHNSON

It's that girl again! And that's a good reason for printing this new picture of Debbie Harry, to tie in with the climax of the short British tour by BLONDIE — which takes them to Manchester (Thursday) and Birmingham (Friday), before finishing at London's Hammersmith Odeon on Saturday.

Thursday

AIRDRIE Snug Bar: CHOU PAHROT
BASILDON Double Six: THE CRUISERS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: CAMEL
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: ORPHAN
BRADFORD Princeville Club: JAILER
BRIGHTON Alhambra: EL SEVEN
BRIGHTON Hove The Adur: STAA MARX
BRIGHTON Hungry Years: PLANTATION
CHESTERFIELD Brimington Tavern: WITCHFYNDE
CHORLEY Tatton Community Centre: BRIAN DEWHURST
CORBY Sports Centre: SCRATCH
COVENTRY Wyken Pippen: RENO
CROYDON Ashcroft Theatre: CITY WAITES
GORLESTON Cap & Gown: THE NEEDLES
GRAVESEND Red Lion: SOUTHERN RYDA
HALESOWEN Tiffany's: CRYER
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: SPEEDOMETORS
LEAMINGTON Royal Spa Centre: CHRIS BARBER BAND
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: HOWARD ELLIS BAND
LIVERPOOL Moonstone: R.B.Q.
LONDON ALDGATE Half Moon Theatre: CONTROLLED ATTACK/PATRICK FITZGERALD
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: MICK FARREN BAND
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: ZAINE GRIFF
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: THE POLICE
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: THE STREET BAND
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Rutland: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Swan: SPRING OFFENSIVE
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: THE EDGE
LONDON KENSINGTON De Villiers Bar: GOLD DUST TWINS
LONDON KENSINGTON Nashville: ZONES / VALVES
LONDON Marquee Club: SQEEZE
LONDON OLD KENT RD Thomas A'Beckett: TOUR DE FORCE
LONDON Queen Elizabeth Hall: JAKE THACKRAY/RICHARD STILGOE
LONDON SHEPHERDS BUSH Trafalgar: THE V.I.P.'s
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: SHADES/SHOT ROD
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: TRANS-AM
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: BLONDIE
MANCHESTER Pips: SNYDE/ALTITUDE
MANCHESTER Russell Club: THE YACHTS
MELTON MOWBRAY Painted Lady: HUNTER
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: RADIO STARS/REACTION
MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall: TAMMY WYNETTE
NEWCASTLE City Hall: 10 c.c.
NEWCASTLE-UNDER-LYME El Syds: NAUGHTY LUMPS
NORTON CANES Dog Track: EDGE
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: TEST TUBE BABIES
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PELICAN
PAISLEY Three Horse Shoes: CHARLEY BROWNE
PLYMOUTH Metro: CHAMPION
PORTRUSH Arcadia: DR. FEELGOOD/THE BISHOPS
POYNTON Folk Centre: DAVE WALTERS
PRESTATYN Victoria Hotel: THE ACCELERATORS
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: JOHN GRIMALDI'S CHEAP FLIGHTS
SOUTHAMPTON Holbury Old Mill: THE PIRANHAS
SWANSEA Circles Club: THE LATE SHOW
WALSALL Town Hall: ROSETTA STONE
WANTAGE The Swan: DOUBLE XPOSURE
WHITCHURCH Fighting Cocks: STARGAZER
WILLENHALL The Cavalcade: PALOMINO

Friday

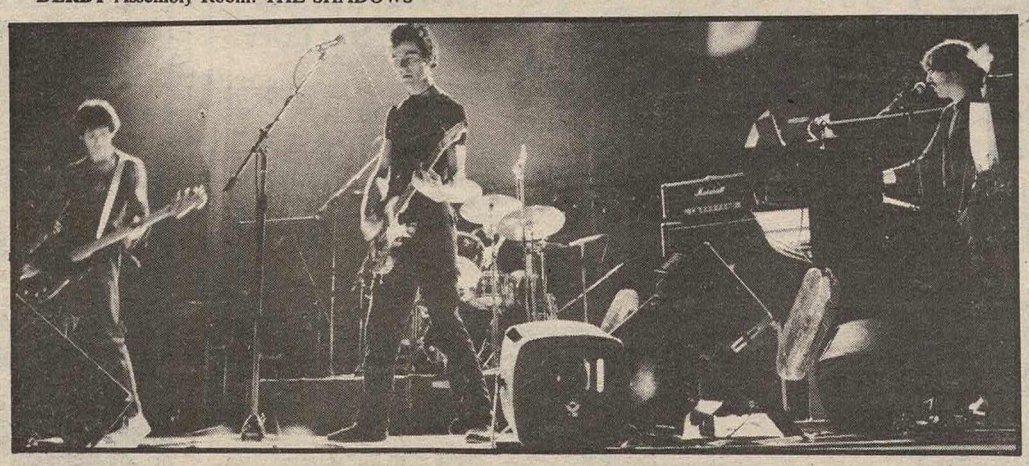
AYLESBURY Kings Head: THE LIGGERS
BAGSHOT Pantiles Club: OLYMPIC RUNNERS
BAKEWELL Monsal Head: WITCHFYNDE
BASILDON Double Six: 64 SPOONS
BELFAST Grosvenor Hall: MIKE HARDING
BICESTER Nowhere Club: SCRATCH
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: THE ITALIANS
BIRMINGHAM Elizabethan Days: BAD EARTH
BIRMINGHAM Fighting Cocks: SPIDER
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: BLONDIE
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BIRMINGHAM Unicersity: FREEBIRD
BLACKBURN Regent Club: ANY TROUBLE
BLACKPOOL Norbreck Castle: CGAS 5
BRADFORD Star Hotel: ROY BAILEY
BRIDLINGTON Spa Pavilion: 10 c.c.
BRIGHTON HOVE The Adur: STAA MARX
BROMLEY The Northover: MATCHBOX
BUCKLEY Tivoli Ballroom: THE CRUISERS
CARDIFF Top Rank: THE LURKERS / TRIBESMAN
CORK Arcadia: DR. FEELGOOD
DERBY Engineers Club: NIGHT CREEPER
EASTBOURNE Cavalier Club: THE EXECUTIVES
EAST GRINSTEAD Sunridge Home for Old People: THESE STRANGE AND BEAUTIFUL THINGS
GLASGOW Kelvin Hall: TAMMY WYNETTE
GOUROCK Ashton Hotel: CHOU PAHROT
KIRKLEVINGTON Country Club: JAB JAB
KNARESBOROUGH Folk Club: JON STRONG
LEEDS Haddon Hall: RED EYE
LEEDS Polytechnic: THE JERKS
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: BLACK CAT YARD
LEICESTER De Montford Hall: CAMEL
LIVERPOOL Eric's: SORE THROAT
LONDON ANGEL Bluecoat Boy: EATER / SECURITY
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: IAN MATTHEWS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: STRAIGHT 8
LONDON CAMDEN Southampton Arms: JELLYROLL BLUES BAND
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: SCARECROW
LONDON CHISWICK John Bull: JOHN GRIMALDI'S CHEAP FLIGHTS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: THE SQUARES
LONDON HAMPSTEAD Town Hall: SPLIT RIVITT
LONDON KENSINGTON Nashville: WHIRLWIND / GAFFA
LONDON Marquee Club: BERNIE TORME
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: GREIG & NIGEL'S FOLK & BLUES NIGHT
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: CHRIS HILL
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: ANGLETRAX
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: CABASA
LONDON W.10 Acklam Hall: AFTER THE FIRE / FUSION
LONDON WC1 Collegiate Theatre: DOLLAR BRAND
MANCHESTER Apollo: THE SHADOWS
MANCHESTER Mayflower Club: SKREWDRIVER
MELTON MOWBRAY Painted Lady: HUNTER
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: RADIO STARS / REACTION
NEWPORT Village Club: CHAMPION
NORWICH Boogie House: RACING CARS
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: LAST CALL
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: SLIP HAZARD & THE BLIZZARDS
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: THE JOLT / R.B.Q.
OAKENGATES Town Hall: T-FORD & THE BONESHAKERS
PLYMOUTH Fiesta Suite: RASCAL
PLYMOUTH Metro: THE LATE SHOW
RETFORD Porterhouse: TANZ DER YOUTH
ROTHERHAM Clifton Hall: GEORGE MELLY & JOHN CHILTON'S FEETWARMERS
SCARBOROUGH Penthouse: ULTRAVOX
SHEFFIELD Crucible Theatre: CHRIS BARBER BAND
SMETHWICK The Gaiety: PARADOX
SOUTH KIRBY Diamond Jubilee: VINTAGE
ST. ALBANS City Hall: DAVE CASH/JOHN DeSADE ROADSHOW
STEVENAGE The Swan:GYPP
STRATFORD Green Dragon: VIDEO
SUTTON COLDFIELD Martsmith Club: THE UTENSILS
TIPTON Brewer and Baker: TOMMY DEMPSEY
WESTON-SUPER-MARE Webbington Country Club: THE DRIFTERS
WHITTLE SPRING LANCS Howard Arms: BRIAN DEWHURST
WORLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: YACHTS
WOLVERHAMPTON Sports & Social Club: NEON HEARTS
YORK The Revolution: ZIGGY HEROE

Saturday

ABERDEEN Capitol Theatre: TAMMY WYNETTE
AYLESBURY Friars: SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
BIRMINGHAM Kings Heath Hare & hounds: KITSYKE WILL
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: DAVE EDMUNDS ROCKPILE
BIRMINGHAM Sherwood Rooms: RENO
BLACKBURN Regent: ANY TROUBLE
BOGNOR Riverside Club: EYES
BRIGHOUSE Civic Hall: JAILER / DAWNWEAVER / SWEATEFEX
BRISTOL Bedminster Hen & Chicken: STARGAZER
BRISTOL Crown Cellar Bar: THE WILD BEASTS
CHATHAM Tam O'Shanter: 64 SPOONS
CORK Arcadia: THE BISHOPS
COVENTRY City Centre Club: FREEBIRD
CROYDON Ashcroft Theatre: MARIAN MONTGOMERY
DERBY Assembly Room: THE SHADOWS
DONCASTER Bircote Sports Centre: RADIO STARS / REACTION
DORCHESTER Clay Pigeon Club: T-FORD & THE BONESHAKERS
DUBLIN Top Hat: DR FEELGOOD
DUDLEY J.B's Club: YACHTS
DUNSTABLE Californa: OLYMPIC RUNNERS
¼EASTBOURNE Beach Hotel: SOUTHERN RYDA
EASTBOURNE Kings Country Club: THE DRIFTERS
FAREHAM Roundabout Club: HEATHCLIFFE
GARSTANG (LANCS) Cabus Village Hall: BRIAN DEWHURST
GLASGOW Amphora: THE EXILE
GOOLE Station Hotel: R.B.Q.
HATFIELD The Forum: CHRIS BARBER BAND
ILFORD The Cranbrook: JERRY THE FERRET
IPSWICH Buttermarket Taver: GYPP
IPSWICH Tracey's: ALFALPHA
LEEDS Playhouse Theatre; GEORGE MELLY & JOHN CHILTON'S FEETWARMERS
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: LUIGI & DA BOYS
LEICESTER Great Wigston WMC: STRANGE DAYS
LINCOLN AJ's Club: ULTRAVOX
LIVERPOOL Eric's: THE LURKERS
LONDON BATTERSEA Park (open)air): THE STRANGLERS / PETER GABRIEL / THE EDGE / THE SKIDS / JOHNNY RUBBISH / SPIZZ OIL
LONDON BRIXTON George Canning: THE CRACK
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: ICEBERG
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: SNIPE/VIDEO KINGS
LONDON CAMDEN The Cellar: ALLAN TAYLOR
LONDON CHELSEA Teh Wheatsheaf: OVERSEAS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: THE ZONES
LONDON E.17 Markham Lane Youth Club: THE NIGHT / LEYTON BUZZARDS / BLACK SLATE
LONDON HACKNEY Adam & Eve: THE SHADES
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: BLONDIE
LONDON HAMPSTEAD E.G.A Studios: BLACK SUPERSTITION MOUNTAN / SURVIVOR
LONDON ISLINGTON Hpe & Anchore: THE RECORDS
LONDON KENSINGTON Nashville: THE SOFT BOYS / TRNAS-AM
LONDON Marquee Club: THE BUSINESS
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: FROGGY
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: BIG CHIEF
LONDON Upstaris at Ronnie Scott's: CABASA
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: MEMBERS / HERBSMEN
MANCHESTER ARDWICK Apollo: 10 c.c
MANCHESTER Free Trade hall: CAMEL
MANCHESTER Mayflower Club: SKREWDRIVER
MARTLETWY Cross Hands: MUSCLES
MELTON MOWBRAY Painted Lady: HUNTER
MIDDLESBROUFH Rock Garden: CHAMPION
NORWICH Boogie House: RACING CARS
NORWICH White's: DIAMOND LIL
NOTTINGHAM Cocked Hat: MATCHBOX
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: OUTWARD BAND
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: TANZ DER YOUTH
OXFORD Corn Dolly: SPRING OFFENSIVE
PORTSMOUTH John Peel Hotel: THE PIRANHAS
SHOREHAM Casablanca: RASCAL
SOUTHAMPTON Joiners Arms: R.21 / HARRY
STEVENAGE The Swan: THE HEROES
STRATFORD Green Dragon: DOUBLE XPOSURE
WALSSAL Dirty Duck: SPIDER
WALSALL Town Hall: VIDEO
WATFORD Red Lion: REDNITE
WHITEHAVEN Caulder Club: VINTAGE
WISHAW Crown Hotel (lunchtime): THE PESTS
WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Centre: TRIBESMAN
YORK De Grey Romms: THE INVADERS / THE VOID / NO SURPRISES
YORK The Revolution: THE YOUNG ONES

Sunday

ACCRINGTON Lakeland Lounge: JAILER
BILSTON The Cock: PALOMINO
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: VIDEO
BLACKBURN Regent: ANY TROUBLE
BLACKPOOL ABC Theatre: THE SHADOWS
BRADFORD Royal Standard: THE YOUNG ONES
BRIGHTON Alhambra: THE PIRANHAS
BURNLEY Bank Hall Club: THE VYE
CARDIFF Top Rank: THE STRANGLERS
CHATHAM Tam O'Shanter: 64 SPOONS
CHELMSFORD Chancellor Hall: TANZ DER YOUTH
CHESTERFIELD Aquarius: LABI SIFFRE
COVENTRY Dog & Trumpet: THE ARMPIT JUG BAND
DORKING Halls: CHRIS BARBER BAND
DOUGLAS (Isle of Man) Royal Hall: MIKE HARDING
DUMFRIES Stagecoach: YACHTS
FLEET County Club: THE SHADES
FOLKESTONE Pullman: THE EXECUTIVES
GLASGOW City Hall: CAMEL
HARROGATE Theatre: GEORGE MELLY & JOHN CHILTON'S FEETWARMERS



THE STRANGLERS have at last arranged a major London show, and it happens also to be the last big outdoor gig of the summer —it's in Battersea Park on Saturday, with Peter Gabriel as special guest, plus various support bands. The gig is part of The Stranglers' current nationwide tour, which this week also takes them to Cardiff (Sunday), Peterborough (Monday), Lincoln (Tuesday) and Sheffield (Wednesday).

EMMYLOU HARRIS returns to London next week to headline a couple of nights at Hammersmith — on Monday and Tuesday, to be exact. As usual she's backed by The Hot Band, though the line-up has undergone a few changes since she was last here earlier in the year. Guy Clark and Rodney Crowell support.

HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Pavilion: RADIO STARS / REACTION
ILFORD The Cranbrook: JERRY THE FERRET
IPSWICH Kingfisher: GYPP
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotel: THE LURKERS
LEEDS Gaity Showbar: THE CRUISERS
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: RAMA
LEIGH (Lancs) Pied Bull Hotel: BRIAN DEWHURST
LIVERPOOL Moonstone: R.B.Q.
LONDON BATTERSEA Nags Head: JUGULAR VEIN
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: TENNIS SHOES
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: DAVE EDMUNDS ROCKPILE / THE RECORDS / BLAST FURNACE & THE HEATWAVES
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: THE YOUNG BUCKS
LONDON EAST HAM Ruskin Arms: DOG WATCH
LONDON FINCHLEY Torrington: BOWLES BROTHERS BAND
LONDON HACKNEY Town Hall: THE ALBION BAND
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Palais: OLYMPIC RUNNERS
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: DIAMOND LIL
LONDON KENSINGTON Nashville: THE STARJETS / STREET BAND
LONDON Marquee Club: SANDY McLELLAND & THE BACKLINE
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke Of Lancaster: GAFFA
LONDON Palladium: THE TEMPTATIONS / JR. WALKER & THE ALLSTARS
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier (lunchtime): BLUE MOON
LONDON SHEPHERDS BUSH Green (open-air): MISTY / THE ENCHANTERS / RED RINSE / THE OTHERS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: THE MONOS
LONDON WALTHAMSTOW The Chestnuts: THREADBARE / TICKLERS JAM / PICKLED DILL / ADRIAN MAY
LONDON W.C.1 Pindar of Wakefield: SWIFT
MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: 10cc
MANCHESTER Eccles Talk of the North: PATTI BOULAYE)for a week)
MANSFIELD James Maude Sports & Social: STRANGE DAYS
MARGATE Bowlers Arms: THE HEAT
NEWBRIDGE Club & Institute: THE LATE SHOW
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: THE PRESS
POYNTON Folk Centre: BRENDA WOOTTON / STEVE MAYNE
REDCAR Coatham Bowl: ULTRAVOX
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: SNIPS / VIDEO KINGS
WAKEFIELD Theatre Club: THE DRIFTERS (for a week)
WALSALL Dirty Duck: FREEBIRD

Monday

AMPTHILL Folk Club: ANDY CAVEN
BELFAST The Pound: THE BISHOPS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: WIDE BOYS
BIRMINGHAM Drakes Drum: DAWNWEAVER
BIRMINGHAM Mercat Cross: ORPHAN
BRISTOL Stonehouse: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
CHESTER Smartyz: AMSTERDAM
CROYDON Red Deer: SUCKER
DONCASTER Outlook Club: ULTRAVOX
EDINBURGH Odeon: CAMEL
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: THE SHADES
ILFORD Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
ILFORD Kings Club: JR. WALKER & THE ALLSTARS
JERSEY St John's El Rancho Club: WHIRLWIND
KELTY Oakfield Hotel: CHOU PAHROT
LEEDS Royal Park Hotel: JAILER
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: SPIDER
LEICESTER Bailey's: THE TEMPTATIONS (for a week)
LIVERPOOL Kirklands: FUN
LONDON ANGEL City Arms: ICEBERG
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: BIG BUSINESS / OUT OF NOWHERE / DAYLIGHT ROBBERY
LONDON CAMDEN Dublin Castle: 64 SPOONS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: C GAS 5
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: LEA HART JR.
LONDON CLAPHAM Eagle: THESE STRANGE AND BEAUTIFUL THINGS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: LEYTON BUZZARDS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: EMMYLOU HARRIS & THE HOT BAND
LONDON KENSINGTON Nashville: MICKY JONES BAND / CHAMPION
LONDON Marquee Club: CRAWLER
LONDON OLD BROMPTON ROAD Troubadour: THE WRONG END OF HARROW ROAD?
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: JEREMY TAYLOR

CONTINUES OVER . . .

GIG GUIDE —continued

LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: PENNY ROYAL
LONDON Ronnie Scott's Club: ROSEMARY CLOONEY (for a week)
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: RUDI
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: THE INTELLEKTUALS / BRIDES OF CHRIST
MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: 10cc
MANCHESTER Band on the Wall: MAGIC
NEWARK Palace Theatre: GEORGE MELLY & JOHN CHILTON'S FEETWARMERS
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: GWAIHIR
OXFORD New Theatre: TAMMY WYNETTE
PETERBOROUGH Wirrana Stadium: THE STRANGLERS
PORT TALBOT Troubadour: THE LATE SHOW
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: CHELSEA
SOUTHPORT New Theatre: THE SHADOWS
SWANSEA Circles Club: THE JOLT
WARRINGTON Carlton Club: THE LURKERS

Tuesday

ANGLESEY Plas Coch: AMSTERDAM
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: THE LURKERS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RENO
BIRMINGHAM Fighting Cocks: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
BISHOPS STORTFORD Triad Leisure Centre: STEVE BOYCE BAND
BRISTOL Colston Hall: 10cc
BRISTOL Locarno: OLYMPIC RUNNERS
FLEET Crookham Road Fox & Hounds: GEORGE NORRIS
HALIFAX Civic Theatre: THE SHADOWS
HITCHIN Red Hart: SCRATCH
JERSEY St John's El Rancho Club: WHIRLWIND
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: JEFF HILL BAND
LINCOLN Drill Hall: THE STRANGLERS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: JAB JAB
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: PUNISHMENT OF LUXURY / LEYTON BUZZARDS
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: CRAWLER
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: TRANS-AM
LONDON GREENWICH The Bandstand: THESE STRANGE AND BEAUTIFUL THINGS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: EMMYLOU HARRIS & THE HOT BAND
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: THE JOLT
LONDON KENSINGTON Nashville: THE LATE SHOW / THE VYE
LONDON Marquee Club: ROGER THE CAT
LONDON Palladium: BETTE MIDLER (for five days)
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: TENNIS SHOES
LONDON TOOTING Castle: REDNITE
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: THE FLAMES
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: CGAS 5 / HOLLYWOOD KILLERS
LONDON W.10 Acklam Hall: THE SLITS / THE INNOCENTS
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: SISTER LOUISE
MANCHESTER Band on the Wall: CRISPY AMBULANCE
NEWCASTLE City Hall: CAMEL
NOTTINGHAM Clifton College: STRANGE DAYS
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GAFFA
OXFORD Corn Dolly: DAWNWEAVER
READING Hexagon Theatre: FLINTLOCK
RAWTENSTALL Astoria Theatre: MIKE HARDING
READING Target Club: STRAIGHT 8
SALISBURY Playhouse: GEORGE MELLY & JOHN CHILTON'S FEETWARMERS
SMETHWICK Blue Gates: KILLER
SOUTHEND Talk Of The South: JN. WALKER & THE ALLSTARS
ST. ANNES-ON-SEA (Lancs.) Delmeany Hotel: BRIAN DEWHURST
STOKE Jollees: TAMMY WYNETTE
SWINDON Brunel Rooms: WHEELZ
YORK Oval Ball: SPIDER

The near-legendary BETTE MIDLER arrives in London at the weekend to play her first-ever concerts in this country. The Divine Miss M headlines a five-day season at the Palladium starting on Tuesday — but you'll be lucky to get a ticket at this late stage!

Wednesday

BIRKENHEAD Hamilton Club: FUNKY TEAM
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Bogarts: BROOKLYN
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: KILLING TIME
BIRMINGHAM Hall Green The Sherwood: CARTOONS
BIRMINGHAM Railway hotel: RAINMAKER
BIRMINGHAM Yardley Bulls Head: ROSES
BISHOPS STORTFORD Triad Leisure Centre: PAT BRANDON GROUP
BRISTOL Colston Hall: 10 c.c.
CARDIFF Top Rank'; OLYMPIC RUNNERS
CHATHAM Tam O'Shanter: THE LATE SHOW
CHELTENHAM Plough Inn: ROADSTERS
CHELTENHAM Technical College: DAWNWEAVER
CLEETHORPES Bunny's Place: JR. WALKER & THE ALLSTARS
COLNE (LANCS.) Municipal Hall: JASPER CARROTT
CUMBERNAULD Kestrel: CHARLEY BROWNE
GRAVESEND Prince of Wales: THE HEAT
JERSEY St John's El Rancho Club: WHIRLWIND
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: TRADE SECRET
LINCOLN RAF Scampton: STRANGE DAYS
LIVERPOOL Sportsman: THE BOF BAND
LONDON ACTON White Hart: PUNISHMENT OF LUXURY / MAGNETS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: TRIBESMAN
LONDON CAMDEN Dublin Castle: O.K.
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: SHOW-BIZ KIDZ
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: TRANS-AM
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: JAB JAB
LONDON KINGSBURY Prince of Wales: HEROES
LONDON Marquee Club: AFTER THE FIRE
LONDON OLD KENT RD. Thomas ABeckett: STRAIGHT 8
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier: BLUE MOON
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: DANA SIMMONDS & GREIG'S FOLK AND BLUES SHOWCASE
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Peasus: ZAINE GRIFF
LONDON TOOTING Castle: ICEBERG
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: DAMBALA / HERBSMEN
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: DAMBALA / HERBSMEN
LONDON WIMBLEDON F.C. Nelson's Club: THE YOUNG BUCKS
NEWPORT Stowaway Club: TANZ DER YOUTH
NORWICH Boogie House: CGAS 5
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: GWAIHIR
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: SOME SHICKEN
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: ULTRAVOX / THE TURBINES
NOTTINGHAM Trent Polytechnic: YACHTS
POOLE Chequers Inn: FRINGE BENEFIT
PURLEY Tiffany's: HI-TENSION
READING Target Club: SUCKER
SHEFFIELD City Hall: CAMEL
SHEFFIELD Top Rank: THE STRANGLERS
SOLIHUL Golden Lion: THE FIRST BAND
SOUTH WOODFORD Railway Bell: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
STOKE Jollees: THE BARRON KNIGHTS (for four days)
YEOVIL Johnson Hall: RADIO STARS / REACTION
YORK The Revolution: SPIDER

ON THE ROAD

DAVID BROMBERG BAND play a one-off concert at **London Drury Lane** Theatre Royal on Sunday, October 1, promoted by John Martin of the Derek Block Office.

IAN GILLAN plays his first **London** dates with his re-vamped band, now called simply Gillan, at the Marquee Club on September 28 and 29 . . . and **IAN MATTHEWS**, of Southern Comfort fame, returns to the **London** gig scene at Camden Dingwalls this Friday (15).

TONY McPHEE'S TERRAPLANE have added **Wisbech** Isle of Ely College (September 21) and **Norwich** Pinebanks Club (22) to their current tour. Session drummer Brian Wren has now replaced Harry Ricks in the band's line-up.

MUSCLES are now on the road for three months after a lay-off for recording. The Birmingham band's first confirmed dates are **Martletwy** Cross Hands (this Saturday), **Sunderland** Fusion (September 21), **York** College of Ripon and York (22), **Durham** Bede College (23), **Birmingham** College of Food (28), **Stoke** Alsager College (29) and **London Roehampton** Digby Stuart College (30).

TRIBESMAN promote their debut single "Rockin' Time /Astrodub", issued this weekend on The Label's Boa outlet, at **Cardiff** Top Rank (tomorrow, Friday), **Wolverhampton** Civic Centre (Saturday), **London Camden** Dingwalls (September 20), **London Oxford St.**, 100 Club (21), **Bishops Stortford** Triad Leisure Centre (23), **London Acton** White Hart (27), **London Roehampton** Digby Stuart College with Muscles (30) and **London Islington** Hope & Anchor (October 4). Rhythm guitarist Matthew Hall replaces Oscar in the line-up.

HEATHCLIFFE, the Clacton-based singer who stars in his own "Tribute To Elvis" show, plays **Fareham** Roundabout Club this Saturday. Then after a European tour, he goes on the road in this country. First dates are **Liverpool** Wooky Hollow (November 5-11), **Ipswich** First Floor Club (24), and **Liverpool** Allinson's (December 17-23).

CHELSEA headline at **London Camden** Music Machine on September 25 with their new permanent line-up of Gene October (vocals), James Stevenson and Dave Martin (both guitar and vocals), Geoff Myles (bass) and Steve J. Jones (drums). A string of provincial dates is being finalised.

THE OAK RIDGE BOYS, who last appeared in Britain at the 1976 Wembley Country Festival support Johnny Mathis in his four concerts at **London** Royal Albert Hall on October 16 and 17 (two shows each night).

CHAMPION — the band born out of Rough Diamond and featuring Clem Clempson, Garry Bell, Damon Butcher, Willy Bath and Jeff Rich — have September gigs at **Plymouth** Metro (tonight, Thursday), **Newport** Village Club (Friday), **Middlesbrough** Rock Garden (Saturday), **London Kensington** Nashville (18 and 25), **Basildon** Double Six (23) and **London** Marquee Club (26).

SHOWADDYWADDY headline a major **London** concert at the Rainbow Theatre on November 17. They'll also be playing a series of other shows around that time, the first to be set being **Bournemouth** Winter Gardens (November 18) and **Birmingham** Odeon (December 18).

RAY CAMPI & The Rockability Rebels are to support Dr. Feelgood on their previously-reported British tour, opening in **Plymouth** on September 22.

OLYMPIC RUNNERS, new Polydor signings, headline a package tour called "Have A Funking Good Time" which also features Kandidate and d-j Robbie Vincent. Dates are **Bagshot** Pantiles (tomorrow, Friday), **Dunstable** California (Saturday), **London Hammersmith** Palais (Sunday), **Bristol** Locarno (September 19), **Cardiff** Top Rank (20), **Brighton** Top Rank (22), **Manchester** Ritz (24), **Glasgow** Plaza (25), **Purley** Tiffany's (28), **Slough** Community Centre (29), **London Southgate** Royalty (30), **Stoke** Tiffany's (October 1) and **Birkenhead** Hamilton Club (4).

NEON HEARTS promote their recently-released single "Answers", on the Satril label, at **Coventry** Hand & Heart (September 21), **Birmingham** Digbeth The Crown (23), **Wolverhampton** Lord Raglan (26), **Manchester** Pips (28), **York** Revolution (29) and **Lincoln** A.J.'s (October 6), More are being set.

THE LATE SHOW preview their upcoming Decca album "Snap" at **Swansea** Circles (tonight, Thursday), **Plymouth** Metro (Friday), **Newbridge** Club & Institute (Sunday), **Port Talbot** Troubadour (September 18), London Kensington Nashville (19 and 26), **Chatham** Tam O'Shanter (20), **High Wycombe** Nags Head (21), **Birmingham** Barbarella'a (22), **Nottingham** Boat Club (23), **Doncaster** Outlook (25) and **Sheffield** Limit Club (28).

WARREN HARRY, now with a re-shaped four-piece line-up, play **Swansea** Circles (September 21), **Oxford** Polytechnic (23), **Newbridge** Club & Institute (24), **Port Talbot** Troubadour (25), **Sheffield** Polytechnic (27), **Colchester** Technical College (29), **Southampton** University (October 1), **London Mile End** Queen Mary College (2), **Hatfield** Polytechnic (4), **Newcastle** Polytechnic (6), **London Elephant & Castle** Southbank Polytechnic (13), **London** Marquee (14) and **London Hampstead** Westfield College (20).

JASPER CARROTT is on tour at **Colne** Municipal Hall (September 20), **Canterbury** Odeon (22-23), **Norwich** Theatre Royal (24), **Bournemouth** Winter Gardens (October 2), **Brighton** Dome (3), **Southampton** Gaumont (4-5), **Leicester** De Montfort (8-9), **Oxford** New (12-13), **Hull** New (15), **Leeds** Town Hall (16-17), **Margate** Winter Gardens (20), **Eastbourne** Congress (21), **Doncaster** Gaumont (25-26), **Halifax** Civic (29), **Harrogate** Royal Hall (30), **Coventry** Theatre (November 3-4), **Croydon** Fairfield (6-7), **Norwich** Theatre Royal (12), **Gloucester** Leisure Centre (22), **Newcastle** City Hall (23-24), **Birmingham** Hippodrome (27-December 2), **Hanley** Victoria Hall (4-5), **Blackpool** ABC (8), **Chester** ABC (9), **Manchester** Apollo (10), **Blackburn** King George's (12), **Bradford** St. George's (13), **Gloucester** Leisure Centre (14), **Liverpool** Empire (15-16) and **Sheffield** City Hall (19-20).

JENNY DARREN and her new band begin an extensive eight-week tour later this month, to aid promotion of their new DJM single "Heartbreaker" (released this weekend) and album "Queen Of Fools" (October 6). Dates confirmed so far are **Bristol** Granary (September 28), **London Camden** Music Machine (29), **Folkestone** Leas Cliff Hall (30), **Manchester** Russell Club (October 5), **Warrington** Padgate College (6), **Lincoln** A.J.'s (7), **Swansea** Circles (12), **Scarborough** Penthouse (13), **Birmingham** Barbarella's (14), **Newbridge** Memorial Hall (15), **Nottingham** Sandpiper (19), **Liverpool** Polytechnic (20), **Fife** St. Andrew's University (22), Aberdeen Ruffles (25), **Dundee** Technical College (27), **Edinburgh** Heriot Watt University (28), **Lochmaben** Balcastle Hotel (29), **Sheffield** Limit Club (November 2), **Leicester** Polytechnic (4), **Jacksdale** Grey Topper (5), **Blackpool** Norbreck Hotel (10) and **Warrington** Lion Hotel (11).

SANDY McLELLAND & The Backline, the Glasgow group whose debut single "Like A Hurricane" comes out this weekend, visit **Nottingham** Sandpiper (this Saturday), **London** Marquee (Sunday), **London Camden** Music Machine (September 22), **Dudley** J.B.'s (23), **Sheffield** University (30), **Huddersfield** Polytechnic (October 3), **Leicester** University (6), **Slough** College (7), **Exeter** University (9), **Glasgow** University (12), **Dundee** University (13), **Aberdeen** University (14), **Edinburgh** University (16), **Leeds** University (18), **Plymouth** Polytechnic (20), **Bristol** Polytechnic (21) and **Manchester** University (25).

LANDSCAPE play **London Camden** Dingwalls (September 21), **Leeds** Fforde Green (24), **Sheffield** Limit (26), **Aberdeen** Gordon Institute (27), **Galashiels** College of Textiles (28), **Glasgow** College of Art (29), **Edinburgh** Calton Studios (30), **Aberdeen** Platform (October 2 and 3) and **Chester** Arts Centre (4).

OUTLAW CONCERTS PRESENT
Out of the Darkness
TOM ROBINSON BAND
ODEON Hammersmith
SUNDAY 8th OCTOBER
TICKETS 2·50, 2·00, 1·50, 1·00

LAST THE WHITE HART PUB BASTION!
246 HIGH ST. ACTON
Wednesday September 20th
PUNISHMENT OF LUXURY
+ MAGNETS
+ DJ JERRY FLOYD
Please come early
Doors open 7.30 pm

Wednesday September 20th
HUDDERSFIELD TECHNICAL COLLEGE S.U.
presents
SCREAMING LORD SUTCH
+ Disco
HUDDERSFIELD TOWN HALL
8 pm to 1 am
Bar opens until 12.30 am.
Tickets 50p from Huddersfield Tech. S.U., New North Road, Huddersfield HD1 SNN or 70p at door.
Be There.

INJECTIONS
PLAY STATE ROCK
Tuesday September 19th
Havelock, Harrow High Street.
Thursday September 21st.
Printers Devil (former Railway), Uxbridge.
Friday September 22nd.
Unit One, Uxbridge (Bring your own booze, Mormon Missionary Meet)
Injections kill the pox

Words (Barry Clarke) Words Words Words Words Words Words Words
CITY HALL, ST ALBANS
Friday September 15th at 8pm
One of the last appearances of
CAPITAL RADIO'S
DAVE CASH
+ John De Sade Reverberation Roadshow
Saturday September 23rd at 8pm
Turn it up lemmy
MOTORHEAD
+ Support Mary Jane Disco
Bar Food
Advance tickets from Box Office, 37 Chequer St, St Albans. Tel 64511, or available on door.
Saturday September 30th: ULTRAVOX + Support
Words Words Words Words Words Words Words Words Words

THE PORTERHOUSE
20 Carolgate, Retford, Notts. Tel. 704981
Friday 15th September
Tanz Der Youth
Saturday 16th September
Bitter Suite

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
DAVE EDMUND'S ROCKPILE
NICK LOWE · TERRY WILLIAMS · BILLY BREMNER
THE RECORDS
BLAST FURNACE & THE HEATWAVES
ROUNDHOUSE
CHALK FARM, N.W.1
SUNDAY 17th SEPTEMBER at 5·30
ADMISSION £2·00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE ROUNDHOUSE BOX OFFICE, TEL. 267 2564, OR LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., W.1, TEL. 439 3371, OR AT DOOR

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HAMMERSMITH PALAIS, W.6

SUNDAY 17th SEPT. (4pm - 2am)

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OLYMPIC RUNNERS

★ KANDIDATE

Britain's No 1 Funk & Soul DJ

ROBBIE VINCENT ★

★ TONY PRINCE + ALL THE FOX JOXS

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Stalls, T. Shirts, badges, licensed bars & hot food. Advance tickets now £2.50 from Fox Leisure, P.O. Box 9, Bromley BR1 1LN, send s.a.e. & P.O. or Palais Box Office after 8pm., Blues and Soul, 40 Hanway St., W.1. Groove Records, 52 Greek St., Premier Box Office, London Theatre Bookings, Record Centre, Pinner

"Only London Appearance"

★ *Sun 24th Sept. at 8 pm till 2 am*

SYLVESTER

Tickets £2.50 as above

HOPE & ANCHOR

UPPER STREET ISLINGTON, N.1

Thursday Sept. 14th 75p **THE EDGE**	Monday Sept. 18th 75p **PATRIK FITZGERALD**
Friday Sept. 15th 75p **JOHNNY CURIOUS**	Tuesday Sept. 19th 75p **THE JOLT**
Saturday Sept. 16th £1.00 **THE RECORDS**	Wednesday Sept. 20th £1.00 **JAB JAB**
Sunday Sept 17th £1.00 **KAHN'S VILLAINS**	Thursday Sept 21st 75p **PUNISHMENT OF LUXURY**

A LITTLE BIT RITSY

LONDON'S ONLY ALL NIGHTER

Brixton Oval, Coldharbour Lane

(Opp. Brixton Town Hall) Enquiries 01-691 1909

RGK Promotions in association with D J M present

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SEE PAGE 57

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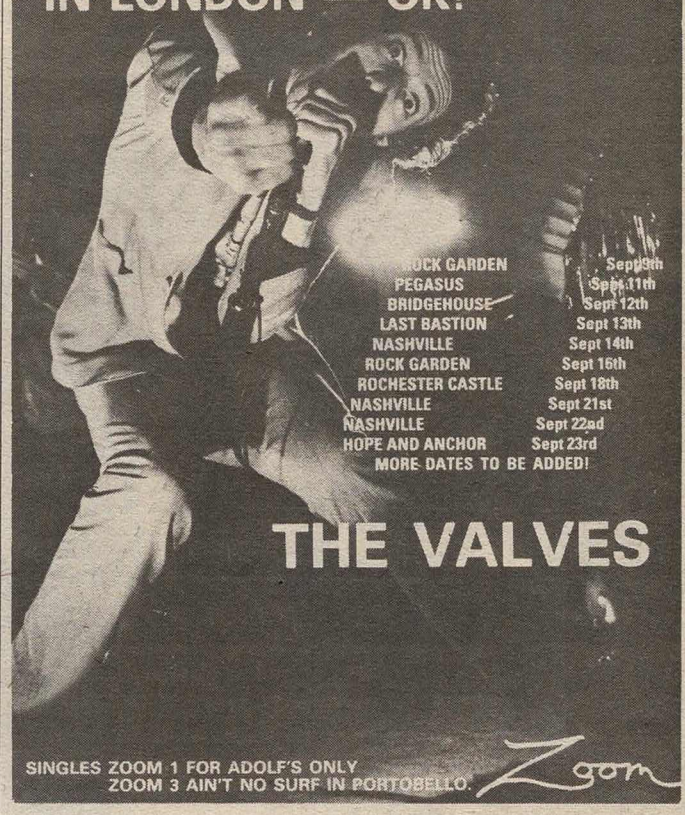

"We'll go dancing in the dark, walking through the park and... ...reminiscing"

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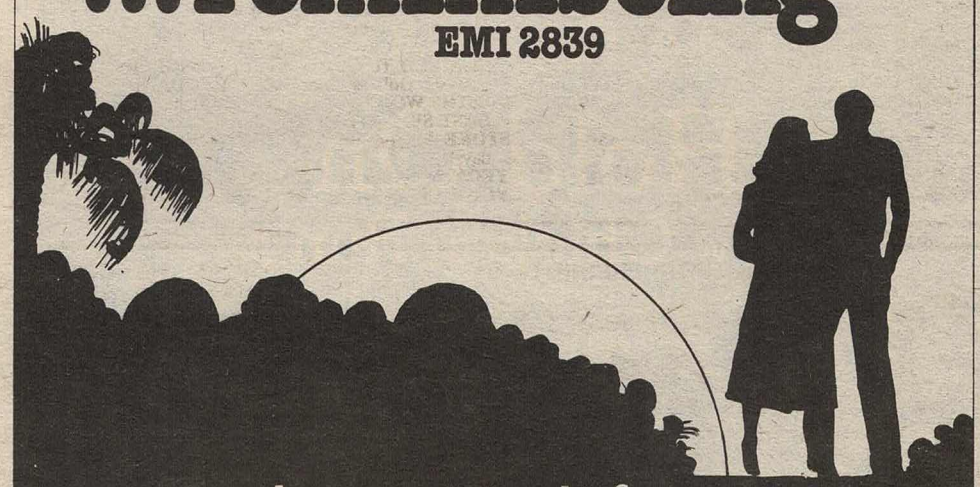

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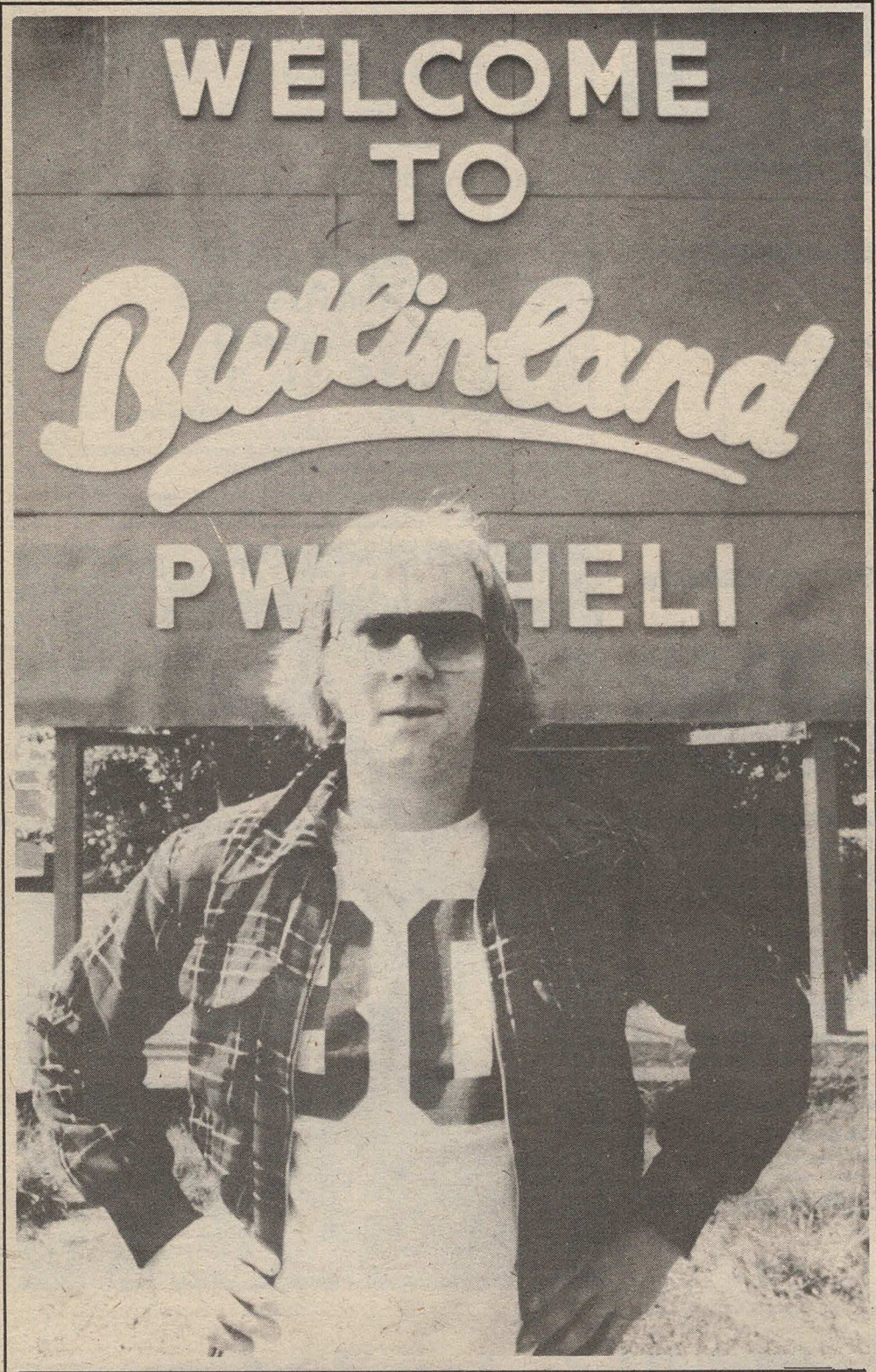

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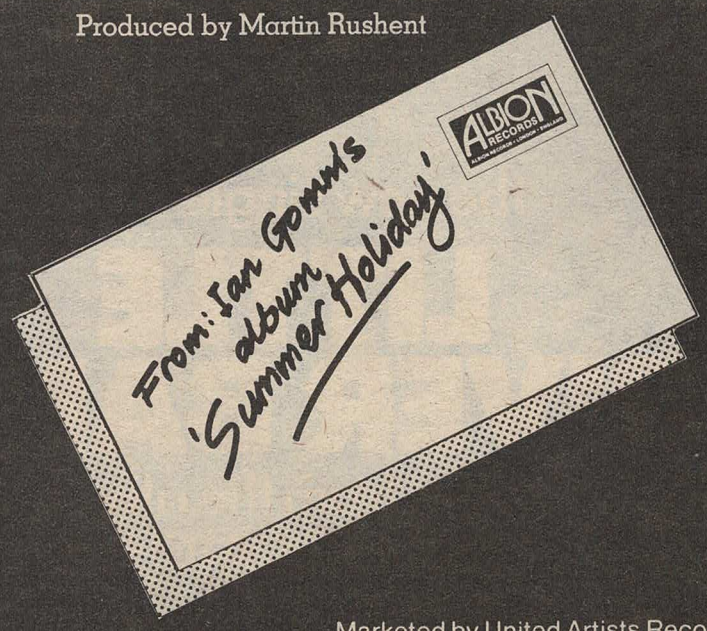


Marketed by United Artists Records

ON

Knebworth Goes Down The Tubes

Yes, it's the excessive American TV quiz show, with a token rock legend and the best of British rock. Your MCs are ROY CARR, PAUL DU NOYER and GRAHAM LOCK

DAVE EDMUNDS, peering out at flags, balloons and a sleepy-eyed, picnicking crowd, sighed, "It's too early for rock'n'roll." And Knebworth's reputation for inept billing was underlined again by two exceptionally fine opening sets that went largely unappreciated because of their inappropriate context.

Sunbathing to R&B is a very pleasurable, if slightly bizarre, experience, but it's no substitute to hearing the music in its natural habitat — which is in a sweaty club at the midnight hour.

Nevertheless, both Rockpile and the Solid Senders delivered impressive sets. The latter, featuring only four songs from their studio album, played with all the fire and urgency that's missing from the record. Wilko's frenzied, jagged "Highway 61 Revisited" lifted them early on, and the rest was a full-blooded, surging assault of mainstream R&B, fleshed out with the more melodic "Dr. Dupree", the humour of "Don't Let Your Daddy Know" and a delightful, slowed-down "Slippin' And Slidin'".

Even "Blazing Fountains", which Bob Edmands rightly put down as mealy-mouthed on the album, sounds more like a Chuck Berry classic live: Wilko spitting out the lyrics and careering round the stage in vintage style, while his guitar flashed bright in the sunlight.

A word of praise, too, for temporary keyboards person John Denton, who not only played magnificently but, throwing back his head and banging the piano in wonderfully demented fashion, seemed to epitomise the spirit of rock'n'roll. Let's hope he can be persuaded to stay, and let's hope too that one disappointing album won't deter the Solid Senders. Anyone who cares about R&B will surely have the future of the band close at heart.

Dave Edmunds is already close to the hearts of rock'n'roll aficianados, and his set lived up to most of my expectations. Rockpile live, though, are a different ballgame to Rockpile on record. Less variety, more power. None of the slower songs, no C&W, no piano — just guitars, bass and drums pounding away remorselessly. In the hands of a lesser band, it could become wearing but Rockpile attack with such vigour and skill that they simply cruise to success.

It's a great asset to have three lead vocalists — Billy Bremner took his turn on "Trouble Boys" and "No More", Nick Lowe did the honours on "Love So Fine" and "They Call It Rock", while all three shared "Juju Man". Add to this a thundering rhythm section and two fierce guitars, and you have a band which really does live up to the promise of its name.

Indeed, Rockpile play their music with a perfect blend of beefiness and drive that only a few other bands — The Clash, the Ramones, Doll By Doll — seem capable of achieving.

There were revisits to old favourites "I Hear You Knocking" and "I Knew The Bride", a couple from the new album — including "Deborah", over fast, choppy rhythms, closer than ever to "Peggy Sue" — and a lovely, flowing "Promised Land" that highlighted some magical guitar from Edmunds. A final, frantic flourish with "It's My Own Business", and there was no time for an encore. Shame!

That said, I do wonder how much longer Dave Edmunds can get away with playing music that's so blatantly derivative, no matter that he does it exceptionally well. Listening to lovingly crafted rock'n'roll soundalikes is fun, but its appeal is of limited duration. Repetition's a kind of death, and one man's obsession soon becomes a turn-off for the rest of the world.

Still, I'm glad he was at Knebworth, and I had a great time lying in the sun listening to him rock'n'roll. The Solid Senders and Rockpile made the trip worthwile for me. They might have been plain — no props, no prètensions — but they were thoroughly satisfying.

After Rockpile, I packed up my sandwiches and headed for home. None of the other bands attracted me, and I figured I might as well quit while I was still enjoying myself.

I'll remember Knebworth as a very amiable working lunch.

GL

AS A VETERAN of such affairs, I can testify that open air festivals have — contrary to legend — destroyed more myths and reputations than they've made.

Having served their apprenticeships gigging intimate clubs and medium-sized halls, when confronted with an audience of untold thousands many artists tend to either become inhibited or worse still over-react.

Being booked to play the apres-lunch slot doesn't usually help the situation.

To their credit, both The Boomtown Rats and Peter Gabriel avoided such artistic pitfalls and went about their business like seasoned festival campaigners.

First up, the Rats. Though they may have emerged at the height of the New Wave phenomenon, basically, The Boomtown Rats are die-hard rock 'n' roll traditionalists, and as such proved beyond doubt that festivals are not the exclusive stompin' ground of brain-bustin' Heavy Metal Stadium Rockers or cosmic buffoons.

Sure, like every act on parade, they had to work hard to build their act, but they grabbed the audience's attention quicker than any other band on the bill.

However, the responsibility didn't fall on just Modest Bob Geldof's slender, if somewhat rounded, shoulders.

Despite a strong breeze that often seemed determined to dump the sound in the adjoining field, The Rats — driven by snappy drumming from Simon Crowe and Pete Briquette's relentless pumping bass, meshed with Johnnie Fingers' keyboards and the guitars of Gerry Cott and Garry Roberts — managed to accurately reproduce their all-too-familiar knockabout vinyl rampage.

Modest Bob was in danger of indulging in more between-song verbals than Macbeth — chewing off just about everyone from the international press ("Doesn't make any difference what they write, you won't believe you were at the same gig!") to the actual event itself ("D'ya know what this place reminds me of? A zoo — an expensive zoo. It's a rat-trap and you've all been conned!") — a cue for song.

Nevertheless, one assumes the banter was primarily tongue-in-cheek, because at one juncture (after having a go at the *hippie* contingent), Bob whipped out a camera and got the entire audience to pose while he took happy-snapshots from the stage.

Drawing heavily from their two albums/five singles repertoire, the Rats seemed to double their energy level (as opposed to loudness) with each successive song and, by the time they reached the aforementioned "Rat Trap" (bringing on the Gonzales horn section), there was nothing barring a power failure that could possibly stop them.

"Joey's On The Street Again", "Living On An Island", "Like Clockwork", "Looking After No. 1", "Do The Rat" and "Mary Of The Fourth Form" which more or less comprised the bulk of the second half of their nothing-less-than-dynamic act proceeded to set the spectator up and knock 'em down with just the right combination of humour, style and the kind of self-confidence that was never once played strictly for visual effect or aimed over their audience's head.

The Rats went straight for the jugular and, even had you wanted to, there was no way you could have fought them off. Judged on this showing, it would appear that between them, Lizzy and The Rats have *their* particular corner of the market well and truly sewn up.

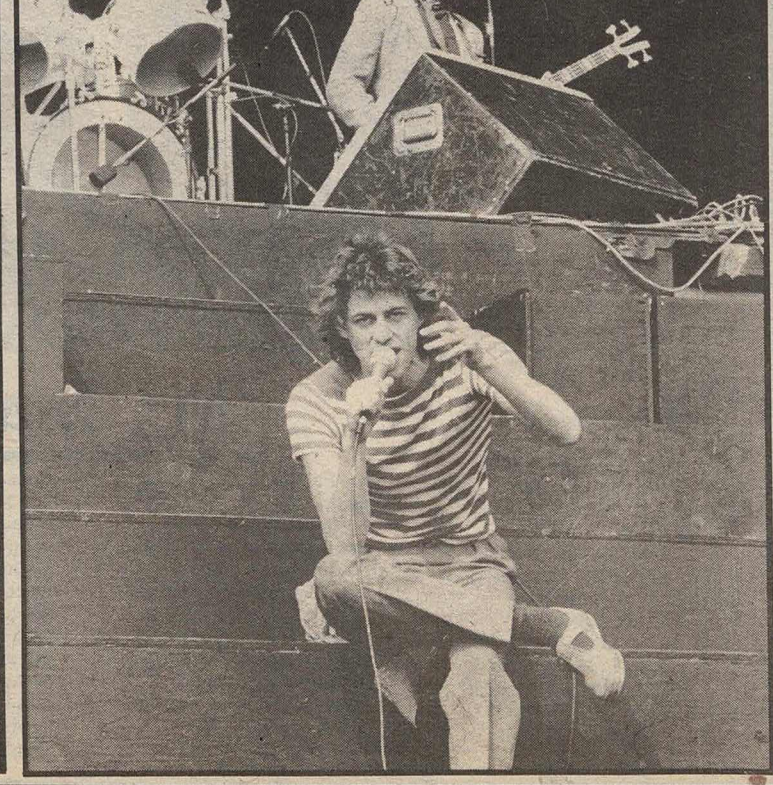
Wisely, Peter Gabriel (whose current tour was reviewed in-depth in *NME* September 2) didn't commence his set at the same energy level where The Rats left off. Like a bird of prey he first stalked his audience, lulled them into a false sense of security and then went in for the kill.

It was a masterful operation of crowd control.

Gabriel began his act as he ended it, emerging from the audience dressed all in white topped off with a dayglo orange safety vest and (for his entrance) a giant toy panda strapped to his back.

"Part of my bid for serious credibility," he announced as he introduced his panda to the audience and vice-versa. Thereafter, Gabriel bleated an

THE TOWN



From top, left to right: Fee Waybill; Frank Zappa; Peter Gabriel; a customer; Bob Geldof. Pix: DENIS O'REGAN.

acapella version of "Me And My Teddybear" and then cruised into "On The Air".

Along with master-of-disguises David Bowie, Gabriel stands as one of the most original and accomplished of contemporary *European* performers who utilise the mechanics of rock as the most direct means of both self-expression and audience communication.

And, like Bowie, not only has he perfected the art of the instant riff but also knows how to assemble the best possible musicians for his music.

Furthermore, he has an uncanny knack of being able to juxtapose his work with a wry sense of the most absurd humour.

Though they constantly switch instruments, in Sid McGinnis (guitar), Tony Levin (bass, sax), Jerry Marotta (drums), Larry Fast (synth) and Timmy Capello (keyboards), Peter Gabriel fronted a band who, with the aid of the mixing engineers, managed to produce possibly the best sound balance of the day.

Being an artist best presented in a medium-sized auditorium, the festival could have presented him with insurmountable problems. The sun continued to shine and he and his band had to sell themselves without the benefits of theatrical staging. Yet Gabriel sidestepped artistic suicide, and customised his performance to meet the requirements of the light of day.

Having paced his way through such items as "Perspective", "Flotsam & Jetsam", "White Shadow", a bizarre punkified interpretation of "A Whiter Shade Of Pale" ("The BOF brotherhood anthem," he claimed), it was four in a row with "Don't Remember", "Solsbury Hill", "Modern Love" and an encore of "The Lamb" which found him once again in the audience first surrounded, then smothered by admirers.

A hard act to follow and, as far as this observer was concerned, I know who the *real* bill-toppers were.

RC

EVENING FALLS and the site is striped by long streaks of shadow and sun. The Brits have all finished and only the Yanks remain. Continuous troop-movements about the perimeter suggest that, for many, the show ends right here, while to others, this is where Knebworth really starts. We wait.

"OOOUWAYGH ZAPPAARGH!!" erupts a fellow near my ear. Whereupon, the festival spirit (amongst other substances) proving too much, he keels over sidewards, oblivious, and for all I know he's lying there still.

What he missed was the keenly-anticipated return to our shores of Francis Vincent Zappa, Amerika's misbegotten offspring and Knebworth's token rock'n'roll legend for the day.

Unannounced the legend enters, looking relaxed in baggy white pants and T-shirt, hair scraped back from that ever-unsettling countenance.

Lining up around is the latest Zappa crew: Ike Willis on guitar; Dennis Walley on steel guitar; Arthur Barrow on bass; Vince Cacaiuta, drums; with Ed Mann on percussion and keyboards supplied by Peter Wolf and Tommy Mariano.

Though said to be not too fond of playing this li'l ol' country of ours FZ seems happy enough. We're off with a cheerful "Howdy, folks!" and a warm-up instrumental work-out called "Sound-Check", claimed to be very scientific though appearing disorganised as a bow to the great Rock Festival Tradition; "I guess some of you out there were conceived at this kind of thing."

And that's as much chat as we get for the night, the numbers being run together in a stylish, well-played set that's a satisfactory, if never startling exposition of Zappa's talents and those of his band.

Is much of Frank's notorious vitriol spent by now or is it merely subtler than before? For instance there's "Dancing Fool" for the disco boys, which strikes at the Newtonjohntravolta generation with almost gentle mockery. *Sans* guitar he strolls about with the *elan* of a cocktail crooner, punctuating words with crazed little dance-steps.

It's when he straps on the old axe that Zappa's magic is most apparent. Given a better brand of hair conditioner this man might have made a presentable guitar hero. As it is he's just a great musician, particularly so on "Village Of The Sun" wherein he retreats to the stage's deepest recesses, delegating the vocals to Willis.

Of course, at any festival the actual performance can play a smaller part than the dynamics of the day itself in the equation creating crowd-response. By this time the Knebworth audience is respectfully attentive but maybe distracted by the nippy wind that's picking up, or perhaps succumbing to late-in-the-day fatigue.

Not that he goes without an encore, mind, re-emerging with a new song, "Bamboozled By Love", solid but standard rock, Ike Willis again on vocals.

Hate to say it but it sounded like just another band from LA. Yet if the show remained unstolen it's fair to say that few could have had any complaint.

Now Frank was falling off British stages years before Fee Waybill got in on the routine. And one detects more than healed-up broken legs in common between the last and the next act — SF's The Tubes.

Both display that same fixation with all the mobid horrors that swim in America's plastic-lined subconscious, not to mention its TV shows. Whereas the former artist attacks through withering scorn and satire The Tubes confront their culture on its

■ *Continues over*

Knebworth — cont. from previous page

very own terms, revelling in all its obsessions and excesses.

Taking their extravaganza to new heights of theatrical overkill they are the force that's needed to shake this now-benighted Knebworth by the throat. They're so far over the top, Up looks like Down to them.

In "What Do You Want From Life?" a deranged quiz-show MC is showering his victim with preposterous prizes (the booby being "a broken leg in Leicester", reminding us that this evening marks their return after that accident-curtailed sortie last May).

"Slipped My Disco" sees the entrance of the Hot Gossip dancers, they of Kenny Everett fame and Mary Whitehouse infamy, followed by "Smoke (Le Vie En Fumer)" involving various complex manoeuvres with cafe tables and 10-foot cigarettes.

Whatever next? Well, how about Waybill and Miss Re Styles cruising on stage in a genuine automobile for the hilarious "Don't Touch Me There"? Or Fee in his famous S/M rig-out for "Mondo Bondage"?

While it's hard to see that The Tubes could ever be anyone's favourite group on strictly musical terms (though never less than excellent in that respect) their act must be one of the most successful comedy/rock fusions yet achieved.

Prancing dancers brandish big red flags to herald "Terrorist (Smash The System)" before the band break into "I Saw Her Standing There", infused with that "New Rose" riff throughout.

Pumping out a mainstream rock back-up to all the madness are Bill Spooner and Roger Steen on guitars, Vince Welnick and Michael Cotten on keyboards and synthesiser, Rick Anderson (bass) and Mingo Lewis on percussion. Just about everyone sings. Oh, and there's Prairie Prince who gets to do a drum-solo.

But what the hell is happening now? Uh uh, I was afraid of this — staggering in on those ludicrous platforms comes Waybill's dreadful alter-ego the horrendous Quay Lewd, exhorting us all to "Stand Up And Shout". Full marks for the limey accent.

Grand finale time brings us "White Punks On Dope", slow'n'schmaltzy to start but building into the crashing anthem we all know and have learnt to live with. The nubiles frolic for all they're worth and the crowd by now is well and truly alight. This may in part be attributable to the fireworks cascading down upon their heads.

An encore is inevitable and is, indeed, the most moving I've seen for it's dedicated to "a rock'n'roll legend", consisting of "Baba O'Riley" and "The Kids Are Alright": Keith Moon, the patron saint of excess, had died two days previously. A glorious tribute made all the more so by the presence on guitar of The Tubes' current producer, Todd Rundgren.

Lights flare up around the massive stage to say "The Tubes thank you all." Mutual, I'm sure.

Such a pity the journey home is always murder — Bank-Holiday-styled traffic chaos meets Napoleon's Retreat From Moscow . . .

PDN

BLONDIE: THE FLAWS IN THE IMAGE

Blondie

HAMMERSMITH ODEON

THE BLONDIEMANIA machinery had engaged top gear well in advance of this, their first London concert.

There was a Top 10 single and a new album; their mugs, opinions and complaints were evenly spread throughout the music press; and it was revealed that because of "unprecedented" ticket demand they could have doubled-up the shows at every venue they played.

With a huge stage back-drop of the black and white "Parallel Lines' sleeve, there's no misunderstanding that the British tour is anything other than a deliberately timed and essential event in the whole promotion campaign.

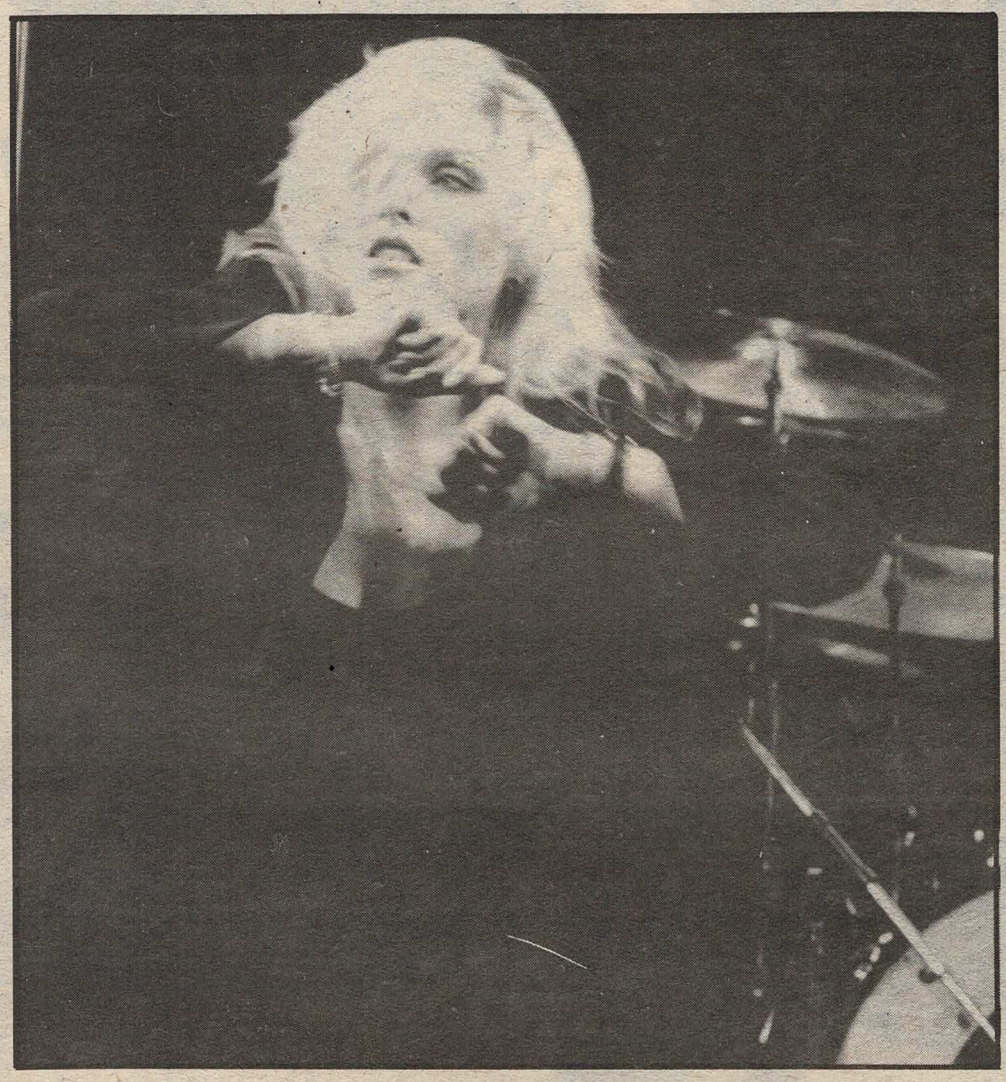
It's Pop Exploitation as a fine art. We're even led to believe that Blondie have developed into a more integrated and much maturer unit.

But as it turns out, that's part of the audience conditioning that has little to do with the reality.

Dressed in suits and evening dress on the "Lines" sleeve photo, they were obviously trying to depict this new sophistication. But it was only the transparent visual presence Pop Stars frequently adopt as thick gravy to compensate for the thin musical gruel.

It was all very much on the theory that even if the meal — in this case, "Lines" — is insubstantial, at least the place-settings look good.

Blondie records obviously now sell in suburbia where such an image is undoubtedly essential, but the image is not taken into the concert hall. And perhaps this is their last stand to their original audience — because things haven't really changed since their last visit.



Pic: PAUL COX

Opening with "In The Sun", the gentlemen of the band still look a little street-scruffy even in their jackets. And Debbie Harry nimbles on wearing a black leotard, hands buried deep in a baggy jacket, the two-tone hair a mess, and generally looking suitably dishevelled.

Unfortunately it's the projection of this stance, compounded by the band boasting of their individual talents, which detracts from their real strength simply as a pop group. They've groaned on about "respect" and "credibility" with unfortunate results.

Harry, for instance, is self-conscious, and even the belt dangling limply between her legs takes on a symbolic significance as she deliberately subdues her stage performance. It's half an hour before the jacket comes off and she ventures to the stage sides to acknowledge that there's a capacity audience.

Most of the time she stays within the ranks, awkwardly flaying her legs and arms, while the others maintain a broody air of seriousness. And considering the set comprises the commercial highlights of three albums, including "X Offender", "Denis", "Presence" and "Picture This", it's a daft attitude to have.

Although the new material from "Lines" comes over a lot better than on album, it's clear that Blondie do rely particularly on Debbie, and their greater aspirations as a rock band are somewhat misplaced. Chris Stein and Frank Infante are insubstantial guitarists who rarely manage anything other than chord playing, so leaving Jimmy Destri to solo, mainly on Farfisa organ.

The real musical brilliance comes from bassist Nigel Harrison and drummer Clem Burke: a gifted and imaginative pair, responsible for maintaining the set's fast pace and momentum under conditions that would be vastly improved if this concerted attempt to establish individual identities was not so forced by the band.

Similarly, once excellent melodies like "Fan Mail" and "Denis" are afflicted with a cumbersome weightiness which, if it wasn't for Debbie's vocals, would drag the whole act down. And again she offers most in the new pieces such as "One Way Or Another"; and perhaps inspired by her own performance manages to explore gingerly the stage cat-walks.

But if the futility of wanting to be something they're obviously not shows in their presentation, then it's also made clear by the audience's response.

When they quietly begin "Fade Away And Radiate" hidden in darkness, the crowd chant for an encore without realising the band are still on stage. But with a spot beam reflected off the mirrored suit Debbie wears during the song, and off the giant wing mirrors she produces, it does become at least a theatrical highlight.

But not content with making real pop, Blondie are now becoming forced and pretentious; and you can't help but expect them to actually wear the evening dress next time they're here.

Tony Stewart

The Fall

MARQUEE, LONDON

I AM a commentator in a Consumers' Guide. This week I guide you towards entertainers The Fall, as I always have done. As a commentator for a Consumers' Guide my expected role is to wonder aloud what next year's thing may be, to initiate a new-ism; this is imperative. So I'm told. Next year's thing could be The Fall. They know this. I know this. But how to control it?

The Fall have tried to stop it for 13 months. They have lost two key personnel in their battle. A keyboards player left last year because they were becoming too 'big'.

We're at the Marquee. We're in the music scene. Isn't it grand? It suits us fine. Wouldn't change it for anything.

On stage Fall singer Mark Smith pays hollow homage to a hallowed centre of the music scene. Nice place, he mimes, shrugging his shoulders.

I stand in the audience writing song titles on my hand in Biro. Musician Mark Perry stands near me singing the words to some Fall songs. Radar boss, entrepreneur Andrew Lauder stands near me swaying to the groovy beat of some Fall songs. The audience stands in silent attention.

Pic: GEORGE BODNAR

FALL MARKET SURVEY

The Fall move closer to being tinned. The Fall move closer to being part of our leisure activity. They're falling.

On stage the young bassist and keyboardist look dazed. They function automatically. Their desires are muted. The drummer keeps himself busy.

The singer covers his hesitancy and unsureness with cynical superiority. He performs reluctantly. This doesn't necessarily mean he has no commitment, it just means he doesn't like to show off. He is amused at his role, when once he would have been awed. He is concerned (!) about things when once he wouldn't have cared. The guitarist passionately slices savage chords out of his flash guitar.

Machine. Intellect. Heart. Automation. Consideration. And what? The weak link?

The soul.

A new piece, "Two Steps Back", is lucid, expansive, defiant. Daring. The Fall at last decide to move on, resigned to their fate, so that components once confined now rush out in a tumble, enthusiastic, even possessed.

The instrumental passage in this piece was the most stirring, thrustful, unshapely, vigorous five minutes I've heard from The Fall in eight months. That's remarkable. It's just a case of losing themselves. It's all a result of conflict.

They played a bumpy pop song too. "I Like To Blow". Fond of ironies, this group. And they've a reper toire of standards . . . "Stepping Out" (where all lives of Fall began, the growing awareness, gradual discovery . . . *'I used to believe everything I read, but now I'm stepping out'*), "Repetition" (where all forms of life stumble), "Psycho Mafia", "Rebellious Jukebox", "Industrial Estate" and "Last Orders", which they did not play.

These songs are tense, edgy, fumbling, vivid.

Yet somehow mellow — the ultimate joke.

But fast songs that catch. The sound was terrible. They got an encore — Smith dropping his mask, from 'go on humiliate yourselves' to 'thanks, you've been really good'. Another fun night at the Marquee.

It's hopeless. The Fall always were in a nightmare. A nightmare that gets worse. They drift into cult status. They freefall into happiness. They trip into being next year's thing. Or they split. It's their own faults, for being in the music scene. What do they expect. To try and change it?

The problems of knowledge. The labour of love. (Ha!) The Fall, A Next Year's Thing. A tasty tin of beans.

Paul Morley

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LURKERS ROCKIN' IN A RIOT

The Lurkers
LYCEUM

IT AIN'T easy to rock'n'roll in the middle of a riot. It's even harder when the place is overrun by the boys-in-blue and the Lyceum's own law and order forces.

The Lurkers made it crystal clear they were pissed off with the aggro. Howard Wall told the rival factions that in no uncertain terms, for all the good it did.

Too late. The gig was destroyed long before then.

As early as Stiff Little Fingers' short opening set, skirmishes broke out in front of the stage. The Ulster band did well in adverse circumstances, peaking on "Emergency", and scoring with direct power-driven heavy metal at breakneck pace.

The notorious Ivor Biggun attempted to lighten proceedings with his George Formby take-offs, getting heavy mileage out of the Peter Cook/Dudley Moore syndrome.

Johnny Moped were next up, but their rough-textured approach was akin to a schooner running aground off the coast of Cornwall, and failed to convince. J M's vocal performance only reached a reasonable standard on "Hard Lovin' Man", the song that brought him fame and fortune on the first Roxy album.

They ran through an unappetising selection of "Panic Button" (apt considering later happenings) "I Wanna Die", "Cut Your Hair" and "I Believe In Lies" before leaving the stage open for The Lurkers.

London's answer to Fleetwood Mac (that's what the announcer said) started off at the speed of light and got faster with each number.

Inevitably, most of their set was from the brilliant but inconsistent "Fulham Fallout" LP, with a couple of newies thrown in. One of them, "Bad Times", showed that they have the same approach as always; which is either monotonous or exhilarating, depending on your musical viewpoint.

Pete Stride came into his own on the classic Lurkers song, "Jenny"; which gave the impression he was holding a star-drive in his hands, moving into warp 9.

At this point, though, they got too fast for their own good. "Self Destruct", "Shadow" and "It's Quiet Here" were taken literally over the edge of credibility as chords stumbled into each other and not even the most dedicated pogoer could keep pace.

"It's In My Head" — a number Howard wanted as the A-side of the new single — was better, even vaguely reminiscent of the early Who.

There was time for the humour of the Spector-mutated "Then I Kicked Her", before the holocaust: five minutes of fighting, and the dance floor cleared.

By the time The Lurkers (Esso's appeal fell on stoney ground) got into "Ain't Got A Clue" the gig had disintegrated.

The debris was cleared for The Lurkers to encore with "I'm On Heat" and "Be My Prisoner".

They'd saved the best till last, but the audience was reduced to a silent shambles as cops and bouncers searched for offenders.

What was that Jimmy Pursey said about the kids being united?

Roger White

Pic: DAVE SIVIOUR

Mac Curtis
Matchbox
ST. HELIER ARMS, CARSHALTON

TIME HAS seldom dealt lightly with 50s rock 'n' rollers. Be they the white country-based variety or the black R'n'B guys, the majority of survivors from that era are ravaged caricatures of their teenage selves, even those who are still gamely rocking on for posterity.

Mac Curtis is something of an exception.

Not that he was ever one of the real wild cats of rock: more a country boy who utilised a strong beat while it was commercially sensible to do so. And not that he looks like a young rocker now: more like the archetypal, tall, slim, wisecracking deputy marshall of TV westerns. But he's certainly in fine fettle for his 39 years; bopping easy, with no great evidence of untoward exertion save perhaps for a mild sweat, through a lively 90-minute set of 24 songs, nearly all uptempo, as demanded by the partisan audience of Teds and their chicks.

Curtis's performance was fresh in more ways than one: only four of the songs would be familiar to anyone other than A hardcore Rockabilly fan.

Unlike the Sun stars and other famous rockin' names of the era he's a comparatively recent 'discovery'. Although now rated among the Rockabilly Legends, little more than six or seven years ago there were probably less than a 1000 fanatics in this country who had ever heard of him, let alone heard him.

As one of the ignorant majority I was well chuffed not to have to endure reworkings of rock standards I'd heard a million times before but instead enjoy his confidently delivered repertoire of obscure-ish original 50s recordings ("Say So", "Grandaddy's Rockin'", "If I Had Me A Woman", "Goosebumps" and others) and recent Rollin' Rock recordings (including, I think, "Amarillo Killer", "Good Rockin' Teddy", "Ducktail", "Sidething" and his adaption of Piano Red's "She Knows How To Rock Me").

If I have any gripe about his set it's merely a small cry from the wilderness that I'd like to have heard him vary the pace with one or two more bluesy, country songs (and I'm not even a big country music fan) but there's no doubt the audience wouldn't have appreciated it.

In fact, the audience were a peculiar bunch of buggers altogether, for apart from a few rows of fervent applauders clustered in front of the stage hardly anyone signified their approval of Curtis until the end of his show, when they suddenly all went bananas and demanded more.

Still, if Curtis got a deceptive reaction, Matchbox suffered worse. They barely stirred more than a ripple of applause during their set — presumably a case of familiarity breeding apathy because not only were they excellent, but I was assured by local tribesmen that everyone was enjoying them.

As well as providing damn near faultless accompaniment for Curtis, Matchbox staged a show that must put them among the best home-grown Rockabilly acts. Far from being just a high-powered echo machine, they have style and authority, a lot of good original songs and some impeccable versions of unpredictable 50s faves, all performed with variety of presentation and no mean musical talent. Bodacious bopping.

Cliff White

City Boy
MUSIC MACHINE, (LONDON)

STRANGE it is, at a time when the average band's success is hinged upon transferring live music onto record, to be faced with one who already have four lavishly-produced albums to their credit but are still trying to effect their material on stage. And, sad to relate, on the evidence of City Boy's only London date prior to their extensive tour of the States, they failed the acid test.

Over the ill-fated course of their last four years the band have written a stack of inspired songs, whose slickness and obvious commercial appeal would suggest singles material in large supply.

A mere glance, however, at their sagging stage presence, and their discs start slipping. They're completely unable to project to a live audience.

Their most obvious flaw is the use of two lead vocalists — one, Steve Broughton, highly entertaining and a born performer, the other, Lol Mason, whose every move was obviously self-conscious and massively awkward.

Their democratic approach of alternating as frontman did nothing but blunt any accessible focal point.

Most of the set merged into a slab of sophisticated disco — funk rhythms, rock riffs, perfect vocal harmonies, but slotted out with such jukebox precision as to destroy any feeling of acceleration. Mike Slamer played fair if predictable lead guitar, and Jim Ward, virtually invisible behind a barrage of drums, compensated for the very thin keyboard/bass sound.

But there was nothing on offer that actually screamed for attention apart from the well-oiled "5.7.0.5", and the almost aggressive "Cigarettes".

The comparisons with 10cc that City Boy seem to collect are certainly justified. They use similar cabaret chorus routines (as in "Dear Jean (I'm Nervous)"), their overall spacious production isn't that different, and they even write lyrics with the same deceptively significant detail, but they just don't have the vital humour, irony and width of ideas to make it all work.

What eventually canned the whole evening was the Broughton/Mason quick-change stint for "Dinner At The Ritz".

After consistently understepping the mark throughout the entire set, they reappeared — Lol in lounge-lizard white suit, Steve, the demented doorman, in top hat and tails — for a completely misplaced and overplayed music-hall vocal/dance act. They should either stick to playing commercial radio music, or put together a complete, rehearsed Vaudeville rock show, but not dilute one with the other and expect that to guarantee a more varied live performance.

So the soap opera rolls on — it's long-running theme "Success eludes Rock band", it's undying stars "City Boy", Act 15, America. . .

Mark Ellen

'STARS DO NO WRONG' SHOCK

Radio Stars
LEEDS

RADIO STARStars played two consecutive nights at the Fforde Green near the beginning of their 47-dater, and — to be frank — it was just as well they did stick around to deliver at the second time of asking; had I been asked to comment on the merits of the first night (good though it was, the Stars knew they were holding back), the rhetoric would have come over as definitive indifference.

Gig No.2, however, found the boys (and their PA) in much better shape.

Presumably, after a good kip, they'd settled in at the Adriatic across the road, and, being au fait with the playing arena, knew what they could and could not do.

From Andy Ellison's point of view, the low ceiling must have been a drag. The place didn't allow for his usual pyrotechnics; physically unable to jump off anything higher than a table, he content himself with Tarzan impressions, scaling pillars, making mid-number trips to the bar, and generally surveying the scene from any unorthodox vantage point.

When he wasn't playing hide and seek, pogoing with the pogoers or demonstrating the back-stroke in mid-air, he was launching himself on spacial missions at whatever speed and trajectory took his fancy. He rarely paid the price; the skateboard knee-pads came in handy as his insurance.

'Serious commodore' Martin Gordon took care of the music, and marshalled it well. Evidently the occasion was the kind that he lives for. He looked like he'd been laughing forever, such was the atmosphere the band conjured for the collective edification. The vibe probably took him by surprise. Guitarist Ian Macleod (especially slick on "Let's Call It Rock And Roll") and Casual (drums and slick everywhere) obviously felt the same way.

Repertoire-wise, the 'old' songs are still the best. "Good Personality", "No Russians", "Nervous Wreck" and "Dirty Pictures" still take plenty of beating as songs from the New Age. The "Holiday Album" material, "The Real Me" and (the new 45) "Radio Stars" sound fine already, and they'll doubtless improve with familiarity.

"Sex In Chains Blues" is a different ball game: the Roger Plant screechalikes I couldn't quite understand, just as "Norwegian Wood" is as pointless as it is gratuitous. "Elvis Is Dead Boring" ("Elvis is a stiff — *way down"*) and the magnificent but sick "Beast Of Barnsley" I could do without. It's rock and roll, and I don't like it. But I suppose my 'values' are my problem.

The Stars would be a fine band even without the controlled elegance of Gordon and Ellison's unhinged exuberance. Their songs are little gems of classic rock and roll, their collective personae are ideal for venues of this size. They have what it takes to be one day referred to as 'semi-legendary'. And that's some going.

For me, anyway, the band can do very little wrong. Ellison (even if he did snub a shot of my drink) is a real trouper, a true, conscientious entertainer. Game for any feasible jape, he did everything there was to do with style and humour. And I suppose if there is such a thing as 'taking music to the people', this must be what it's all about.

Emma Ruth

Pic: PAUL SLATTERY

CHARLIE
ain't no darlings!
polydor

Chas And Dave

OXFORD ARMS, ISLINGTON

What we have to ask our-selves is why these guys are not yet national celebrities, feted with four page interviews in weekly rock papers, endearing little snippets in the daily drearies and pungent crit-iques on earnest programmes like *Kaleidoscope*,

They write better, more entertaining, humorous and, strewf, socially reflective songs than anyone else wot springs to mind, including Ian Dury (with whom I've compared them once before, which isn't strictly fair on either I.D. or C&D but is vaguely relevant).

Among these unheralded minor classics are such wacky snatches of London street-life as "One Fing 'n' Another", "Who D'ya Fink You're Talking To?", "Gertcha", "Scruffy Old Cow", "I'm In Trouble", "Massage Parlour", "Edmonton Green" and "Big Fat Rat" — which can't be bad to be going on with, can it?

They're also pretty deft at unearthing aged songs of similar character, like the tongue-twisting "Our Old Lodger" or "A Nice Quite Day", which were presumably once music hall favourites.

They — that is Chas Hodges, piano; Dave Peacock, bass; Mick Burt, drums — are also staggeringly good musicians, who, when they're not relating their own material, pump out rock 'n' roll (fifties style, with a strong Jerry Lee Lewis bias) with the total conviction of life-long addicts of the music, often producing a more exciting version of whatever they're performing than the original recording.

And with such natural ease too, unlike some of these heavily mannered, look-we're-dressed-the-part-so-we-must-be-authentic outfits going the rounds.

Also . . . werl, also I fink they're great, dun I?

I can only think that they're still the best kept secret in Britain 'cause they look all wrong (they're not Teds or Punks or Freaks or Glamour Queens or such; they're just, horror of horrors, normal sorta blokes really). They're not starstruck, feisty young 'erberts but maturish (he says diplomatically), easy-going 'erberts, and, perhaps most importantly, they don't seem to have a manager.

Still, give it time lads, give it time. One of these days I'll be proud to say that I was raving about you when you still just the hottest thing going on the East-End pub circuit.

Cliff White

Barry Ford
The Members

ACKLAM HALL, LONDON

THE BAND assembled by the former Merger drummer/singer/guitarist for this solo debut had been together precisely two days (and one rehearsal) before they boarded Notting Hill's Acklam Hall stage under the yellow lights of the Westway just after midnight last Friday.

It came as no surprise that what followed did not exactly reach the breathless heights of Roots Rock British Reggae at its best.

Quite simply, they weren't ready.

"Doc" Ford and his sidekick, ever-steady bassist Ivor Steadman, must have exchanged nervous glances with the three young session men alongside them as least as regularly at those who had to walk home from the gig down dingy Portobello Road at two in the morning.

Which is not to say that they were bad — just that they never looked a band in the true sense of the word.

Ford, who played guitar and sang, his locks cascading onto a Rattus Norvegicus T-shirt, remains an exhalted, enthusiastic, not to mention experienced performer, radiating a frothy effervescence similar to that of the much-maligned Black Slate.

With better — or at least more rehearsed — backing, he should be more convincing: he certainly has a wealth of material to draw on. One song aside ("Understanding" from Merger's "Exiles" album), the Acklam set was made up with songs written since the big split, most of it on his lengthy sojourn in JA with Steadman, including "Rebel", his jaunty tribute (yes, yet another one!) to Johnny Rotten.

With an album in the can from the Jamaican trip with a group called Cool Breeze, hopefully it won't be too long before better comes.

It was left to The Members to open the evening after B52's (not the American group), who were also playing the Hope and Anchor that night, failed to turn up.

The Members get better every time I see them. A tacky, rootsy five-piece from South London suburbia, they've come on enormously from the humble and humourless straight Punk beginnings of last year's "Streets" compilation album to the spirited eccentricity with which they are currently devastating London club rockers.

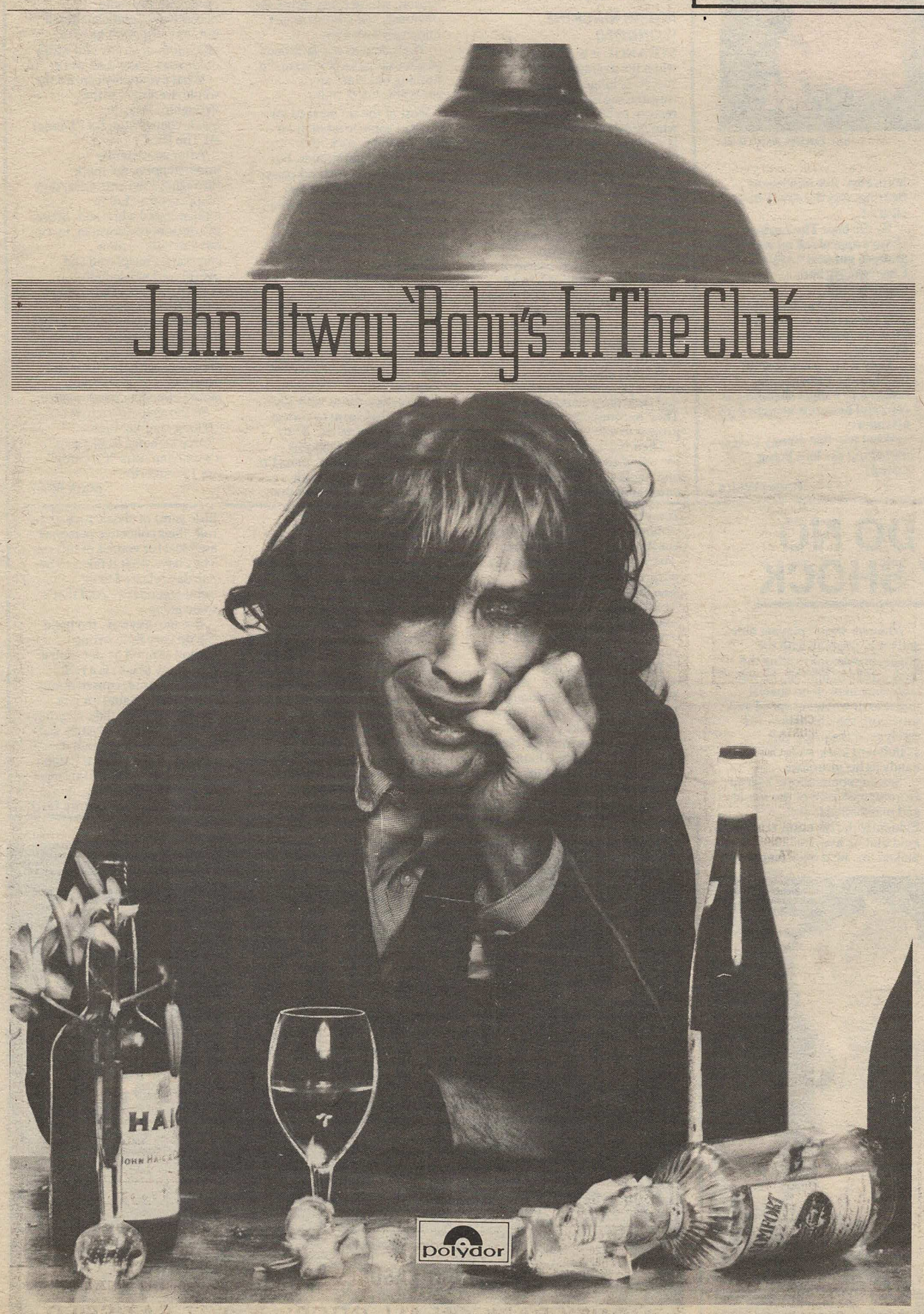
Fronted by an animated vocalist, "Fearless" Nicky Tesco, The Members play fast rock 'n' roll spicing it with richly-textured dub-like chording on slower numbers like the brooding instrumental "Electricity" and the wacky "Love In A Lift", where Tesco momentarily lapses into an effective and fitting Johnny Thunders parody for the line "messin wit da boize . . ."

"Solitary Confinement", their badly promoted — and hence neglected — Stiff one-off single, was a highlight with its hard and tangible yet simultaneously humourous lyrics, as was one of the newer songs, "Sound Of The Suburbs", a strident, anthem-like rocker worthy of The Clash.

For them, the only course seems to be onwards and upwards. Join the club while there's still time.

Lastly, though, a mention for Black Productions who have been letting the two cultures clash at the Acklam Hall with their regular Punk and Reggae gigs every Friday night through the summer without much credit. The community centre cum youth club hall is rapidly becoming one of the best medium-sized venues in town. Keep it up.

Adrian Thrills



JAZZ DIARY

THE ANDREW Cyrille Quartet are making their London debut at the 100 Club on 18th September. With the ex-Cecil Taylor drummer will be David Ware on tenor and Ted Daniel trumpet, with Nick Di Geronimo on bass. Judging by Cyrille's recent albums, "Junction" and "Celebration" on IPS Records, this is not a band to miss. John Stevens, Barry Guy and Trevor Watts share the bill.

Other JCS gigs at the 100 Club include the Johnny Patrick Quartet and the Kenny Baldock Quartet on 25th. The Phoenix has Geoff Castle's Strange Fruit on 20th and Barbara Thompson's Jubiaba on 27th, while Putney's Half Moon has Jeff Clyne's Turning Point on 17th, and the Mike Osborne Quintet on 24th September.

Another JCS service to members is the album mail order catalogue which includes Steam, Ogun, Mosaic, Wave and Spotlite labels. This month's special offer is "Sonatinas" by the Stan Tracey-John Surman Duo at a bargain price.

Outside London, the Michael Garrick-Art Themen Quartet are featured at the Bulls Head, Coventry, on 14th, Don Rendell at the St. Ives Festival on 18th, and Velvet at Pengethley Hotel on 21st September. The Band On The Wall, Manchester, has Danny Moss with the Joe Palin Trio, plus "Jazz On A Summer's Day" on 14th, the Blackpool Bebop Preservation Society plus "Hot House" and "Jivin' Bebop" on 21st, and the Al Haig Trio with Pete King on 28th. South Hill Park, Bracknell, Berkshire, has Art Themen on 26th.

John Stedman Promotions are presenting the magnificent South African pianist, Dollar Brand, at the Collegiate Theatre on 15th September. His last performance here has become something of a golden mean in jazz circles: imagination, emotion, integrity. The Pizza Express, Dean Street, features Cousin Joe on 26th September.

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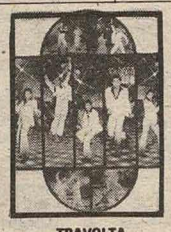
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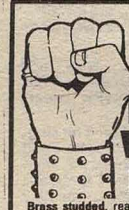

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BOWIE

● *From page 22*

IGGY POP
TV EYE — LIVE 1977
Side One: TV Eye (Pop-Ashton)/Funtime (Pop-Bowie)/Sixteen (Pop)/I Got A Right (Pop).
Side Two: Lust For Life (Pop-Bowie)/Dirt (Pop)/Nightclubbing (Pop-Bowie)/I Wanna Be Your Dog (Pop-Ashton)
Production: Iggy Pop, David Bowie. RCA PL 12796.

THE IGGY live album is drawn half-and-half from the tour on which Bowie performed and the one immediately afterwards: four tracks feature Bowie on keyboards and Ricky Gardiner on guitar alongside the Sales brothers (the sons incidentally of US TV comic Soupy Sales, who enjoyed a brief vogue in the '60s), while the rest display the talents of Stacey Heydon (a Bowie guitar alumnus who played on the "Station To Station" tour as Earl Slick's replacement) and Scott Thurston on guitar, keyboard, synth and mouth harp.

Mixing Stooges favourites and excerpts from the 1977 Bowie-Pop song book, "TV Eye" has a better sound than most bootlegs, but is far below the standard that one has come to expect from a commercially-released live album. Bowie and Pop apparently mixed, edited, and mastered it in something of a rush, and it sounds accordingly (unless, of course, he deliberately wished to give album listeners a taste of the view from Row 94).

The results would imply that as a producer Bowie is at his best with all-studio jobs where he can maintain control over all stages of the recording process.

He doesn't seem to have much luck with live albums.

"I Got A Right" and "Sixteen" were issued as a single (RCA PB 9213).

POSTSCRIPT: For the purposes of this Consumers' Guide, the Authors have deliberately chosen to omit listings of bootlegs and promotional compilations which have never been made available to the general public for the simple reason that we have no desire to encourage the kind of blatant profiteering which invariably surrounds the trading or sale of such items.

Furthermore, we have declined to list cover versions of songs that Bowie himself has recorded and released (believe us, you don't really want to know about Ronnie Hilton's godawful cover version of "The Laughing Gnome"), or to acknowledge the presence of familiar Bowie tracks which have been included on multi-artist compilations.

We'll take our leave by repairing a few ommissions in Part 1: a recording of "The Superman" (from "The Man Who Sold The World") cut during the "Ziggy Stardust" session and featuring the Ronson-Bolder-Woodmansey band appears on "Revelations (A Musical Anthology For Glastonbury Fayre)" (Revelation REV 1/2/3), a triple album released in 1972.

Due to a production error, the title of the Deram album appeared as "Love You Till Tuesday" instead of "David Bowie".

The U.S. single of "Rebel Rebel" was extensively remixed with extra percussion overdubs.

Finally, a Bowie contributed the lyric to a song called "Love Is Always" recorded by Dee Dee (not Ramone) on Palette PB 25-579, released on the Continent circa 1968.

Okay. Love on ya!

TUBES

● *From page 30*

one time and got promptly thrown out."

Discussion inevitably turns to this *new* Tubes concept (they prefer the term "theme" but that's all by the by) with Todd Rundgren at the helm as producer (in fact he was going to produce the first Tubes album until Albert Grossman started demanding ludicrous sums of money for the gig. Now though, Spooner lavishes praise on Todd's "Wizard" and "Todd" magnum opi with a gravel-throated relish) and television as the main source of inspiration.

Spooner lights up at the mention of all this, sardonically claiming: "Prime Time entertainment was our one main influence. The best T.V. shows — a kind of pastiche of the real biggies, the red mindless extravaganzas. I love prime time anyway. I'm not ashamed! I'll tell ya the greatest thing about living in a big country like the States is that people tend to stay at home at night."

I ask Spooner if he actually considers himself the Tubes' leader. "Well," he shrugs, "I was the leader, I guess."

Cotton, not to be outdone, shoots back: "Yeah, he had the clues, but we made the decision. It's really based on majority anarchy than anything."

Spooner adds: "Yeah, that's why it took fuckin' years to get honed down."

Any decision on songwriting which is from now on going to be simply credited to The Tubes — "just like The Stranglers do" as Waybill proudly claims — is thwarted by Spooner's claim that the process is "kinda like describing an elephant to a blind man."

Oh and one final thing. You, like myself, probably imagine the name "Tubes" to arise from a pun on bood — tube an American slang term for the addict box. Not so — Michael Cotten claims the name was originally "Tubes, rybes, cones and bulbs" which make up the individual cells of the eye. According to *Life* magazine.

Isn't science wonderful?

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WHY DO all your letters begin WITH CAPITALS
JOHN TELEVISION, Belfast

'Cos we've got style, baby. — CSNJFMH&S

JESUS, THE Stranglers really are on the biggest macho ego trip, even if they can't quite bring themselves to admit it. I mean, I agree that some "Women's Libbers" are a bit paranoid and over-react, making fools of themselves (exactly what The Stranglers want them to do) and I also agree that it's nice for men to look at women's thighs. I only wish more men would show their thighs for women — men and women are sex objects to each other (useful for reproduction, you know).

But all this doesn't excuse the fact that The Stranglers exploit their priviliged position (Dave Spart language) and use the media to put women down (via records, interviews, public behaviour). They laugh at women and don't take them seriously (totally infuriating. I'd like to personally smash Hugh Cornwell's face in). I bet that waitress (last week's interview) was excited that a famous rock group attempted to kidnap her — a nice break from a mundane job.

Since when have love songs and sexism been mutually exclusive? Spain and Italy have produced tender love songs for hundreds of years but are still two of the most sexist countries in Europe. Look, women may be pretty pathetic (how's your conditioning?) but a lot of men are, too. We are trying to fight our conditioning and Rome wasn't built in a day etc., but how about a little constructive comment on Stranglers' songs instead of mere destructive derision?

As for Ian Dury, I agree, I think "If I Was With a Woman" is the most serious song on the album — and it maddens and saddens me. But — let's face if — it's hard to imagine Ian Dury with a woman anyway, whereas The Stanglers are a raunchier, more fanciable lot and therefore more infuriating.

The trouble with The Stranglers is that they've got this 'boys will be boys' image whereby Jean Jacket thinks it's awful jolly fun to stir up some aggro with 'Child' (an awful band) on *TOTP*, and Hugh Cornwell admits he hasn't been averse to slapping a girl around now and again. Really progressive thinkers, huh? Anyway, the point is, I don't think J.J. Burnel has any right to complain about being stuck with a sexist label — the facts are all too clear. Here endeth the bitching session.
LAURA BITCHKILL, the bionic feminist with the 42" bust.

Methinks you're unfair — the only thing The Stranglers and Ian Dury have in common is that they all purport to be male. I can't speak for the others, and wouldn't want to, but my client certainly is, the last time I checked. So what's your beef, exactly? — IAN DURY'S DOCTOR

DEAR MR BANKS my sexist rap has given many people pleasure throughout England and America. I am sorry it did not please you. However to say I should give up the Rock World for the World of Pornography I find insulting and in print embarassing. I look forward to your next review on the band, perhaps you would like to tackle our next album or chart success.

Have a happy Christmas Mr Banks and get smart, as you may end up writing telephone directories instead of space wasting reviews.
CHRIS DIFFORD, A&M, New Kings Road.

This has been a genuine letter from a pop star. — CSNJFMH&S

WHICH PRAT in you office has a grudge against Elvis Costello, or "the stunted four eyed one" as you morons would call him? Elvis swearing — yes he is human (are you?) and I imagine more shocking words than *(Deleted — Ed)* leaving your mouths. So he's a dwarf, is he? Well leave off him, you ugly giants.
A VERY ANGRY PERSON who isn't waiting for the end of the world, just waiting.

Ho ho ho. — THE JOLLY GIANTS

JUST PRETEND WE'RE THE GESTAPO, HEY YOU GUYS!?
ELSE WE'LL SLAP YOUR WRISTS LIKE THEM REAL NAZIS DID..
DARLINK, I LUFF YOU..
HOLLOWBAG!!!
THE TRAGIC STORY OF 6.000.000 ASSORTED AMERICAN & ENGLISH EXTRAS IN THE TEDDY BEARS PICNIC VERSION OF WORLD WAR II
BY THE MAKERS OF HOLOCAUST, HOLLOWHEAD ETC, A DUMB TRAVESTY OF REALITY PRODUCED BY MORONS WITH ATROPHIED FEELINGS AND ABSOLUTELY NO CONCEPT OF HUMAN BEHAVIOUR — A HIT!!

All complaints to NME, 5-7 Carnaby St, London W1

IT'S ALWAYS interesting to see that responsible journalism has to stoop to utilising malicious gossip of local "loquacious" girls to find suitablle exciting *Teazers* (9.2.78), re: Patti's supposed banking of a quarter-million dollars. For your information, the Patti Smith group — which includes Patti, the band, and our crew — take home $75 (approx £37.50) plus rent per week. At that rate, we will be quarter millionaires early in the twenty-first (or is it second) century.
LENNY KAYE, Patti Smith Group, The Post House, Manchester.

That's still too soon, by my reckoning. — AN ACCOUNTANT

ELLO, OZZY Osbourne 'ere, I have bin chosen on behalf of da band (cos I'm the only one who can write), to thank all Black Sabbath (I fink that's how it's spelt) fans everywhere for their severe lack of taste an brains to lissen to our albums. I know our albums are pretty sick makin' but there are worse, like a Kiss album or worse still a Kiss double album. Well, I'll have to go we're juss finishin our new one-sided single. It's called "Black Sabbath's Greatest Hits".
OZZY 'I'm not a prat' OSBOURNE.
P.S. Yes he is — Sabbath Manager.

DID YOU realise there are *now* four Black Sabbath fans, three of which can read.
JONTY THOMPSON, Byker, Nr Stanley.

This correspondence is now closed, owing to the fact that these letters are becoming nearly as dull as the band itself. — URIAH HEEP

DID YOU know that blancmange skin used to line the inside of airships?
KENDO FOREHEAD, Cheadle Hulme, Cheshire.

Rubbish. — OUR AIRSHIP CORRESPONDENT

I FIND IT increasingly tiresome to be constantly faced with gleeful references to Hitler's vegetarianism, as if this in itself is justification for meat eating. Are you really so frightened that we might be right that you need to clutch at these tenuous straws?

The world may marvel at the motivation behind Hitler and his (carniverous) henchmen; for many centuries another type of premeditated wholesale slaughter has been in question.

"I for my part marvel of what sort of feeling, mind or reason that man possessed who was first to pollute his mouth with gore, who spread his table with the mangled forms of dead bodies and claimed as his daily food what were beings endowed with movement with perception and with voice." —Plutarch, 1st Century. Good eating.
ADAM REGALL, London SW17.

Make mine a big juicy moo-burger, heavy on the relish. — ARISTOTLE Me too! Yummy! — MRS ONASSIS

I WANT TO give advice. If you print a picture of Olivia Newton-John's bottom (preferably naked), I and three other people will buy two copies each per week of your paper for as long as it runs.

The message is clear. A picture of Olivia Newton-John's bum and an increased circulation.
ROBIN HUDSON, Sheffield 7.

You're hired. — CIRCULATION MANAGER

THE UNFORTUNATE fire in Manchester last year was in China LANE, there is no China Street in the city . . .
CAPTIN PEDANTIC.

REV GREEN killed Mr X with the lead-piping in the conservatory.

Capital Radio killed music with unadulterated 'pap' opposite Warren Street Tube.
ROB, near Watford.

LAST THURSDAY I bought a copy of NME and really enjoyed it — I completed the crossword, read all the stories and it was only when I got to the pin-up page and the TV programmes page that I realised it was the *Daily Mirror*. Does this mean you'll be charging only 7p for *NME* in future?
JIM SKROOB, Dagenham, Essex.

No. — CSNJFMH&S

MAY I POINT out that I used to go to the same grammar school as Jilted John, and disliked him even then?
ALBERT FLOUR-POWER' JACKSON (alias a well wisher).

IN THE EIGHT years that I've bought your comic alongside my weekly *Dandy* and *Beano* (isn't Biffo the Bear the greatest), I've read you reviews of books with great interest. You've looked at a lot of books in eight years, ranging from books by 'Fatty' Carr and Mick Farren (who know what they're talking about) to ageing poseurs like Bourroughs and Ginsberg (who don't) but you've continually disappointed me with failing to give any space to books chich moulded a nation's lifestyle.

In case someone says 'ah, Noddy' I'd better tell you I mean the late Dudley D Watkins' contribution to the Thompson Empire, 'The Broons' and 'Oor Wullie'. Here, with two simple short stories a week and one book a year, he changed the lifestyle of millions.

You like to talk about communication. Well he reached more kids in one edition of the *Sunday Post* than The Clash could hope to reach in a lifetime.

I mean, who could deny the effect that Wullie alone has had. Just take a look at the fashion trends of the '70s. Who popularised Tacketty boots and dungarees eh? And don't forget *that* haircut (someone once said that Johnny Rotten looked like Wullie on speed).

And didn't Wee Eck, Soapy Soutar, Fat Bob and Wullie inspire all those punks to start in the first place? And doesn't the intelligence of Horace Broon show the ELP reaction to Punk Rock?

So how about a feature on Dudley, or I won't buy Blast's album if it ever sees a release date.
THE DUMMY BIG YOUTH, Tannadice Park.

I love you, you big Dummy. — DUDLEY D. WATKINS
An' I think Oor Wullie is brilliant. — BLAST MacFURNACE

DID YOU realise — if the girls of California University were laid end to end, I wouldn't be surprised.
DALE, Carrickfergus, N Ireland.

Chance would be a fine thing. Have you ever tried doing it to Eagles records? — UCLA GLEE CLUB

YOU SODS! A rare chance for those of us who don't live in London (or near any town for that matter) to see some groups and you stifle it! Admittedly television is no real substitute for a live gig, but we were all bloody grateful for *Revolver*. You, it seems, knew better. Remembering that Mickey Most is unhip, and that REAL kids would never watch ITV when there's a street corner to pose on, you ignored it, at best sneered at it.

Now you can sit back and laugh as it solidifies into *Top Of The Pops*, but what about the insignificant minority who can't sneak off to the Marquee/Lyceum / Nashville etc, just to kill time? What've we got?
HELEN WALDREON, Salop.

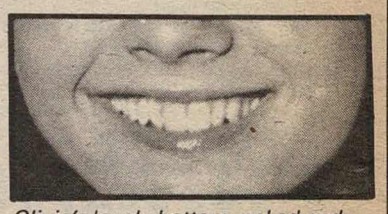
Critical faculties don't go flying out the window just because someone's trying to do something a bit different. — A CRUEL AND HEARTLESS TV CRITIC WITHOUT ANY FRIENDS

YOU LOT are always slagging bands for including singles on their new LPs, but all Monty Smiff can say about Wire is "Where's Dot-Dash"?
UNCLE TOM STOBBS, Durham.

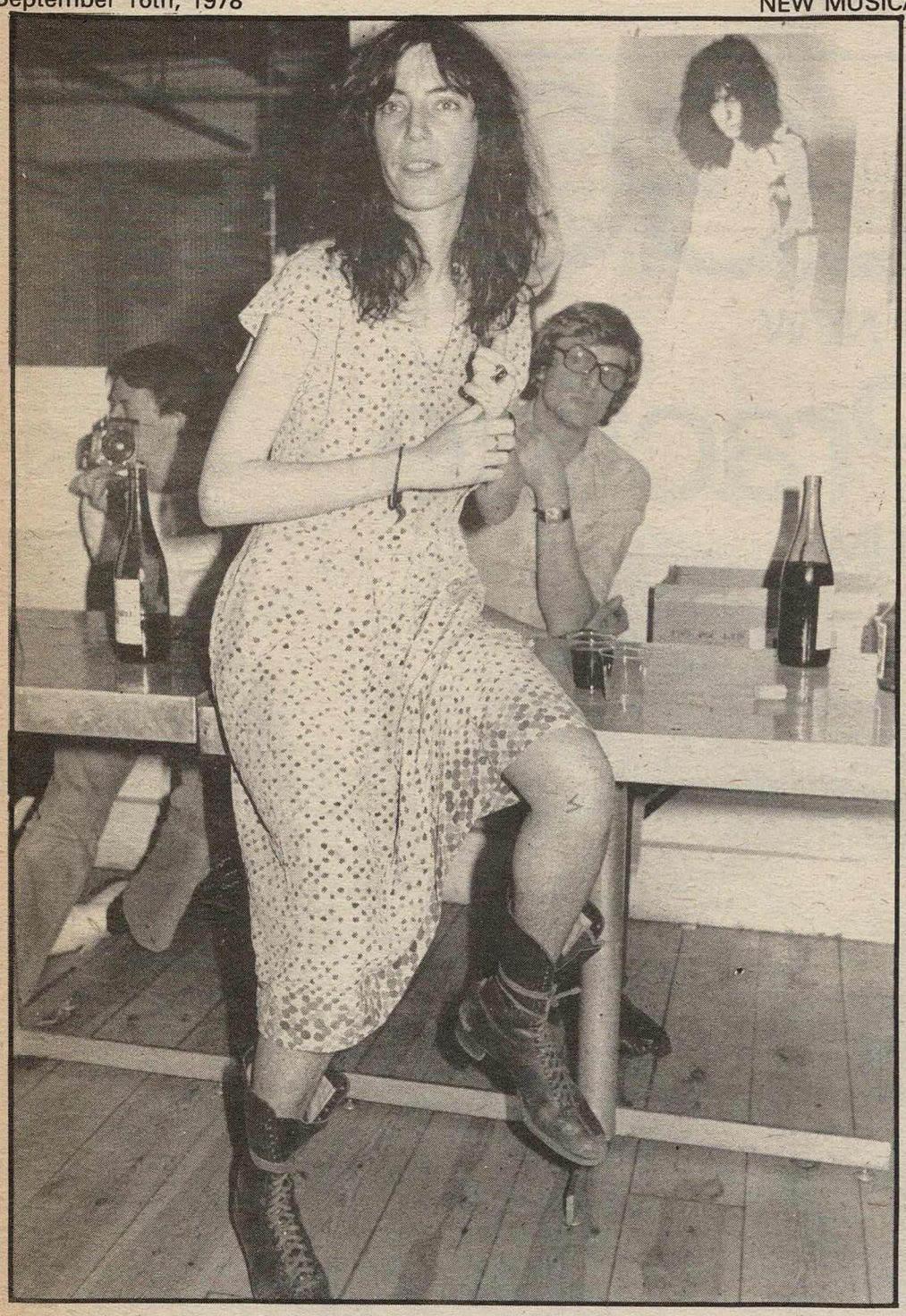
I don't rightly agree with this 'un. — YOUR DISOBEDIENT NEPHEW

WILL THE next Pope after John Paul be George Ringo?
PETE & OLLIE (Somewhere in Lapland).

I SAID "Who's the new Pope?"
My Dad said "Christ knows".
MS A NON, Luton.


Olivia's lovely bottom, naked and unadorned

Edited by Crosby, Stills, Nash, Jung, Freud, Montague, Howard and SMIFF



PATTI SMITH (left) apologises to the audience at the ICA press conference for leaving her Lady Philishave at home. Patti — who will be a millionairess early next century (see Gasbag) — is glared at by herself and Arista PR HOWARD HARDING, renowned for his David Hockney impressions.

Pic by DANNY LA RUE

BETTER BADGES

New Releases	This Last week
20p Action Time Vision, But Is It Normal, Of Course It's Normal, Nine Nine Nine, Enemy Of The State, Animal Liberation, Joy Division, Magazine, Jilted John, The V.I.P.s	1 (4) CLASH POLICE 2 (1) BUZZCOCKS 3 (—) SIOUXSIE OVERGROUND 4 (8) SIOUXSIE SPECIAL 5 (2) CLASH CITY ROCKERS 6 (3) 999
25p The Pop Group	7 (—) SO MANY FOOLS (Siouxsie)
30p Doll By Doll, So Many Fools (Siouxsie) Here & Now, Forsvinn, Hold KJEFT.	8 (—) STEEL PULSE 9 (—) BOOMTOWN RATS 10 (—) ROCKET TO RUSSIA

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T-ZERS

SHOWS A LEG

A QUIET WEEK here at the scandal mill as those endearing clowns we sometimes refer to as rock musicians get down to the serious business of devising new ways of propping themselves up for their autumn tours.

Only that perennial source of hot headlines, **Malcolm McLaren,** seems to have any kind of scam brewing.

Dissatisfied with the low excitement generating capabilities of his **Ex Pistols,** and sensing that you can't be much of an entrepreneur without a hot band to manip . . . sorry, *work with,* McLaren has made a take-over bid for **The Clash.**

"Bernie," he said to Clash manager **Bernie Rhodes,** "I think the boys have betrayed you." We're not certain how Rhodes responded to the overture, but it's common knowledge that the internal friction between the Clashers and their mentor has yet to reach a happy, or even unhappy, conclusion. . .

Meanwhile, back here in the land of the sickos, *T-Zers* would like to point out that the audition queue for the vacant **Who** drum seat does not begin in Carnaby Street. Would aspiring skin beaters please allow a suitable amount of time to elapse before phoning to ask where they should apply for **Keith Moon's** job. We already had two calls by Friday lunchtime. . .

Tuff Darts and **Dead Boys** both rumoured to be on the verge of disintegration . . .

In response to their **Suicide** mini-comp mentioned in last weeks *T-zers,* Bronze records have received over 300 entries. Two of the more literal-minded entrants decided to pen their Suicide Notes in their own blood — or at least, we hope it was theirs. . .

Seems that **Rich Kid Glen Matlock** recently forked out a considerable sum to secure a copy of the never released A&M pressing of the **Pistols'** "God Save The **Queen**". . .

Sequel to **The Stranglers'** *TOTP* door bashing incident as reported in last week's cover story. **Child,** the band whose dressing room door **Jean-Jacques** walked through, reckon they've sent him a book called *How To Open Doors Using The Doorknob Like All Little Girls Should,* accompanied by an extended invitation to step outside since he declined their original offer at the time. . .

More scam on *The Great Rock'n'roll Swindle.* Part of the movie is to be animated — scenes featuring **Sid,** apparently, rather than the absent **Rotten** as you might logically expect. Three two-minute slots are planned, and the animators responsible, known as Animation City, are based in the dockland studios where the Pistols used to rehearse. OK, so Sid plays **Snow White** — but what we want to know is, does **Malcolm** play **Disney** or **Dopey?**. . .

Following the success of "Miss You" in the U.S. disco charts, the **Stones** are currently ensconced in an L.A. studio recording more dance-floor orientated material as well as mixing tapes of their recent U.S. tour. Predictably though, they've been beaten to it by the bootleggers, and an eight-song set called "In Again, Out Again" is already under the counters. . .

Meanwhile, the bootleg mob are getting more industrious all the time. At Knebworth no less than three *professional* bootleg crews (French, Dutch and German) were on hand with the most up-to-date portable equipment to capture **Zappa's** set. Furthermore, one outfit brought along their own photographer to shoot the cover pics. . .

A fan of the **J. Geils Band** is filing a law suit against the band claiming that his ears have never been the same since he attended one of their gigs in Rhode Island three years ago. He's asking for $100,000 compensation. **Ted Nugent** can count himself lucky that most of his fans wouldn't notice any difference anyway. . .

T-zers was dismayed to note an outbreak of anti-semitism in one of our fellow pop papers last week in their remarks about Marks'n'Sparks upcoming St. Michael Records launch — particularly as the cartoon they used bore a strong resemblance to the kind of anti-jewish crap propagated by the Nazis in the '30s. You don't have to watch *Holocaust* to know where that sort of shit leads to. . .

But what are we to make of this? **Joan Baez** cancelled out of the second annual Israeli Pop Festival on the grounds that it was being held on "occupied territory". And she a former human rights campaigner at that. . .

To his credit, **Dave Clark** allegedly turned down an astronomical fee to reform the original **Dave Clark Five** for a one-off U.S. tour/album/movie/T-shirt. **The Move,** however, are thinking about reforming for a quick spin on the nostalgia bandwagon. Sad, innit?. . .

Melody Maker's **Allan Jones** wasn't too delighted during the reception for **Dr Feelgood's** "Private Practice" album in Canvey Island's salubrious **Admiral Jellicoe** pub, when an unclad 'exotic dancer' put his cigarette where the sun don't shine. *(Don't beat about the bush — Ed). NME's* **Monty Smiff,** though, highly delighted to have his fat face pushed into a handsome pair of charlies. . .

"How could we ever forget the words on that one?" asked the incomparably cretinous **Peter Powell** on *Top Of The Pops* last week, before proceeding to prove that it was very easy by announcing the song as "Brown-Eyed Girl In The Ring". . .

Belfast band **Rudi** ran out of petrol on their way home from London's Electric Ballroom last week and were promptly arrested for syphoning petrol from someone's car. The case has been deferred until September 27. . .

Stiff Records are offering their catalogue to schools at less than cost price following complaints from numerous kids that "schools have no decent records". What's for lunch then? "Sex And Drugs And Rock And Roll"? OY, OY!. . .

Biggest new wave sellers in Noo Yoik au moment **Devo, Snatch, X-Ray Spex** and **B52s.** (U.S. version — not the UK mob who played Acklam Hall last week). . .

Aside from **Clash** and **Patti Smith Group** personnel checking out **The Pirates'** recent three-night Marquee stint, **Rocky Burnette** — son of rockabilly star **Johnny Burnette** — jammed with The Pirates on three of his pop's past classics last Tuesday. . .

Overheard on the 25 bus: four blokes, aged about 14, singing "Jilted John" — hip cats. Bloke A (evidently seeing some billboard flash past): "That's a song — 'I Shall Be Released'!" Bloke B: "It's not." Bloke A: "'Tis." B: "Who by?" A: **"Tom Robinson.** It's on the B-side of '2-4-6-8'." Stay forever young, **Bob**. . .

Cuddly **C.P. Lee** did a solo gig at Eric's of Liverpool over the weekend, his first public appearance since returning from the USA. Apparently, C.P. needed his fare back to Manchester. . .

Jan Berry, half of **Pearl and Dean,** updates "Sidewalk Surfin'" as "Skateboard Surfin'" on upcoming Stateside release. . .

This year's **Buddy Holly** Week gets derailed. Due to packaging problems, MCA's six album set "The Complete Buddy Holly" (scheduled to coincide with festivities) has been put back to Christmas: *(Ha ha — Ed.).* . .

Jamaican producer **Joe Gibbs** arrived in London this week bearing news that he's completed Chapter Four of his "African Dub" series. . .

Ijahman is currently working on second chapter of his "Haile I" hymnals, recording at Island studios, and has already re-cut "Chariot Of Love". . .

Apparently the Disco King **John Revolto** snubbed Britain's royal Prince of Photography (divorced), **Snowdon,** by refusing to sit for a pix session with old **Tone.** "I don't know the guy's work," swivel hips is reported to have explained. . .

So until next week, pop kids — not that we've seen it at time of writing, mind you, but anyway — *Grease* is the worst, it's the worst, it's the worst (etc. ad nauseam). . .

"Holly, good evening and welcome . . ." Yes, it's DAVID FROST, smiling sincerely at the party held in memory of Buddy Holly. MR and MRS McCARTNEY appeared as themselves.

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DR. FEELGOOD

HAVE A NEW

Private Practice

ALBUM

The Doctor On Tour

September

22 PLYMOUTH Top Rank
23 TORQUAY Town Hall
24 TAUNTON Odeon
25 MALVERN Winter Gardens
26 DERBY Assembly Rooms
27 NORWICH St Andrews Hall
28 CHELMSFORD Odeon
29 CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange
30 COVENTRY Theatre

October

1 LEICESTER De Montfort
3 MANCHESTER Free Trade
5 ABERDEEN Capitol
6 DUNDEE Caird Hall
7 EDINBURGH Odeon
8 NEWCASTLE City Hall
9 LIVERPOOL Empire
10 SHEFFIELD City Hall
11 BRADFORD St Georges Hall
13 BRIGHTON Top Rank
14 HASTINGS Pier
15 HEMEL HEMSTEAD Pavillion
16 READING Top Rank
18 BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens
19 PORTSMOUTH Guild Hall
20 CANTERBURY Odeon
21 BIRMINGHAM Odeon
22 BRISTOL Colston Hall
24 CARDIFF Top Rank
25 SWANSEA Top Rank
26 OXFORD New Theatre
27 ILFORD Odeon
28 HAMMERSMITH Odeon
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